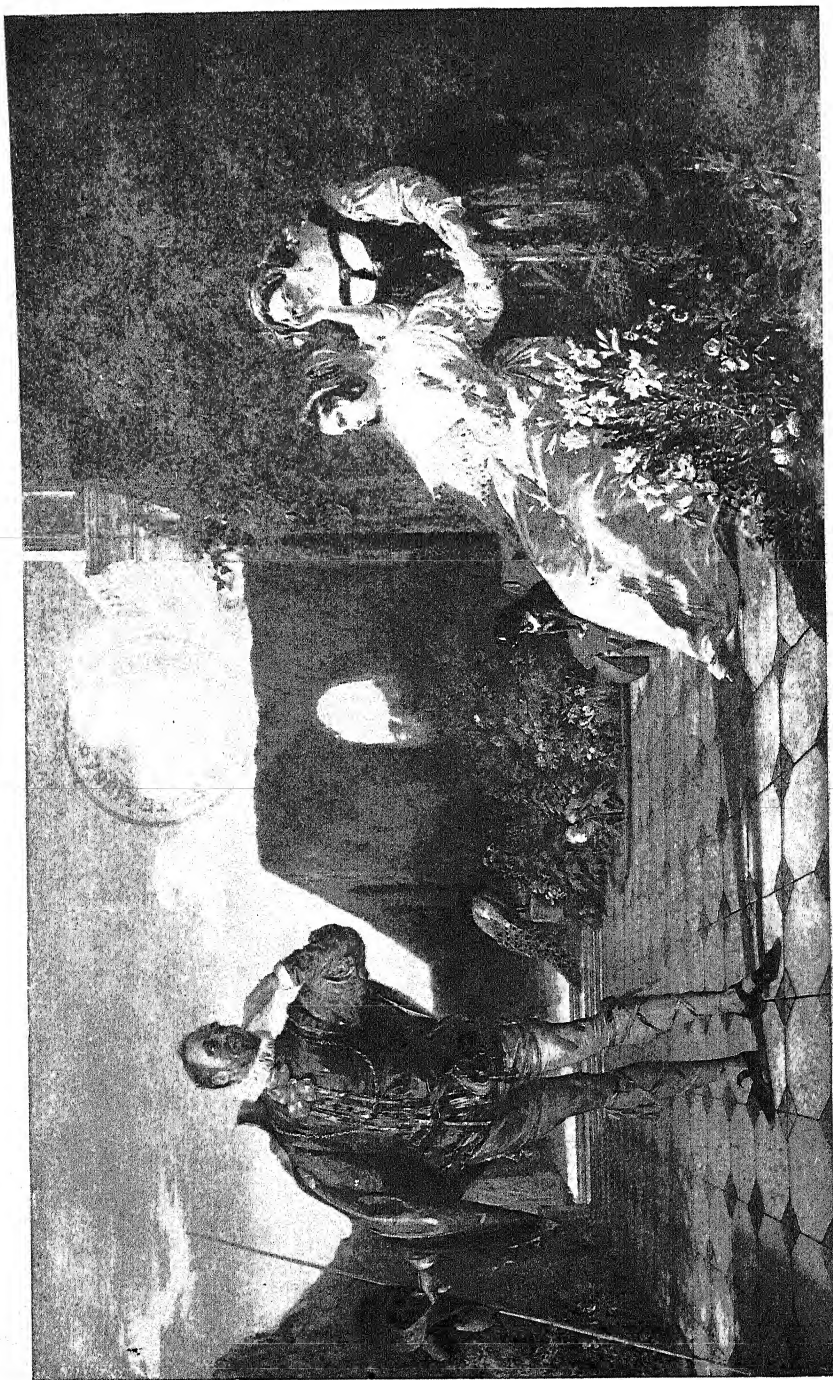


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The Henry Irving Shakespeare
 :: *Volume VII-VIII* ::

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TWELFTH NIGHT

Act III. Scene iv.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE NATIONAL
GALLERY OF BRITISH ART BY DANIEL
MACLISE, R.A.

9014
511

THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING &
FRANK A. MARSHALL

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY
VARIOUS SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN INVESTIGATIONS
BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D.

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MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DON PEDRO, Prince of Arragon.

DON JOHN, his bastard brother.

CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence.

BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua.

LEONATO, governor of Messina.

ANTONIO, his brother.

BALTHAZAR, a musician attendant on Don Pedro.

CONRADE, } followers of Don John.
BORACHIO, }

FRIAR FRANCIS.

DOGBERRY, a constable.

VERGES, a headborough.

OATCAKE, } two Watchmen.
SEACOAL, }

A Sexton.

A Boy.

HERO, daughter to Leonato.

BEATRICE, niece to Leonato.

MARGARET, } gentlewomen attending on Hero.
URSULA, }

Messengers, Watch, Attendants, &c.

SCENE—MESSINA.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Some time in the 14th century.¹

TIME OF ACTION.

Daniel points out that according to Leonato, ii. 1. 374, 375, the time of action of this play should cover nine days, from Monday in one week to Tuesday in the next, with an interval of three days between Acts II. and III.; but, for stage purposes, the action may be supposed to take place on four consecutive days:—

Day 1: Act I. and Act II. Scenes 1 and 2.
Day 2: Act II. Scene 3 and Act III. Scenes 1-3.

Day 3: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV.; Act V.
Scenes 1, 2, and part of 3.
Day 4: Act V. part of Scene 3 and Scene 4.

¹ See note 2.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first printed in the year 1600. There is an entry in the Stationers' Register, under date August 4, without any year given, to the effect that As You Like It, Henry V., Every Man in his Humour, and Much Ado are "To be staied." It is evident that this entry belongs to the year 1600, as it follows that dated May 27, 1600, which entry makes mention of "My Lord Chamberlens mens plaies." A subsequent entry, dated August 23rd, 1600, headed "And. Wise Wm. Aspley" is to register two books, the one called "Muche Adoe about Nothings," and the other the Second Part of the "History of King Henrie the iiith," with the Humors of Sir John Fallstaffe: wrytten by Mr. Shakespeare." Later on, in the same year, the first and only Quarto edition known of this play was printed with the following title-page: "*Much Adoe about Nothing*. As it hath been sundrie times publicly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by V. S. [V. Simmes?] for Andrew Wise and William Aspley, 1600." It is a curious fact that we should have only one Q. edition of this play, which evidently, from the frequent allusions to it in contemporary writers, was a very popular one. It appears that when Andrew Wise assigned his copyrights, June 27th, 1603, "to Mathew Law," Aspley retained Much Ado and II. Henry IV., which were not, apparently, printed till the publication of the First Folio in 1623, of which Aspley was one of the publishers. In his admirable Introduction to the facsimile reprint of the Quarto Mr. Daniel says: "Wise appears to have been in business from 1594 to 1602. During the years 1597-1599 he published the first two Qo. editions of each of the

three plays, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *1st Pt. of Henry IV.*, and, in 1602, a third edition of *Richard III.* On the 25th Jan. 1603 he transferred his right in all three to Matthew Law, by whom nine subsequent editions (2 of *Richard II.*; 3 of *Richard III.*, and 4 of *Henry IV. Pt. I.*) were published prior to their appearance in the First Folio. In view of these numerous publications it is a singular but unexplained fact that no second quarto editions of two such popular plays as *Much Ado* and 2 *Henry IV.* should have been issued" (p. iii.). Aspley was in business from 1599 to 1630, "his name appears on the title-page of some copies of the *Sonnets*, 1609, as the bookseller" (*ut supra*). Perhaps he was a less speculative publisher than either Wise or Matthew Law. Mr. Daniel notices the very different circumstances under which the two plays, of which he appears to have retained the copyright, appeared in F. 1. As will be seen, it is highly probable that the Folio edition of this play was printed from the Q.; but it is very doubtful, to say the least, whether the Q. of II. Henry IV. was used at all in the printing of the Folio.

The question as to whether the Folio was printed from a copy of the Quarto only, or with the assistance of another MS. copy of the play, is so ably discussed by Mr. Daniel, in his Introduction to the facsimile Quarto already alluded to, that I must refer those who wish to investigate the question to that work. They will find that he gives nearly all the minute differences between the Quarto and the Folio; and I think that in face of the facts which he brings forward it is quite impossible to maintain that the latter was printed from any independent MS. If we suppose that it was printed from a copy in the possession of the theatre, it is pretty

evident that the Quarto must have been printed from the same copy. As is usually the case, the Folio omits some passages which occur in the Quarto; and these possibly may be the result of alterations made, subsequent to the time when the Quarto was printed, either by the actor or by the stage manager, if there was such a person. I must venture to differ from Mr. Daniel most decidedly as to the omissions iii. 2. 33-37; iv. 2. 18-23 being the result of an accident. I believe them to have been "cuts" deliberately made; and, as I have pointed out in note 313, in the latter instance the only fault is that another sentence should have been also omitted; nor can I quite agree with him that some of the minor variations between Q. and F. 1 are the result of caprice or carelessness on the part of the printer. For instance, take the slight variation in i. 1. 314 (in Ff.):

How sweetly *do* you minister to love,

where the Quarto reads *you do*: the transposition of the words *you* and *do* is obviously an advantage to the rhythm of the line, the two *y*'s coming together in *sweetly* and *you* being avoided; and even where the alterations occur in prose passages, with very few exceptions the slight change made in the Folio is a change for the better. I am speaking now only of those alterations which Mr. Daniel has left without any mark against them. In other passages where the Folio differs from the Quarto there is no doubt, in many cases, that the variations are due to the blunders of the printers.

How is it, we may ask, that there was no independent MS. which the printers of the Folio could have consulted? Or are we to suppose that there was one, and that they were too idle or too negligent to do so? I think not. I will venture a conjecture that the state of the case was something like this. The Quarto of 1600 was printed from the theatre MS., which had been copied out in great haste, and in which several mistakes as to the names of the speakers, and not a few omissions in the stage-directions, were to be found. This stage copy, in course of time, the play being a popular one, became ragged and

torn, and in parts defective; when, in order to save trouble, a printed copy of the Quarto was used instead of making a new copy of the play in MS.; and on this copy of the Quarto a few, very few, additions were made to the stage-directions; one or two cuts were marked, cuts which, undoubtedly, had been made some time after the production of the play; and, here and there, one or two slight corrections. The fact that the mistakes in the names prefixed to the speeches have been left may, possibly, be taken as a piece of indirect evidence in favour of the supposition that this copy had not been long in use in the theatre; that is to say, it was not long before the publication of the Folio that the theatre MS. was either destroyed, or seriously defaced, or lost. This theory accounts, to a considerable extent, for the close resemblance between the text of the Folio and Quarto, and for the fact of the corrections in the latter being so few. (See notes 308, 319.)

Of internal evidence as to the date of this play there is not much. Some commentators have seen an allusion to the campaign of the Earl of Essex in Ireland in 1599 in the opening scene of this play.¹ In Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, which was acted, in 1600, by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, and published in that year, one of the principal characters is called *Amorphus*, and he is described in the Induction as "*Amorphus, or the Deformed*." That the character described by Seacoal as "*a vile thief*," who "*goes up and down like a gentleman*" (iii. 3. 134, 135), and "*wears a lock*" (iii. 3. 183), was in any way suggested by this character I cannot see. *Amorphus*, in Ben Jonson's comedy, is a gourmet, a great traveller, and a mass of affectation who boasts of the female conquests he has made in his travels. It is worth remarking that, in the *Palinode* which ends the play (a kind of litany, the chorus of which is

¹ Chalmers, in § XII. of his "*Supplemental Apology*," in which he treats of the chronology of Shakespeare's dramas, says that we learn from Camden and Moryson "that there were complaints of the badness of the provisions which the contractors furnished to the English army in Ireland;" and he thinks there is an allusion to this in Beatrice's speech, i. 1. 51: "*You had musty victual, and he hath help to eat it.*"

INTRODUCTION.

"Good Mercury defend us"), Amorphus mentions several foppish affectations of dress, &c.; but, among these, he does not make any allusion to the wearing of love-locks. The passage (iii. 1. 9-11):

like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it,

is supposed to allude to Essex, who began to lose his head in the latter part of 1599; but Mr. Simpson would refer these words to Cecil. Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. pp. 228-244, has a long disquisition in which he seeks to prove that, in the story of Benedick and Beatrice, Shakespeare was referring to the difficulty which was found in inducing William Herbert, the son of the second Earl of Pembroke, to marry. This is the same William Herbert who is supposed by many to be the "W. H." of the *Sonnets*. Hunter finds, in the attempts to bring Benedick and Beatrice together, a reference to the attempt made by Roland Whyte to bring about a marriage between William Herbert and the niece of the Lord Admiral; an attempt which was perfectly unsuccessful, as it was not till four or five years after that W. H. ultimately married one of the co-heiresses of Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury. Hunter's inferences seem very far-fetched; and the parallel, which he draws between Lord Herbert and Benedick, is not a very close one.

As to the sources whence Shakespeare derived the plot of this play, the device, by means of which Claudio is led to believe in the unchastity of Hero, is said to have been suggested by the story narrated by Dalinda in the fifth book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, a translation of which was published by Sir John Harington in 1591. Dalinda is in the service of Geneva, the daughter of the King of Scots. She has for some time been carrying on an intrigue with Polynesso, the Duke of Alban, who, after some time wearying of the maid, falls in love with the mistress. Geneva, however, has given her affections to a knight called Ariodante, and Polynesso, finding his suit with the Princess does not prosper, persuades Dalinda to dress herself up in Geneva's clothes and to receive him at night in

Geneva's chamber, to which, it appears, he was in the habit of ascending by means of a ladder of ropes. Ariodante, or Ariodant as he is also called, is placed by the Duke on a spot opposite the window, from which he sees, as he thinks, Geneva receive Polynesso with every sign of affection. Lurcanio, the brother of Ariodante, is also a witness of Geneva's apparent faithlessness. Ariodante drowns himself, and Lurcanio accuses Geneva; but Rinaldo fights with Polynesso and kills him. Geneva's chastity is thus vindicated, and she is married to Ariodante, who turns out not to have been drowned after all. Spenser has made use of a very similar story in the Second Book of the *Fairy Queen*, C. 4, sts. 17-30; it is the story narrated by Phedon to Sir Guyon. Harington mentions, in the moral appended to the Fifth Book, that the same story had been related with different names by George Turberville¹ "some few years past."

In the *Revels Accounts* for 1582 there is a record to the effect that "a Historie of Ariodante and Geneuora was showed before her Majestie on Shrove Tuesdaie at night, enacted by Mr. Mulcaster's children." We do not know if Shakespeare was at all indebted to this old play. It is probable that Shakespeare had read the story of Ariosto in some one of these translations, but he was undoubtedly indebted for the main part of the story of this comedy to a novel of Bandello's, the title of which is the *Story of Timbreo of Cardona* (see Hazlitt's *Shak. Lib.* vol. iii. pt. 1, pp. 104-136). This was the 22nd novel in Bandello; a French translation of it is given in the third volume of Belleforest. In it the Signor Scipio Attellano relates how "the Signor Timbreo di Cardona, being with the King Piero of Arragon, in Messina, fell in love with Fenicia Lionata, the daughter of Lionato de' Lionati, a gentleman of Messina, and the various accidents of fortune which happened before he took her for wife." This story is told at no inconsiderable length, and with as little of the spirit of comedy as it is possible to

¹ In his "Tragical Tales, translated by Turberville in time of his troubles, out of svndry Italians," &c., 1587.

conceive. Timbreo is a knight and a baron, a great favourite with the King Piero, and of very noble family. He falls in love with Fenicia, whose father is of a good family but far from wealthy, and not holding any great position in Messina. Timbreo endeavours at first to make dishonourable love to Fenicia; she however rejects all his letters and presents, so that he at last determines to offer her marriage, which he does by deputy, through a gentleman of Messina, a friend of his; and it is very much insisted upon in the story that Timbreo is making rather a *més-alliance*. One Signor Gironde has also fallen in love with Fenicia; and, in order to break off the marriage, he devises what seems a very clumsy plot. He sends to Timbreo a young courtier, who declares that a friend of his is in the habit of visiting Fenicia at night; and, on Timbreo giving his solemn promise not to attack the supposed lover nor his informant, the latter agrees to place him where he can see the lover entering the window in Lionato's house. Gironde dresses up one of his servants, carefully perfuming him first, and then the young courtier, the perfumed servant, and another carrying a ladder, come close to where Timbreo is concealed; and he sees the supposed lover enter Lionato's house by a window, at which Fenicia sometimes sits in the daytime; but he does not see her nor any other woman. Considering that this window is in a part of the house which is not inhabited, it must be confessed that Timbreo shows himself even more credulous than Claudio, and much more so than the hero of Ariosto's story, Ariodante. The next day Timbreo sends to Lionato the same friend who had conducted his courtship, with instructions to break off the marriage on the ground that his betrothed has been false to him. Fenicia faints when the accusation is made, and afterwards falls into a swoon, in which she remains for some time, and is given up for dead by her parents and friends. It is only when her mother and aunt are beginning to lay out the body that she recovers; then she is sent away with her sister to her uncle's house some little distance from Messina. An elaborate mock funeral takes place; a coffin supposed to contain the

body of Fenicia is followed to the church by a troop of weeping friends, and an epitaph in verse is placed on her tomb by her father. This incident may have suggested to Shakespeare the third scene of the fifth act; but there is no similarity between Claudio's epitaph and that of Lionato's in the story. It is a curious point in the novel, that the conduct of Timbreo is said to have been universally condemned, and his accusations against Fenicia disbelieved, by society in Messina; while in Shakespeare's comedy every one, except her own family and Benedick, seems to believe the charge against her. After Fenicia's supposed death Gironde is tortured with remorse; and Timbreo is much agitated by doubts which should have occurred to him before he ever made such a charge against his betrothed. The most dramatic part of the novel is the portion in which Gironde takes Timbreo to the church, and, before the tomb of Fenicia, confesses his deceit, imploring the man whom he has injured to kill him. Timbreo flings away the dagger which Gironde offers him, pardons his friend, and the two immediately set about making every compensation they can for the wrong that has been done to Fenicia. Lionato forgives them both; and, in answer to Timbreo's offer to do anything in the world, however difficult, in order to prove his repentance, Lionato only asks him that, when he intends to marry he will let him know, and provided he can find Timbreo a lady who shall please him, that he will choose her for his bride. A year passes away, during which time Fenicia completes her seventeenth year. She has grown so much and become so beautiful, that scarcely any one would have recognized her for the Fenicia who was supposed to have died. Lionato now thinks the time has come for him to complete his little plot. He tells Timbreo that he has found him a bride. The latter joyfully accepts the offer. He goes to the country house where are Fenicia and her sister Belfiore, who are living with their uncle and aunt. There Timbreo espouses Fenicia, under the name of Lucilla, without recognizing her. The story at this point is considerably spun out in the novel. The aunt tells Timbreo that Lucilla is

INTRODUCTION.

Fenicia. He humbly begs her pardon for the injury he has done her, and re-marries her under her own proper name. Gironde meanwhile has fallen in love with Belfiore, and all ends happily with a grand entertainment given by the king Piero to the two brides. It will be observed that we have nothing, in this story, of the comic element, no trace of Benedick or Beatrice; while the vile device, by which Don John succeeds in slandering Hero and breaking off the marriage with Claudio, much more resembles the corresponding incident in Ariosto than it does in Bandello's novel. But the two coincidences, first, that Timbreo and Claudio both make their proposals of marriage by deputy, and, secondly, that a servant is employed both by Gironde and Don John, are worth noticing. On the other hand, the Bastard is neither a friend of Claudio, nor is he in love with the lady whose character he injures so basely. All the characterization in this comedy is Shakespeare's own; and, as far as we know, all the portion of the story relating to Benedick and Beatrice is his invention.

In his Shakespeare in Germany Cohn seeks to establish some connection between this comedy and two old German plays; the first being the comedy of Vincentius Ladislaus by Duke Henry Julius of Brunswick; the second The Beautiful Phenicia by Jacob Ayrrer. As to the first, the sole point of resemblance between Much Ado and Vincentius Ladislaus is that Vincentius is, what Beatrice wrongly calls Benedick, a boastful bragging coward; and, wonderful to relate, we find in the Duke's play that he speaks of his braggart master having had his name written on a bill and fastened up on a door (Shakespeare in Germany, p. xlvi), which Mr. Cohn considers a most happy illustration of Beatrice's speech "He set up his bills here in Messina" (i. 1. 39); as if the Elizabethan drama did not teem with references to this very common custom of setting up bills. Again, in the Duke's comedy the fool is the subject of a trick worthy of the clown of a modern pantomime; and this, forsooth, is supposed to have suggested the charming comedy scenes between Benedick and Beatrice. As to Ayrrer's

comedy, that is undoubtedly taken from the same source as Much Ado, namely, from Bandello's novel, which it resembles much more closely than does Shakespeare's play. Here again Mr. Cohn's eagle eye detects resemblances which might escape an ordinary observer. Benedick says "Cupid is a good harefinder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter" (i. 1. 186, 187); and in Ayrrer's comedy Cupid says of himself (p. lxxiii):

Mein Vatter der zornig Vulcanus
Der hat mir etlich Pfeil geschnitten,

which he renders:

For Vulcan now my wrathful sire
Has a few arrows forged for me.

That any one could possibly have alluded to Vulcan, as the husband of Venus, without having read Ayrrer's comedy, is, of course, incredible. Shakespeare makes Beatrice say (i. 1. 40-42): "my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt." This, says Cohn, "reminds us of the fool . . . who is struck by Cupid's arrow." In Ayrrer's play we have among the dramatis personæ Peter, King of Arragon, Tymborus, Count of Golison, Gerando, a knight, Lionito of Tonete and Veracundia, his wife, and their two daughters Phœnicia and Belleflura. Venus and Cupid are introduced, as well as John the Clown and Malchus the Swaggerer, two stock characters in all old plays. The servant, who personates the supposed lover, is called Gerwalt. In the trick employed to deceive Tymborus, John the Fool is dressed up as a woman; and Gerwalt, disguised as a nobleman, makes love to John and calls him Phœnicia. Shakespeare was wise in not stealing *this* farcical incident at any rate. Any one who reads Ayrrer's play, or as much of it as is given by Cohn, will come to the conclusion that it is certainly taken from Bandello's novel of Timbreo and Fenicia; but that, in any other point, it has *no connection whatever* with Shakespeare's comedy. It may be added that the date of Ayrrer's work is uncertain. It was first published in 1618; but Cohn supposes that it was first represented about 1595.

Much ado about nothing is mentioned

in the account of Lord Treasurer Stanhope, 1613, as having been one of fourteen plays presented before the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Palatine. It is alluded to, in the same account, as *Benedicte and Betteris*. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* (p. 161), says: "And many times those which at the first sight cannot fancy or affect each other, but are harsh and ready to disagree, offended with each other's carriage, [like *Benedict and Betteris* in the comedy]¹ & in whom they finde many faults, by this living together in a house, conference, kissing; colling, & such like allurements, begin at last to dote insensibly one upon another" (Pt. 3, sec. 2, memb. 2, subs. 4). Leonard Digges, 1640, in his poem "Upon Master William Shakespeare" has:

let but *Beatrice*
And *Benedicke* be scene.

In Thomas Heywood's play *The Fair Maid of the Exchange* there are three passages which seem copied from passages in this play. (See *Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, p. 48.) In Robert Armin's *Dedication of The Italian Taylor, and his Boy*, 1609, we have "pardon I pray you the boldnes of a Begger, who hath been writ downe for an Asse in his time" (*ut supra*, p. 59). This is a manifest allusion to *Dogberry*, which part Armin is said to have played. Of the two plays founded on *Much Ado I* have made reference, in the *Stage History*, to *Davenant's Law against Lovers*, which Pepys saw on the 18th February, 1661-2. He calls it a good play. It appears to have been published only in the collected edition of *Davenant's plays*, 1673, and never, separately, in Quarto. We shall have more to say about this play in the *Introduction to Measure for Measure*. Of the other play, partly founded on this comedy, mentioned in the *Stage History*, *Universal Passion*, by the Rev. James Miller (published in 1737), it is not necessary to say anything here.

STAGE HISTORY.

Of the early stage history of this play we know little or nothing. We can only conjecture

¹ The words between brackets were added in the third edition, 1628.

ture that in Shakespeare's time it must have been a great favourite, from the many imitations of or allusions to the play, especially to the scenes in which *Dogberry* figures; but, incredible as it may seem, it appears that this charming and witty comedy remained entirely neglected for more than a hundred years after Shakespeare's death. There is no mention of it in *Downes* or in *Pepys*; and the only evidence that it was not forgotten is to be found in the fact that *Davenant* took the characters of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, and put them into a play called *A Law against Lovers*, which appears to have been acted on February 18th, 1762, at *Lincoln's Inn Fields*. That play is partly an adaptation of *Measure for Measure*. It has very little merit, and I can find no record of it having been acted again. The *Biographia Dramatica* says that the play met with great success, a statement repeated by *Halliwell* in his *Dictionary of Old Plays*; but I cannot find any authority for this statement, nor does *Langbaine* say anything more in recommendation of *Davenant's* play than that the language was polished. On February 9th, 1721, at *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, *Genest* records "Not acted 30 years" *Much ado about Nothing*;" the names of the actors only are given; the cast probably being *Benedick*, *Ryan*; *Leonato*, *Quin*; *Dogberry*, *Bullock*; *Beatrice*, *Mrs. Cross*; *Hero*, *Mrs. Seymour*. This revival does not seem to have achieved any particular success, for the play was not repeated during this season, which was a remarkable one; for during it *Rich* ventured to revive four of Shakespeare's plays, *Much Ado*, *King Lear*, *Measure for Measure*, and *Merry Wives*, besides *Dryden's* version of *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Cibber's Richard III*. In fact, from this year we may date the commencement of the revival of Shakespeare's popularity on the stage. In September and October of this year no less than seven of Shakespeare's plays were produced, but *Much Ado* was not one of them. The next occasion on which this play, or rather a portion of it, seems to have been produced, was, in an extremely

² There is no record of any such performance as might be alluded to here in 1691-92, or indeed in any previous year.

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disguised form, at Drury Lane, February 28th, 1737. This piece was called *Universal Passion*, by James Miller, a clergyman; the greater part of it was taken from *Much Ado*, and the rest, according to Genest, from Molière's *Princess of Elis*; the two plays being "badly jumbled together." . . . "Miller, in his Prologue, acknowledges his obligations to Shakespeare, but does not give the least hint about Molière—the scene lies at Genoa" (vol. iii. p. 493). Benedick figures as Protheus, "a nobleman of Genoa," = Quin: Claudio as Bellario, "a young Venetian lord," = W. Mills: Leonato as Gratiano, "the Duke of Genoa," = Milward: and Don John as Byron, "bastard-brother to the Duke," = Berry: Conrado becomes Gremio; Beatrice is transformed into Liberia, with songs = Mrs. Clive; Hero into Lucilla = Mrs. Butler: Margaret, into Delia = Mrs. Pritchard. Two characters with the ingenious and elegant names Porco and Asino are introduced, the latter was played by Macklin. Joeculo, "the court jester," played by Theophilus Cibber, is another of the Rev. Miller's jokes. From the description that Genest gives of this precious work it does indeed seem to have been contemptible both in plot and dialogue. In the third act, the love between Protheus and Liberia is brought about by the same device as that employed against Benedick and Beatrice. In the fourth act there is the same plan used to cast suspicion on Lucilla (Hero), and there is a pretty close copy of the church scene in *Much Ado*. Protheus, instead of the Friar, proposes that Lucilla (Hero) shall be reported as dead. In the next act the scene between Benedick and Beatrice, which takes place in the church in Shakespeare's play, takes place in the street; Gratiano speaks some of the Duke's lines in *Twelfth Night*, and Bellario some from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; in fact this act is a fearful jumble of dialogue and incidents. The piece does not appear to have been much of a success; and there is no record of its repetition. On November 2, 3, 7, 1737, *Much Ado* was performed at Covent Garden, but no particulars are given as to the cast. On May 25th, 1739, at the same theatre, it was announced as "not acted this season," referring

doubtless to the performances in the season of 1737, 1738, mentioned above. On this occasion the cast included Chapman as Benedick, Hallam as Claudio, Hippisley as Dogberry, Mrs. Vincent as Beatrice, and Mrs. Bellamy as Hero. On March 13th, 1746, at Covent Garden, Mrs. Pritchard took her benefit in this play, taking the part of Beatrice; Ryan was Benedick, Hippisley Dogberry, and Mrs. Hale Hero.

At last, in 1748, this much-neglected comedy was revived with some effect; and on the 14th November in that year Garrick played Benedick for the first time, Berry Leonato, Lee Claudio, and Mrs. Pritchard Beatrice. In other respects the cast was not a remarkably strong one, but the Benedick and Beatrice were admirable. Davies says "the excellent acting of Mrs. Pritchard in Beatrice was not inferior to that of Benedick. Every scene between them was a continual struggle for superiority; nor could the spectators determine which was the victor" (Davies' *Life of Garrick*, vol. i. p. 173); and Murphy says that "when Mrs. Pritchard resigned Beatrice in favour of her daughter, the play lost half its value" (Genest, vol. iv. p. 261). So successful was the comedy that it was acted eight times in succession, and no less than fifteen times during the season 1748–49. Garrick selected the part of Benedick in which to reappear after his marriage, which took place in June, 1749. On September 28th of that year *Much Ado* was presented at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Pritchard again as Beatrice. Davies says quite wrongly, that this was Garrick's first appearance as Benedick. Such speeches as "here you may see Benedick the married man," of course, went remarkably well on this occasion; but I think Mr. Fitzgerald is right in questioning the good taste of Garrick in perpetually inviting the public to take part in all his little domestic concerns. This was one of the many weaknesses in his character. There is no doubt that Benedick was one of Garrick's favourite parts; I think we might say positively that it was his favourite Shakespearean part, for it was the one which, throughout his managerial career, he never resigned to any other performer as long as he

was at the theatre; and it was this character that he chose to impersonate in the memorable pageant at the celebrated Jubilee, 1769, which called forth so much ridicule from Garrick's enemies. The pageant was reproduced, on the stage, at Drury Lane on October 14th of that same year; Miss Pope representing Beatrice. During the last few years of his career as an actor, when his appearances were few and far between, Garrick managed to appear, at least once during each season, in this favourite character of his; and when he returned from abroad, Benedick was the first part he played, November 14th, 1765; that season being remarkable for the fact that foot-lights were then first used on the stage, an improvement which was introduced by Garrick himself. On November 6th, 1775, Mrs. Abington appeared for the first time as Beatrice at Drury Lane, with Garrick as Benedick; and on May 9th, 1776, he played the part for the last time, just a month before he took his final farewell of the stage on June 10th of the same year. Altogether, during his management, Garrick played Benedick over seventy times.

Among the actresses who played Beatrice with Garrick during these numerous performances, after Mrs. Pritchard had retired, were Miss Horton, on April 12th, 1755; Miss Pritchard, the daughter of the great actress, who made her first appearance as Beatrice on November 29th, 1756, but did not succeed in reminding the public of her great mother, except by her beauty, which was considerably in excess of her genius; Miss Macklin, the daughter of the great actor, who chose this part to appear in for her benefit, on March 27th, 1760, but does not seem to have produced any great impression. Of Mrs. Pritchard's successors, Miss Pope, always excepting Mrs. Abington, appears to have been the most successful. She played the part of Beatrice, for the first time, at Garrick's benefit on April 27th, 1762. During the absence of the great actor-manager abroad in 1764, the part of Benedick was assigned to William O'Brien, who appears to have been as great a favourite in society as on the stage, and was said to have given promise of being a worthy successor to Wood-

ward in the heroes of high comedy. But his social success proved his professional ruin; for, having married the Earl of Hechester's daughter, without the consent of her family, he was obliged to banish himself to America, and abandon his career on the stage. During the time that Garrick remained manager at Drury Lane no one appears to have disputed his right to claim the part of Benedick as his own special property, till, in the season 1772-73, an actor appeared at the Bath Theatre, first anonymously, then under the name of Courteney, and ultimately in his own name, which afterwards became so celebrated in the annals of the stage. This was Henderson; with whom, at the early part of his career at least, Benedick seems to have been rather a favourite character; but he never appears to have acted this part in London till after Garrick's retirement from the stage. He is said to have given an imitation of the Great Little Davy before his face, when Garrick was foolish enough to be offended, though he himself had requested Henderson to give the imitation. Perhaps the great actor was displeased because Henderson, having only seen him in his later years, would naturally, in his imitation, exaggerate that huskiness which had begun to affect the fine quality of Garrick's voice. It was not till February 10th, 1778, that Henderson appeared as Benedick at Drury Lane, when Miss Pope was Beatrice.

This comedy had been revived at Covent Garden for the first time for twenty years on November 8th, 1774, when Lee played Benedick, Hull Leonato, Wroughton Don Pedro, Lewis Claudio, Shuter Dogberry, Quick the Town Clerk, Mrs. Lessingham Hero, and Mrs. Barry Beatrice, her first performance of that character. It does not appear to have been very successful at this theatre, as there is no record of its having been repeated during this season. At the same theatre, on October 15th, 1777, Lewis made his first appearance as Benedick and Quick as Dogberry; Mrs. Bulkeley being the Beatrice on that occasion.

We must pass over a great many performances now, and come to December 28th, 1779, when Mrs. Siddons appeared, at Bath, as Beatrice. One cannot imagine that this

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great tragedienne would shine to advantage in the brilliant comedy of Beatrice. Indeed, it may shock many persons, who look upon Sarah Siddons as the greatest Shakespearean actress that has appeared in the last hundred years, to learn that an analysis of her performances shows that she certainly had no preference for Shakespeare; and she was wise enough, after she had become famous, to abandon comedy altogether.

Mrs. Abington was so fond of the part of Beatrice that she continued to play it when she was above fifty years of age. Among the other celebrated actresses who shone in this part are included Miss Fairren and Mrs. Jordan.

Charles Kemble seems to have been the best successor of Garrick in the character of Benedick. On May 30, 1803, he made his first appearance as Benedick. He had frequently played Claudio to the Hero of Miss De Camp, who afterwards became Mrs. Charles Kemble. Elliston was also very fond of this part.

Of the great representatives of Dogberry we may mention Quick, Moody, Munden, Suett, and Yates. Most of these actors seem to have first graduated in the part of the Town Clerk, who was probably the same as the Sexton, and also figured, perhaps, as one of the Watchmen.

Edmund Kean never seems to have attempted the character of Benedick; perhaps, after having triumphed where Garrick had failed most, in Othello, he did not care to challenge a comparison with his great predecessor in this character. Macready seems to have played Benedick—or "*Benedict*," as he will persist in calling it in his Reminiscences—in 1815, when he was twenty-one. According to his own account, the chief effect of his performance was to procure him the acquaintance of the Twiss family. In the season of 1843 he produced Much Ado at Drury Lane; his own criticism being that he "acted Benedick very well." The cast included Mr. Phelps, Mr. Anderson, Mr. Compton, Mr. Keeley, Mr. Ryder, with Mrs. Nesbitt as Beatrice. In spite of his own eulogy, Macready never seems to have had much success

in this character. Phelps produced Much Ado About Nothing on November 17, 1848. He did not play in the piece himself; the Benedick was Mr. H. Marston, with Miss Cooper as Beatrice. Charles Kean did not produce this comedy till his farewell season at the Princess's Theatre, 1858. This revival was very successful. The manager and his wife, of course, appeared as Benedick and Beatrice respectively.

Coming down to our own times, one of the most successful was at the St. James's Theatre, under the management of Miss Herbert, herself a most admirable Beatrice, with the advantage of a scarcely less admirable Benedick, Mr. Walter Lacy, and of Mr. Frank Matthews in his old part of Dogberry. At the Gaiety Theatre, in 1875, when the legitimate drama reigned supreme for some months in the temple of burlesque, this comedy was successfully revived with Miss Ada Cavendish as Beatrice and Mr. Hermann Vezin as Benedick. At the Haymarket in 1879 Mr. Barry Sullivan appeared as Benedick with Miss Rose Eytinge as his Beatrice; Sullivan played his part again in Manchester during the same year, with Miss Wallis as Beatrice; and by far the finest representation of recent times was given at the Lyceum Theatre, Oct. 11, 1882, when Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were the Benedick and Beatrice, Forbes Robertson and Miss Millward the Claudio and Hero. The piece was magnificently mounted. An excellent all-round production, beautifully staged, was that given at the St. James's Theatre, Feb. 16, 1898, by Mr. George Alexander, who played Benedick. The cast included Miss Julia Neilson as Beatrice, Miss Fay Davis as Hero, Mr. H. B. Irving as Don John, and Mr. Fred Terry as Don Pedro. At the Imperial Theatre, May 23, 1903, Miss Ellen Terry played Beatrice to the Benedick of Mr. Oscar Asche.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

This delightful comedy is the most perfect specimen of what may, perhaps, be called Social Comedy that Shakespeare has left us. The Two Gentlemen of Verona, even if it may be classed in this category, is but a crude effort;

The Merchant of Venice has in it more of the tragic element; As You Like It, delightful comedy as it is, has something of the pastoral in it; The Merry Wives of Windsor deals with the middle class. Twelfth Night is the only comedy of Shakespeare which can compare with this play; but, in Twelfth Night, it must be confessed that the serious element is not so perfectly blended with that of high and low comedy as it is in Much Ado About Nothing. It is scarcely possible to imagine two characters, belonging to high comedy, more exhilarating than Benedick and Beatrice. Their witty encounters are, on the whole, singularly free from the element of coarseness. There is nothing of that vulgar insolence about their repartees which some authors of the past, and most of those who profess to write comedy in these days, mistake for wit. The word-combats between Benedick and Beatrice have none of the brutality of a prize-fight. They are like an exhibition of the most brilliant fencing; however sharply the foil seems to strike the breast of one of the combatants, we know that there will be no blood shed; and, although this play abounds with marks of carelessness in petty details, it is remarkable for the carefulness of its design. With regard to the principal characters, one sees from the first that Benedick and Beatrice feel no real malice against one another. On the contrary, it is plain that at least a strong liking for one another underlies all their chaff and their professions of hostility; so that their ultimate marriage is an event by no means improbable. Side by side with Benedick and Beatrice, both of whom have a strong element of eccentricity about them, Shakespeare has placed in admirable contrast,—all the more admirable because it is not, on the face of it, much of a contrast at all,—the characters of Claudio and Hero. Claudio, with all his reputation for courage, his superficial *bonhomie*, and his high spirits, is far below Benedick in all the nobler qualities of manhood. Benedick may sneer at women, ridicule marriage, laugh at lovers, affect the cynic and woman-hater, but he would be incapable of the atrocious meanness that Claudio shows in disgracing the woman,

whom he had pretended to love, in the presence of her father and at the very altar. No; Benedick might laugh at lovers' sighs; but he would have thought twice before he brought tears to a woman's eyes. He would not have cared how much he wounded her vanity with his gibes, but he would not stab her heart by an act of cruelty. Who could be a greater contrast to Beatrice with her reckless tongue, her fearless courage, her energetic self-assertion, than the somewhat timid and pliable Hero? The latter is perfectly ready to resent her wrongs in the silence of an assumed death; whereas Beatrice would have made the whole world ring with the clamour of her indignation, and never rested until she had found the means of active vengeance. Yet there could be no sincerer love than that between these two; and Hero could find no gentler comforter, in the time of her great sorrow, than the bold outspoken cousin who would be content with nothing short of the death of her calumniator.

Mrs. Jameson, in her Characteristics of Women, talks of Beatrice as a spirited portrait of the "fine lady" of Shakespeare's time. Surely there could be nothing more unlike a "fine lady" than Beatrice. The "fine lady" is always a conventional creature of fashion; selfish, an imitator of others, with just courage enough to do what is evil, as long as there are plenty of others in her own rank to keep her company; but far too great a coward to do a good action, because she knew it to be right, though others might think it foolish. In this play Shakespeare, as in many others, displays his utter contempt for the morality of fashionable society. Beatrice is what she is, with her little faults and her great virtues, precisely because she is *not* "a fine lady." Witty, handsome, self-conscious, fond of admiration, she may be; but, when it is a question of right or wrong, she is guided by the dictates of her conscience and by the noble impulses of an uncorrupted heart; she shows qualities which, perhaps from want of practice, are not often to be found in "fine ladies." As has been pointed out in the notes, when Hero is accused Beatrice never hesitates, though she has no positive evidence with

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which to disprove the accusation of Claudio and the Princes. Her belief in her cousin's loyalty and purity never falters for a moment. Her nature is a higher one than Benedick's; and, at this crisis, it is she that inspires him to take the nobler side, and not his own impulse. It is exactly such a crisis as this, when Claudio brutally repudiates his bride in the church, that tries our natures most severely. It is then that we find out of what stuff we really are made. It is not a time for weighing and balancing evidence; it is not a question even of judgment of character or knowledge of human nature. It is a question our heart must decide; and if through all the meannesses, the deceptions, and crimes of the world we have kept our hearts pure, it is then we discover their value. Such an accusation, brought against one whom we have known hitherto to be true and good, may be supported by the strongest evidence, and may be credited by the most highly respectable members of society; but, if we have really that noblest of all virtues, true charity, we shall not believe the accusation; we shall do as Beatrice does, without waiting to sift the evidence we shall reject it with indignation. True, we may sometimes be wrong, but we shall be much oftener right, and even if we do err on the side of generosity, it cannot cost us one-hundredth part of the pain that we must feel—if we are worth anything at all—when we find we have wrongly believed such an accusation. One may be forgiven for suspecting that, in order to bring out more strongly the unconventional character of Beatrice, Shakespeare has intensified the odious character of the thoroughly worldly and conventional Claudio. There is no more bitter satire, in any of his plays, on the thoroughly superficial nature of the "young man of the world." Even his namesake in *Measure for Measure* is not so odiously mean as Beatrice's "Count Confect." Isabella's brother yields, for a moment, to fearful temptation, when brought face to face with an ignominious death in the very flower of his youth; but the precious Count Sugarplum in this play has no such excuse for his despicable meanness. It is as well to go through the history of Claudio's

love affair, as it is told in this play, in order fully to appreciate his character. He falls in love with the daughter of Leonato, Governor of Messina, to whose hand he could scarcely hope to aspire except for the fact that he had distinguished himself in the war, and that he was fortunate enough to have a strong advocate in his patron, Don Pedro, who uses his influence in his favour. Claudio accepts Don Pedro's offer to woo Hero as his deputy; he then believes, on the very slightest evidence, in fact on the mere statement of Don John, of whose character he could scarcely be ignorant—that his friend and patron has betrayed him in the basest manner possible. It would appear, from this instance, that it was in the nature of this wretchedly unstable creature to be quite as unjust to those of his own sex, as he was afterwards to one of the other. Having through the kind offices of the friend, whose honour he had been so prompt to suspect, become affianced to Hero, and the marriage having been, at his own request, appointed at the very earliest date possible, he is told by this same Don John, whose truthfulness he had the strongest reason to suspect from what had already happened, that his love is little better than a strumpet, a fact which Don John is careful to announce with as little delicacy as possible. He goes, without one word of remonstrance, to witness the alleged proof of her profligacy; remarking, with singular generosity, that if he sees any reason to doubt her chastity, he will shame her "in the congregation" where he should wed her on the morrow. He goes, in the company of a man with whom he should not have had any intercourse whatever, namely, Don John, and sees some one making love, apparently, to his betrothed. He does not take any pains to identify the lover; nor does he make the slightest effort to find out whether he is the victim of a deception or not; though surely the probability of Hero's being chaste was, to say the least, quite as great as that of Don John telling the truth under any circumstances. Next morning this fine young gentleman, this excellent count, goes to the church, cries out the supposed shame of his betrothed bride in the presence of her father, her friends, and the priest who

is going to marry them, and of the whole congregation; then, leaving her senseless on the floor of the church, he marches off in an outburst of virtuous indignation, supported by his fashionable friends and his princely patron. The only two who have the charity and good sense to believe in the innocence of Hero are the priest and Beatrice, the latter of whom succeeds in converting Benedick to her views. The next thing Claudio hears of his affianced bride is that she is dead, news which he seems to take with the most notable resignation. When he meets the father of the maiden whom his brutal insult is supposed to have killed, he certainly has the decency to refuse to accept a challenge from him; but not a gleam of remorse seems to come over his mind, and the possibility of his having wronged the girl never occurs to him. He is ready to chaff Benedick, though he finds that gentleman in anything but a humour to stand any chaff; still, with a singular want of tact, and brazen shamelessness, he persists in his elaborate attempts at facetiousness, though it is evident that Benedick is perfectly serious in calling him a villain. When the fact is made known to him, immediately afterwards, that he has been the willing victim of the clumsiest trick ever devised, his idea of atoning for the atrocious crime he has committed is the utterance of that beautiful sentiment:

Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear
In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.
—v. 1. 259, 260.

He immediately accepts, without a moment's hesitation, the offer made him by Leonato of the hand of his niece; though it strikes one Claudio must have been singularly blinded by self-conceit not to have reflected that, if Hero were really dead, the very last thing that Leonato could possibly have wished was the introduction of such an extremely undesirable relative as Claudio into his family circle. But we must not be unjust towards this noble-hearted young man; his repentance does not stop short here; he announces his intention of mourning that night with Hero; and having borrowed a book of poems, or having procured from somebody of more intelligence

than himself some verses, he goes to hang an epitaph on the tomb of his dead love.

Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies. —v. 3. 3, 4.

It does not seem to have occurred to the young gentleman, when reading these lines out of the scroll, that one of the most slanderous tongues of all was his own. However he fulfils this function of sorrow and repentance, which is neither a very long nor a very laborious one; and the next morning he is quite ready to be married to a woman whom he has never seen. Perhaps Shakespeare was anxious to bring the play to an end, and was loth to dwell more than necessary on the painful part of the story he was telling; otherwise he might have here introduced one redeeming point in the character of Claudio. He might have made him scruple, even at the bidding of the father of the woman he had so grievously wronged, to marry a perfect stranger within so short a time after the death of his betrothed, for which death he could not but have felt himself in part responsible. He might have said, with all respect to Leonato, that he could not transfer his affections, at sight, from Hero to her cousin; and, in this case, one could imagine there might have been a very charming scene between Claudio and the supposed daughter of Antonio, in which he might gently but earnestly urge his respect for the memory of her whom he had so deeply injured as a reason for his not being ready to espouse the young lady, however charming, whom he had never before seen. The exhibition of such a redeeming point in his character might have reconciled Hero to her marriage, and might have afforded her some plausible ground for forgiving the abominable wrong that Claudio had done her. As matters stand in the play, it certainly requires one fully to realize the marvellous loyalty of women to the objects of their love, the happy blindness which they exhibit for the faults, the vices, and even the crimes of the fortunate individual to whom they have given their hearts; it requires one to remember all this before one can bring one's self to believe that, after what she had experienced,

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Hero could ever bear to look at Claudio again.

As to the other characters, of Leonato and Antonio there is not much to say. The skilful touches introduced in act v. scene 1 have been pointed out in the notes. Don John is the link between Falconbridge and Edmund (in *King Lear*) in the Gallery of Bastards that Shakespeare has drawn. He has none of the gay self-assertion which distinguishes Falconbridge, while his villainy is meaner than that of Edmund; he does not defy all laws human and divine with the audacity that the illegitimate son of Gloucester does. He hates mankind and woman-kind; but it is with the sullen and cowardly hatred of the cur which snaps at your heels, not with the ferocity of the tiger that flies at your throat. When his miserable plot has succeeded but too well, he slinks away from the scene of his triumph. He has neither the shamelessness nor the courage to meet the consequences of his own act. Borachio, whom he uses as a tool, has more manliness than his employer. When detected and brought to bay, he has the generosity to confess freely the evil that he has done, and the humanity, if one may use the word, to make his confession so full and complete as to exonerate the unfortunate victim of the plot to which he has lent himself. One feels that he deserves to win Margaret as his wife, and to live happily with her ever afterwards. Conrade is a less marked character; but we should not fail to notice the clever touch of nature which makes both these men, who are mere dependents of Don John, behave to him all through the play with more familiarity than they would dare to show towards a man of more noble character. They are both ready, more or less, to do his dirty work; but they treat him less as a superior than as an equal.

Side by side with the brilliant high comedy of Benedick and Beatrice we have the admirable low comedy of Dogberry and Verges, and of the various parochial officials of Messina. Many people have been inclined to attach rather too great importance to the scenes in which Dogberry figures. It has always been easier to find a low comedian, who could

make the most of the good-natured pompousness and self-conceit of the chief constable, than to find a high comedian who could do full justice to Benedick, or an actress who could combine the sparkling vivacity of Beatrice in the first three acts with the passionate intensity that she shows in the fourth act. The humour of Dogberry is, after all, not of a very original pattern; or rather, perhaps, we should say that what originality the conception had at first has been seriously discounted by the many imitations, which have been perpetrated of this popular character; some of which—notably Mrs. Malaprop in Sheridan's *Rivals*—have acquired almost as much fame and popularity as the original. Every one must have been struck with the sublime self-conceit of Dogberry; but we have had very much the same trait of character, quite as admirably treated, in Bottom the Weaver. The perfect unconsciousness and good faith, with which Dogberry misapplies words, is found in a lesser degree in other characters in Shakespeare; for instance in Gobbo, Mrs. Quickly, and the Second Gravedigger in *Hamlet*. But there is a feature in Dogberry's character which does not seem to have been much noticed by critics; and that is the extreme kindness of heart which co-exists with his intense vanity. He has a monstrously high opinion of himself. He is intensely indignant at being called an ass, though his sense of injury is considerably tempered by the unassailable conviction that no one could ever possibly conceive the term to be properly applied in his case; but there is not in him the slightest malice, though such a quality is but too often found combined with vanity. The Head Constable is, in Dogberry's eyes, an official of almost regal importance; but he does not show any inclination to abuse his office by any exhibition of over-severity against offenders whom he may apprehend. He has a kindly sympathy, we had almost said affection, for them; at any rate his pity for them is akin to love. Even when Conrade and Borachio show their contempt for him in the most insolent manner, he does not seem to cherish any vindictive feeling against them.

He does not try to exaggerate their offence, or to amplify, by any effort of invention, the evidence against them; there is no spice of *odium officiale*, if one may use the expression, or of cruelty in his disposition. A kindlier-hearted constable never carried bill or lanthorn; and, in spite of all his egregious self-conceit and the ridiculous way in which he airs his supposed knowledge, we take leave of him without one harsh thought. We have not the heart to sneer at him; even though he may not be "as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina," we doubt if a kindlier-natured piece of humanity existed there.

Delightful as the dialogue of this comedy is, both in its gayest and most serious moods, occasionally, as has been pointed out in the notes, it is disfigured by obscurities, the result of too much aiming after antithesis, or of those jingling alliterations which so often jar upon one's ear in some of the writers of the Elizabethan age. I am not aware that any critic has pointed out previously what certainly strikes me, namely, that Shakespeare was inspired, to some extent, in the prose dialogue of this comedy by hearing or reading the so-called comedies of Lilly. It seems as if he had said to himself: "I have already, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, ridiculed the affectations of Lilly; I will now try, taking his style to a

certain extent as a model, whether by putting these epigrams and antitheses into the mouth of men and women of our own time, instead of into the mouths of classical personages, and by making their wit seem spontaneous and natural, I cannot write a comedy, the prose language of which shall be as finished as that of Lilly without being so tedious." If this was indeed Shakespeare's idea, if he was incited, by the example of Queen Elizabeth's favourite Lilly, to make this effort to show that prose could be rhythmical without being laboured, and that sentences could be balanced without being affected, then we owe a debt of gratitude to the author of *Euphues*, which perhaps we may, hitherto, not have been inclined to acknowledge. Anyone, who will read Lilly's comedies through carefully, and compare with them some of the prose portions of the dialogue in this comedy, will see that there is more ground for this conjecture of mine than, at first sight, would appear probable.

In spite of all its blemishes, in spite of passages unnecessarily coarse, which we should be glad to see omitted, *Much Ado* will remain one of the most perfect comedies in our language, and one of the most favourite of all Shakespeare's plays within the theatre and out of it.



Balthazar sings.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever.—(Act ii. 3. 63, 64.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Before the house of Leonato.*

Enter LEONATO, with a Messenger and others.

Leon. I learn in this letter that Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.

Mess. He is very near by this:¹ he was not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort;² and none of name.

Leon. A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers. [*Enter BEATRICE, HERO, MARGARET, and Ladies.*] I find here that Don Pedro hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine called Claudio.

Mess. Much deserv'd on his part, and equally remember'd by Don Pedro. He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion: [he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in Messina will be very much glad of it. 19

Mess. I have already deliver'd him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much, that joy could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.³

Leon. A kind⁴ overflow of kindness:⁵ there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd. How much better is it to weep at joy than to joy at weeping!]

Beat. I pray you, is Signior Montanto return'd from the wars or no? 31

Mess. I know none of that name, lady: there was none such in the army of any sort.⁶

Leon. What⁷ is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior Benedick of Padua.

Mess. O, he's return'd; and as pleasant⁸ as ever he was.

Beat. [He set up his bills here in Messina,

¹ *By this, i.e. by this time.*

² *Sort=rank.*

³ *In great measure, i.e. abundantly.* ⁴ *Kind=natural.*

⁵ *Kindness, tenderness.*

⁶ *Sort, rank.*

⁷ *What=who.*

⁸ *Pleasant, merry, facetious.*

and challeng'd Cupid at the flight; and my
uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscrib'd
for Cupid, and challeng'd him at the bird-
bolt.]—I pray you, how many hath he kill'd
and eaten in these wars? But how many hath
he kill'd? for, indeed, I promis'd to eat all of
his killing. 45

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you,¹
I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victual,² and he hath help to eat it: he's a very valiant trencherman; he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady:—but what is he to a lord? 55

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuff'd man: but for the stuffing,—well, we are all mortal. 60

Leon. You must not, sir, mistake my niece. There is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior Benedick and her: they never meet but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that! In our last conflict four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: so that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference³ between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature.—Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is't possible?

Beat. Very easily possible: he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat; it ever changes with the next block. 77

Mess. I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books. 79

Beat. No; an he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion? Is there no young squarer⁴ now that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble Claudio. 85

Beat. O Lord, he will hang upon him like a disease: he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently⁵ mad. God help the noble Claudio! if he have caught the Benedick, it will cost him a thousand pound ere he be cur'd. 90

Mess. I will hold friends with you, lady.

Beat. Do, good friend.

Leon. You will never run mad, niece.

Beat. No, not till a hot January.

Mess. Don Pedro is approach'd.

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, and BALTHAZAR.

D. Pedro. Good Signior Leonato, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace: for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave. 102

D. Pedro. You embrace your charge too willingly.—[*Turning towards Hero*] I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, sir, that you ask'd her?

Leon. Signior Benedick, no; for then were you a child.

D. Pedro. You have it full,⁶ Benedick; we may guess by this what you are, being a man.—Truly, the lady fathers herself.⁷—Be happy, lady; for you are like an honourable father.

[*Retires to a little distance with Leonato: they converse apart.*]

Bene. If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still⁸ be talking, Signior Benedick: nobody marks you.

Bene. What, my dear Lady Disdain! are you yet living? 120

¹ He'll be meet with you, he'll be even with you.

² Victual=victuals.

³ Difference, a term in heraldry.

⁴ Squarer, quarreller.

⁵ Presently, immediately.

⁶ You have it full, i.e. you are fully answered.

⁷ Fathers herself, i.e. is so like her father you cannot mistake her parentage.

⁸ Still, continually.

Beat. Is it possible disdain should die while she hath meet food to feed it as Signior Benedick? Courtesy itself must convert¹ to disdain, if you come in her presence. 125

Bene. Then is courtesy a turncoat.—But it is certain I am loved of² all ladies, only you excepted: and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart; for, truly, I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness³ to women: they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that: I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind! so some gentleman or other shall scape a predestinate scratched face. 135

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, an 't were such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well, you are a rare parrot-teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours. 141

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer. But keep your way, o' God's name; I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick: I know you of old.

D. Pedro. [Coming forward with Leonato] This is the sum of all: Leonato,—Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick,—my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all. I tell him we shall stay here at the least a month; and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn.—[To Don John] Let me bid you welcome, my lord: being reconciled to the prince your brother, I owe you all duty.

D. John. I thank you: I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on? 160

D. Pedro. Your hand, Leonato; we will go together.

[Exeunt all except Benedick and Claudio.]

Claud. Benedick, didst thou note the daughter of Signior Leonato?

Bene. I noted her not; but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment; or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant⁴ to their sex? 171



Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise.

—(Act i. l. 173-175.)

Claud. No; I pray thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why, i' faith, methinks she's too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her,—that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou thinkest I am in sport: I pray thee tell me truly how thou likest her. 180

¹ Convert = be converted or changed.

² Of = by.

³ A dear happiness = a precious piece of good fortune.

⁴ Tyrant = a pitiless censor.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you inquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into. But speak you this with a sad¹ brow? or do you play the flouting Jack² [to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter]? Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in³ the song?

Claud. In mine eye she is the sweetest lady that ever I look'd on. 190

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter: there's her cousin, an she were not possess'd with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if Hero would be my wife. 199

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?⁴ Shall I never see a bachelor of threescore again? Go to, i' faith; and thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away Sundays. Look; Don Pedro is returned to seek you. 205

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you followed not to Leonato's?

Bene. I would your grace would constrain me to tell. 209

D. Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count Claudio: I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance,—mark you this, on my allegiance.—He is in love. With who?—now that is your grace's part.—Mark how short his answer is;—with Hero, Leonato's short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it utter'd.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so." 220

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

D. Pedro. Amen, if you love her; for the lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in,⁵ my lord.

D. Pedro. By my troth, I speak my thought.

Claud. And, in faith, my lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And, by my two faiths and troths, my lord, I spoke mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel. 230

D. Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me: I will die in it at the stake.

D. Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty.

Claud. And never could maintain his part but in the force of his will. 239

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat⁶ winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick,⁷ all women shall pardon me. Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine⁸ is (for the which I may go the finer), I will live a bachelor.

D. Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love. 250

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: [prove that] ever I lose more blood with love than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind Cupid.]

D. Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle⁹ like a cat, and shoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam. 261

¹ Sad, serious.

² The flouting Jack = the mocking rascal.

³ To go in = to join with you in.

⁴ With suspicion, i.e. with the suspicion of having horns under it.

⁵ To fetch me in, i.e. to draw me into a confession.

⁶ Recheat, a term of the chase; the call sounded on the horn to bring the dogs back.

⁷ Baldrick, a belt, usually worn across the body.

⁸ Fine, conclusion.

⁹ A bottle, i.e. a small wooden barrel.

D. Pedro. Well, as time shall try:
 "In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

Bene. The savage bull may; but if ever the sensible Benedick bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead: and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire," let them signify under my sign, "Here you may see Benedick the married man." 270

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou wouldst be horn-mad.

D. Pedro. Nay, if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in Venice, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too, then.

D. Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours. In the mean time, good Signior Benedick, repair to Leonato's: commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper; for indeed he hath made great preparation. 280

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an embassy; and so I commit you,—

Claud. To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it),—

D. Pedro. The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not. The body of your discourse is sometimes guarded¹ with fragments, and the guards² are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout³ old ends any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you. [Exit.]

Claud. My liege, your highness now may do me good.

D. Pedro. My love is thine to teach: teach it but how,

And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn
 Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath Leonato any son, my lord?

D. Pedro. No child but Hero; she's his only heir.

Dost thou affect her, Claudio?

Claud. O, my lord,
 When you went onward on this ended action,⁴
 I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye, 300

That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
 Than to drive liking to the name of love:
 But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
 Have left their places vacant, in their rooms
 Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
 All prompting me how fair young Hero is,
 Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars—

D. Pedro. [Interrupting] Thou wilt be like
 a lover presently,
 And tire the hearer with a book⁵ of words.

[Enter BORACHIO, who hides and listens.
 If thou dost love fair Hero, cherish it; 310
 And I will break with her⁶ and with her father,
 And thou shalt have her. Was't not to this
 end

That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
 That know love's grief by his complexion!
 But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
 I would have salv'd⁷ it with a longer treatise.⁸

D. Pedro. What need the bridge much
 broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity.

Look, what will serve is fit: 'tis once,⁹ thou
 lovest; 320

And I will fit thee with the remedy.

I know we shall have revelling to-night:

I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And tell fair Hero I am Claudio;

And in her bosom I'll unclasp¹⁰ my heart,

And take her hearing prisoner with the force

And strong encounter of my amorous tale:

Then after to her father will I break;¹¹ 328

And the conclusion¹² is, she shall be thine.

In practice let us put it presently. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE II. A room in Leonato's house.]

Enter, severally, LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Leon. How now, brother! Where is my
 cousin, your son? hath he provided this music?

Ant. He is very busy about it. But, brother,
 I can tell you strange news, that you yet
 dreamt not of.

Leon. Are they good?

¹ Guarded, ornamentally trimmed.

² Guards, ornamental trimmings.

³ Flout, make fun of.

⁴ Went onward, &c., i.e. started on the campaign just brought to a close.

⁵ A book, i.e. a quantity.

⁶ Break with her, i.e. break the subject to her.

⁷ Salv'd, palliated, excused.

⁸ Treatise, discourse.

⁹ Once=once for all.

¹⁰ Unclasp, i.e. lay bare.

¹¹ Break, i.e. break the matter. ¹² Conclusion, i.e. result.

Ant. As the event stamps them: but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The prince and Count Claudio, walking in a thick-pleached¹ alley in my orchard,² were thus much overheard by a man of mine: the prince discovered to Claudio that he loved my niece



D. John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace.—(Act I. 3. 28, 29.)

your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant,³ he meant to take the present time by the top,⁴ and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow: I will send for him; and question him yourself. 20

¹ *Thick-pleached*, thickly interwoven.

² *Orchard*, i.e. garden.

³ *Accordant*, of the same kind; favourable to his suit.

⁴ *By the top*=by the forelock.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream till it appear itself: but I will acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be the better prepared for an answer, if peradventure this be true. Go you and tell her of it.—[*Exit Antonio.*—*Antonio's son, with some Musicians, crosses the stage.*—*To Antonio's son*] Cousin, you know what you have to do.—[*To the leader of the Musicians*] O, I cry you mercy;⁵ friend; go you with me, and I will use your skill.— Good cousin, have a care this busy time. 29

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. Another room in Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and CONRADE.

Con. What the good-year, my lord! why are you thus out of measure sad?

D. John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Con. You should hear reason.

D. John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Con. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance. 10

D. John. I wonder that thou, being (as thou say'st thou art) born under Saturn, goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief. I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsy, and tend on⁶ no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw⁷ no man in his humour. 19

Con. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controlment. You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace; where it is impossible you should take true root but by the fair weather that you make yourself: it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest. 27

D. John. I had rather be a canker⁸ in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all than to

⁵ *I cry you mercy*=I ask your pardon.

⁶ *Tend on*, i.e. wait on=care for.

⁷ *Claw*, i.e. flatter.

⁸ *Canker*, i.e. dog-rose.

fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied but I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted with a muzzle, and enfranchis'd with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage. If I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no use of your discontent? 40

D. John. I make all use of it, for I use it only.¹—Who comes here?

Enter BORACHIO.

What news, Borachio?

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper: the prince your brother is royally entertained by Leonato; and I can give you intelligence of an intended marriage.

D. John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? What is he for a fool² that betroths himself to unquietness? 50

Bora. Marry, it is your brother's right hand.

D. John. Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bora. Even he.

54

D. John. A proper squire! And who—and who—which way looks he?

Bora. Marry, on Hero, the daughter and heir of Leonato.

D. John. A very forward March-chick! How came you to this?

Bora. [Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room, comes me the prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in sad conference:] I whipt me behind the arras; and there heard it agreed upon, that the prince should woo Hero for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count Claudio.

D. John. Come, come, let us thither: this may prove food to my displeasure. That young start-up³ hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way. You are both sure, and will assist me? 71

Con. To the death, my lord.

D. John. Let us to the great supper: their cheer is the greater that I am subdued. Would the cook were of my mind!—Shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. A hall in Leonato's house.

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, HERO, BEATRICE, and others.

Leon. Was not Count John here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the midway between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling. 11

Leon. Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face,—

Beat. With a good leg and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world,—if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd⁴ of thy tongue. 21

Ant. In faith, she's too curst.⁵

Beat. Too curst is more than curst: I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, "God sends a curst⁵ cow short horns;" but to a cow too curst he sends none.

¹ Use it only, i.e. adopt no other disposition.

² What is he for a fool? i.e. what kind of fool is he?

³ Start-up=upstart.

⁴ Shrewd, bitter, malicious.

⁵ Curst=vicious, as used nowadays of animals.

Leon. So, by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just,¹ if he send me no husband; for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face: I had rather lie in the woollen. 33

Leon. You may light on a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? He that hath a beard is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth is not for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: [therefore I will even take sixpence in earnest of the bear-herd, and lead his apes into hell. 43

Leon. Well, then, go you into hell?

Beat. No; but to the gate; and there will the devil meet me, like an old cuckold, with horns on his head, and say, "Get you to heaven, Beatrice, get you to heaven; here's no place for you maids:" so deliver I up my apes, and away to Saint Peter: for the heavens!² he shows me where the bachelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.] 52

Ant. Well, niece [to *Hero*], I trust you will be ruled by your father.

Beat. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:"—but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband. 61

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmaster'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make an account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and, truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer. 71

Beat. The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the prince

be too important,³ tell him there is measure⁴ in every thing, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, *Hero*:—wooing, wedding, and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure,⁵ full of state and ancientry;⁶ and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the cinque-pace⁷ faster and faster, till he sink into his grave. 83

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.⁸

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight.

Leon. The revellers are entering, brother: make good room.

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, BALTHAZAR, DON JOHN, BORACHIO, MARGARET, URSULA, and others, masked.

D. Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?⁹ 90

Hero. So¹⁰ you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend¹¹ the lute should be like the case!

D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [Takes her aside.

[*Balth.* Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I, for your own sake; for I have many ill qualities.

Balth. Which is one?

Marg. I say my prayers aloud.

³ Important=importunate.

⁴ Measure, used here in the double sense, first, of moderation; secondly, of a dance-measure.

⁵ A measure, i.e. a grave dance.

⁶ Ancientry, old-fashioned manners.

⁷ Cinque-pace, a lively kind of dance.

⁸ Passing shrewdly, with mischievous wit enough.

⁹ Friend=lover.

¹⁰ So=provided that.

¹¹ Defend=forbid.

¹ Just=just so.

² For the heavens!=by Heaven!

Balth. I love you the better: the hearers may cry, Amen. 110

Marg. God match me with a good dancer!

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done!—Answer, clerk.

Balth. No more words: the clerk is answered.

[*They retire among the other maskers.*]

Urs. [*Coming forward*] I know you well enough; you are Signior Antonio.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagging of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill-well, unless you were the very man. Here's his dry hand up and down:¹ you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word,² I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide itself? Go to, mum, you are he: graces will appear, and there's an end.

[*They retire to back of stage.*]

Beat. [*Coming forward, following Benedick*] Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me. 131

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the *Hundred Merry Tales*:—well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh? 140

Bene. I pray you, what is he?

Beat. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible³ slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him. I am sure he is in the fleet:⁴ I would he had boarded⁵ me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say. 151

Beat. Do, do: he'll but break a comparison or two on me; which, peradventure, not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy; and then there's a partridge wing saved, for the fool will eat no supper that night. [*Music within.*] We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning. 160

[*Dance. Then exeunt all except Don John, Borachio, and Claudio.*]

D. John. Sure my brother is amorous on Hero, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it. The ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is Claudio: I know him by his bearing.⁶

D. John. Are you not Signior Benedick?

Claud. You know me well; I am he. 168

D. John. Signior, you are very near⁷ my brother in his love: he is enamour'd on Hero; I pray you, dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth: you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

D. John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too; and he swore he would marry her to-night.

D. John. Come, let us to the banquet. 178

[*Exeunt Don John and Borachio.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of Benedick, But hear these ill news with the ears of Claudio.

'T is certain so;—the prince wooes for himself. Friendship is constant in all other things Save in the office and affairs of love: Therefore all⁸ hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for itself, And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch, Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.⁹ This is an accident of hourly proof, Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, therefore, Hero!

Re-enter BENEDICK.

Bene. Count Claudio?

190

¹ Up and down, i.e. exactly. ² At a word, i.e. in short.

³ Impossible, i.e. so extravagant that they cannot be believed.

⁴ In the fleet, i.e. in the company. ⁵ Boarded, accosted.

⁶ Bearing, i.e. demeanour.

⁷ Near=intimate with.

⁸ All, i.e. let all.

⁹ Blood=sensual passion.

Claud. Yea, the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business, count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf? You must wear it one way, for the prince hath got your Hero.

Claud. I wish him joy of her. 200

Bene. Why, that's spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks. But did you think the prince would have served you thus?

Claud. I pray you, leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man: 't was the boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post. 207

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges.—But, that my Lady Beatrice should know me, and not know me! The prince's fool?—Ha! it may be I go under that title because I am merry.—Yea, but so I am apt to do myself wrong; I am not so reputed; it is the base, though bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person,¹ and so gives me out. Well, I'll be revenged as I may.

Re-enter DON PEDRO.

D. Pedro. Now, signior, where's the count? did you see him? 219

Bene. Troth, my lord, I have played the part of Lady Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a warren: I told him, and I think I told him true, that your grace had got the good-will of this young lady; and I offered him my company to a willow-tree, either to make him a garland, as being forsaken, or to bind him up a rod, as being worthy to be whipp'd.

D. Pedro. To be whipp'd! What's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who, being overjoyed with finding a bird's nest, shows it his companion, and he steals it.

D. Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust a transgression? The transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestowed on you, who, as I take it, have stolen his bird's nest.²

D. Pedro. I will but teach them³ to sing, and restore them to the owner. 240

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly.

D. Pedro. The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to⁴ you: the gentleman that danc'd with her told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O, she misus'd⁵ me past the endurance of a block! an oak but with one green leaf on it would have answered her; my very visor began to assume life and scold with her. She told me,—not thinking I had been myself,—that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance,⁶ upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me. She speaks poniards, and every word stabs: [if her breath were as terrible as her terminations,⁷ there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star.] I would not marry her, though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turn'd spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her: you shall find her the infernal Até in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her; for certainly, while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary; and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so, indeed, all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

D. Pedro. Look, here she comes. 270

Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to the Antipodes that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia; bring you the length of Prester John's

² Nest here includes the nestlings in the nest.

³ Them, i.e. the nestlings.

⁴ Quarrel to, i.e. a difference with.

⁵ Misus'd = abused, reviled.

⁶ Impossible conveyance, incredible dexterity.

⁷ Terminations = words, expressions.

¹ Puts the world into her person, i.e. speaks as if she represented the opinion of the world in general.

foot; fetch you a hair off the great Cham's beard; do you any embassy to the Pigmies;—rather than hold three words' conference with this harpy. You have no employment for me? 280

D. Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Re-enter CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, HERO, and LEONATO.

Bene. O God, sir, here's a dish I love not: I cannot endure my Lady Tongue. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. Come, lady, come; you have lost the heart of Signior Benedick.

Beatt. Indeed, my lord, he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use¹ for it,—a double heart for his single one: marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your grace may well say I have lost it. 291

D. Pedro. You have put him down, lady, you have put him down.

Beatt. So I would not he should do me, my lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools.—I have brought Count Claudio, whom you sent me to seek.

D. Pedro. Why, how now, count? wherefore are you sad?

Claud. Not sad, my lord. 300

D. Pedro. How then? sick?

Claud. Neither, my lord.

Beatt. The count is neither sad, nor sick, nor merry, nor well; but civil, count,—civil² as an orange, and something of that jealous complexion.

D. Pedro. I' faith, lady, I think your blazon³ to be true; though, I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false.—Here, Claudio, I have wooed in thy name, and fair Hero is won: I have broke with her father, and, his good-will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy!

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!

Beatt. Speak, count, 't is your cue.

Claud. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say

how much.—Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange. 320

Beatt. Speak, cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.



Bene. Will your grace command me any service to the world's end?—(Act ii. 1. 271, 272.)

D. Pedro. In faith, lady, you have a merry heart.

Beatt. Yea, my lord; I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side⁴ of care.—My cousin tells him in his ear that he is in her heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beatt. Good Lord, for alliance!—Thus goes

¹ Use, interest.

² Civil, a play on *civil* and *Seville*.

³ Blazon=explanation.

⁴ On the windy side, i.e. to windward.

every one to the world but I, and I am sunburn'd; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband! 333

[*D. Pedro.* Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting. Hath your grace ne'er a brother like you? Your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.]

D. Pedro. Will you have me, lady?

Beat. No, my lord, unless I might have another for working-days: your grace is too costly to wear every day. But, I beseech your grace, pardon me: I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

D. Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No, sure, my lord, my mother cried; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that was I born.—Cousins, God give you joy!

Leon. Niece, will you look to those things I told you of? 352

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle.—By your grace's pardon. [*Exit.*]

D. Pedro. By my troth, a pleasant-spirited lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my lord: she is never sad but when she sleeps; and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd herself with laughing.

D. Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O, by no means: she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

D. Pedro. She were¹ an excellent wife for Benedick.

Leon. O Lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad!

D. Pedro. Count Claudio, when mean you to go to church? 371

Claud. To-morrow, my lord: time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night;² and a time too

brief, too, to have all things answer my mind. 377

D. Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing;³ but I warrant thee, Claudio, the time shall not go dully by us. I will, in the interim, undertake one of Hercules' labours; which is, to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other. I would fain have it a match; and I doubt not but to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights' watchings.

Claud. And I, my lord.

D. Pedro. And you too, gentle Hero?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my lord, to help my cousin to a good husband. 391

D. Pedro. And Benedick is not the unhopefullest husband that I know. Thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain,⁴ of approved valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with Benedick;—and I, with your two helps, will so practise on Benedick, that, in despite of his quick wit and his queasy⁵ stomach, he shall fall in love with Beatrice. If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer: his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods. Go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Before Leonato's house.

Enter DON JOHN and BORACHIO.

D. John. It is so; the Count Claudio shall marry the daughter of Leonato.

Bora. Yea, my lord; but I can cross it.

D. John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinal⁶ to me: I am sick in displeasure to⁷ him; and whatsoever comes athwart his affection⁸ ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross this marriage?

Bora. Not honestly, my lord; but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me. 10

D. John. Show me briefly how.

¹ She were, i.e. she would be.

² A just seven-night. i.e. exactly a week.

³ Breathing, delay.

⁴ Strain, descent, race.

⁵ Queasy, squeamish, fastidious.

⁶ Medicinable = medicinal.

⁷ To = towards, with.

⁸ Affection, desire.

Bora. I think I told your lordship, a year since, how much I am in the favour of Margaret, the waiting-gentlewoman to Hero. 14

D. John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her lady's chamber-window.

D. John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage? 20

Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper.¹ Go you to the prince your brother; spare not to tell him that he hath wronged his honour in marrying the renowned Claudio (whose estimation² do you mightily hold up)



Bora. The poison of that lies in you to temper.—(Act ii. 2. 21, 22.)

to [a contaminated stale,³] such a one as Hero.

D. John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough to misuse⁴ the prince, to vex Claudio, to undo Hero, and kill Leonato. Look you for any other issue? 30

D. John. Only to despise⁵ them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go, then; find me a meet hour to draw Don Pedro and the Count Claudio alone: tell them that you know that Hero loves me; [intend⁶ a kind of zeal both to the prince and Claudio, as,—in love of your brother's honour,

who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid,]—that you have discover'd thus. They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them instances;⁷ which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber-window; hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Borachio; and bring them to see this the very night before the intended wedding,—for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter that Hero shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truth⁸ of Hero's disloyalty, that jealousy shall be call'd assurance, and all the preparation overthrown. 51

¹ To temper, i.e. to mix=to arrange.

² Estimation=good qualities, titles to esteem.

³ Stale=harlot.

⁴ Misuse=deceive.

⁵ To despise, to annoy.

⁶ Intend=pretend.

⁷ Instances, proofs.

⁸ Truth=true proofs.

D. John. Grow this¹ to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice. Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats. 55

Bora. Be you constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

D. John. I will presently² go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Leonato's garden. Evening.*

Enter BENEDICK, a Boy following.

Bene. Boy,—

Boy. Signior?

Bene. In my chamber-window lies a book: bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, sir.

Bene. I know that; but I would have thee hence, and here again. [*Exit Boy.*—] I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love: and such a man is Claudio. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now he is turn'd orthography;³ his words are a very fantastical banquet,—just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair,—yet I am well; another is wise,—yet I am well; another virtuous,—yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or

or I'll never cheapen⁴ her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God.—Ha, the prince and Monsieur Love! I will hide me in the arbour.

[*Withdraws into the arbour.*]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO, followed by BALTHAZAR carrying a lute.

D. Pedro. Come, shall we hear this music?

Claud. Yea, my good lord.—How still the evening is, 40

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony!

D. Pedro. See you where Benedick hath hid himself?

Claud. O, very well, my lord: [the music ended,

We'll fit the kid-fox⁵ with a pennyworth.]

D. Pedro. Come, Balthazar, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O, good my lord, tax not so bad a voice

To slander music any more than once.

D. Pedro. It is the witness⁶ still of excellency To put a strange face on⁷ his own perfection:—I pray thee, sing, and let me woo⁸ no more.

[*Balth.* Because you talk of wooing, I will sing; 51

Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy; yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves.

D. Pedro. Nay, pray thee, come; Or, if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes,— There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

D. Pedro. Why, these are very crotchets that he speaks;

Note notes, forsooth, and nothing!⁹]

[*Balthazar plays the air.*

Bene. [*Aside*] Now, "Divine air!" now is his soul ravish'd!—Is it not strange that

⁴ Cheapen = bid for.

⁵ Kid-fox. See note 146.

⁶ Witness = proof.

⁷ To put a strange face on = to ignore, to seem not to know.

⁸ Woo = press.

⁹ Nothing, formerly pronounced noting; hence the pun here on no-thing and noting.

¹ Grow this, i.e. let this grow.

² Presently, immediately.

³ Orthography, i.e. orthographer; here=one who uses fine words.

sheeps' guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?—Well, a horn for my money, when all's done. 62

BALTHAZAR sings.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore;
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe 70
Into Hey nonny, nunny.
Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
Of dumps¹ so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

D. Pedro. By my troth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

D. Pedro. Ha, no, no, faith; thou sing'st well enough for a shift. 80

Bene. [Aside] An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him: and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief! I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

D. Pedro. Yea, marry, dost thou hear, Balthazar? I pray thee, get us some excellent music; for to-morrow night we would have it at the Lady Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. 90

D. Pedro. Do so: farewell. [*Exeunt Balthazar and Musicians.*—Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me of to-day,—that your niece Beatrice was in love with Signior Benedick?

Claud. O, ay:—stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits [*Aside to Pedro.*—I did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful that she should so dote on Signior Benedick, whom she hath in all outward behaviours seemed ever to abhor. 101

Bene. [Aside] Is't possible? Sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell

what to think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged affection,—it is past the infinite² of thought.

D. Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon. O God, counterfeit! There was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it. 111

D. Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shows she?

Claud. [Aside] Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord! She will sit you,—you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did, indeed.

D. Pedro. How, how, I pray you? You amaze me: I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection. 120

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord; especially against Benedick.

Bene. [Aside] I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot, sure, hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. [Aside] He hath ta'en the infection: hold it up.³

D. Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to Benedick?

Leon. No; and swears she never will: that's her torment. 130

Claud. 'T is true, indeed; so your daughter says: "Shall I," says she, "that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?"

Leon. This says she now when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a night; and there will she sit in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper:—[my daughter tells us all. 139]

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O,—when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found Benedick and Beatrice between the sheet?—

Claud. That.⁴

¹ *Dumps*, low spirits; perhaps here=melancholy subjects.

² *Infinite*=infinite reach.

³ *Hold it up*, keep it up.

⁴ *That*—"yes, that is it."

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand halfpence;¹ railed at herself, that she should be so immodest to write to one that she knew would flout her: "I measure him," says she, "by my own spirit; for I should flout him, if he write to me; yea, though I love him, I should."² 151

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"

Leon. She doth indeed; my daughter says so: and the ecstasy² hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is sometime afraid she will do a desperate outrage to herself: it is very true.

D. Pedro. It were good that Benedick knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? He would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

D. Pedro. An he should, it were an alms³ to hang him. She's an excellent-sweet lady; and, out of all suspicion, she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

D. Pedro. In every thing but in loving Benedick. 170

[*Leon.* O, my lord, wisdom and blood⁴ combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one that blood⁴ hath the victory. I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

D. Pedro. I would she had bestow'd this dotage⁵ on me: I would have daff'd⁶ all other respects, and made her half myself.] I pray you, tell Benedick of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you? 180

Claud. Hero thinks surely she will die; for she says she will die, if he love her not; and she will die, ere she make her love known; and she will die, if he woo her, rather than she will bate one breath of her accustomed crossness.

D. Pedro. She doth well: if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible⁷ spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper⁸ man. 190

D. Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.⁹

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind, very wise.

D. Pedro. He doth indeed show some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

D. Pedro. As Hector, I assure you: [and in the managing of quarrels you may say he is wise; for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them with a most Christian-like fear. 200

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep the peace: if he break the peace, he ought to enter into a quarrel with fear and trembling.

D. Pedro. And so will he do; for the man doth fear God, howsoever it seems not in him by some large¹⁰ jests he will make.] Well, I am sorry for your niece. Shall we go seek Benedick, and tell him of her love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord: let her wear it out with good counsel.¹¹

Leon. Nay, that's impossible: she may wear her heart out first. 210

D. Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your daughter: let it cool¹² the while. I love Benedick well; and I could wish he would modestly examine himself, to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. [*Aside*] If he do not dote on her upon this, I will never trust my expectation.

D. Pedro. [*Aside*] Let there be the same net spread for her; and that must your daughter and her gentlewomen carry.¹³ The sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of another's dotage,¹⁴ and no such matter:¹⁵ that's the scene that I would see, which would be merely a dumb-show. Let us send her to call him in to dinner. 227

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato.*]

⁸ Proper, handsome.

⁹ Outward happiness = prepossessing appearance.

¹⁰ Large = broad.

¹¹ Counsel = reflection.

¹² Cool = rest.

¹³ Carry = carry out.

¹⁴ Dotage, i.e. doting love.

¹⁵ And no such matter = when there is no such thing.

¹ Halfpence = very small pieces.

² Ecstasy, madness.

³ An alms, i.e. a charity.

⁴ Blood = passion.

⁵ Dotage = doting love.

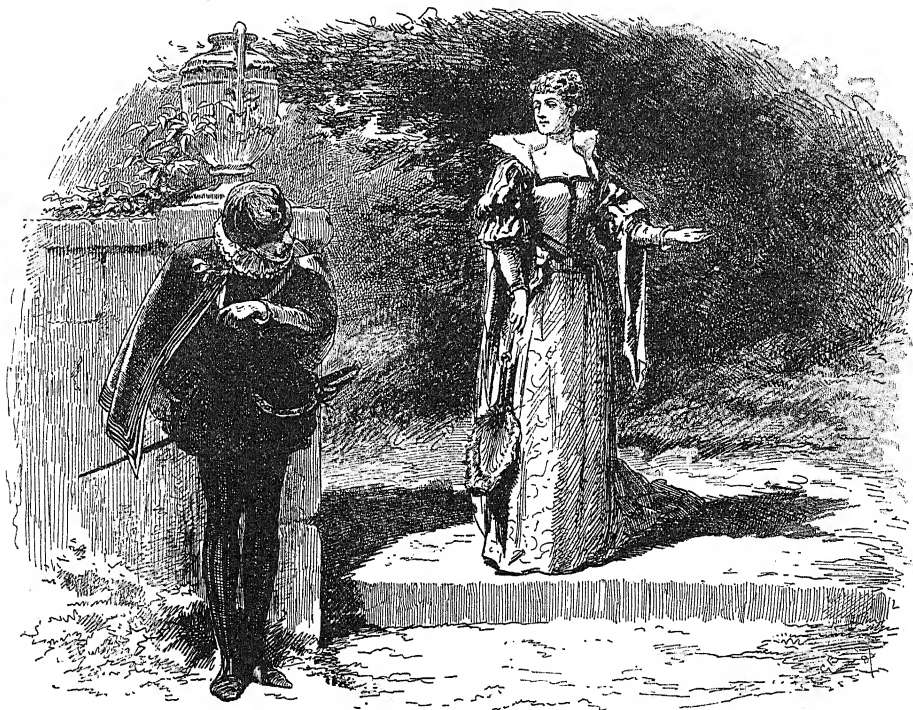
⁶ Daff'd, put aside.

⁷ Contemptible = contemptuous.

BENEDICK *advances from the arbour.*

Bene. This can be no trick: the conference was sadly¹ borne. They have the truth of this from Hero. They seem to pity the lady: it seems her affections have their full bent.² Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear

how I am censur'd:³ they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too that she will rather die than give any sign of affection.—I did never think to marry:—I must not seem proud:—happy are they that hear their detractions,⁴ and can put them to mending. They say the lady is



Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.—(Act ii. 3. 256, 257.)

fair,—'tis a truth, I can bear them witness; and virtuous,—'tis so, I cannot reprove⁵ it; and wise, but for loving me,—by my troth, it is no addition to her wit;⁶ nor no great argument⁷ of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me,

because I have rail'd so long against marriage: but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quips and sentences,⁸ and these paper-bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no, the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.—Here comes Beatrice. By this day, she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her.

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¹ *Sadly*, seriously.

² *Have their full bent*, i.e. are at their greatest tension; a metaphor originally taken from archery.

³ *How I am censur'd*, i.e. what their opinion is of me.

⁴ *Their detractions*, i.e. the faults found with them by their detractors.

⁵ *Reprove*=disprove, deny.

⁶ *Wit*, i.e. wisdom.

⁷ *Argument*=proof.

⁸ *Sentences*, i.e. sententious sayings.

Enter BEATRICE.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come. 261

Bene. You take pleasure, then, in the message?

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take

upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal. —You have no stomach, signior: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner,"—there's a double meaning in that. "I took no more pains for those thanks than you took pains to thank me,"—that's as much as to say, Any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks.—If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Leonato's garden.*

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee to the parlour;

There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing¹ with the prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us;
And bid her steal into the pleached² bower,
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like to favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their
pride 10
Against that power that bred it:—there will
she hide her,

To listen our propose. This is thy office:
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you,
presently. [*Exit.*]

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace³ this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick.
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick 20
Is sick in love with Beatrice. [Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hearsay.] Now begin:

Enter BEATRICE, behind.

[*Aside*] For look where Beatrice, like a lap-
wing, runs

Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. [*Aside*] The pleasant'st angling is to
see the fish

Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture. 30
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. [*Aside*] Then go we near her, that her
ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[*They advance to the bower.*]

[*Aloud*] No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards⁴ of the rock.

Urs. But are you sure
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince and my new-troth'd
lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it,
madam?

Hero. They did entreat me to acquaint her
of it; 40
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish⁵ him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

¹ *Proposing*, conversing.

² *Pleached*, interwoven.

³ *Trace*=pace.

⁴ *Haggards*, i.e. wild, untrained hawks.

⁵ *Wish*=bid.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full¹ as fortunate a bed
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth
deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice; 50
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,

Misprising² what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her 53
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.³

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport of it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth. I never yet
saw man



Urs. [Aside] She's lim'd, I warrant you: we've caught her, madam.—(Act iii. 1. 104.)

How wise, how noble, young, how rarely⁴
featur'd, 60
But she would spell him backward:⁵ if fair-
fac'd,⁶
She'd swear the gentleman should be her
sister;

If black,⁷ why, Nature, drawing of an antic,⁸
Made a foul blot; [if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low,⁹ an agate very vilely cut;
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness¹⁰ and merit purchaseth.] 70

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not com-
mendable.

Hero. No, nor to be so odd, and from all
fashions,¹¹ 72

As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable:
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit!
Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:
It were a better death than die with mocks,
Which is as bad as die with tickling.¹² 80

Urs. Yet tell her of it: hear what she will
say.

Hero. No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with: one doth not know
How much an ill word may empoison liking.

Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong!
She cannot be so much without true judgment

¹ Full=fully. ² Misprising, despising.

³ Self-endear'd=in love with herself.

⁴ How rarely, however excellently.

⁵ Spell him backward, misconstrue him.

⁶ Fair-fac'd, pale-complexioned.

⁷ Black, dark-complexioned. ⁸ An antic, a buffoon.

⁹ Low, short.

¹⁰ Simpleness, simplicity.

¹¹ From all fashions, i.e. averse to all fashions=uncon-
ventional, eccentric.

¹² Tickling, pronounced as a trisyllable.

(Having so swift¹ and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd² to have) as to refuse 90
So rare a gentleman as Signior Benedick.

Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.

Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: Signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument,³ and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.

Hero. Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.

Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had
it.—

When are you married, madam? 100

Hero. Why, every day,⁴ to-morrow. Come,
go in:

I'll show thee some attires; and have thy
counsel

Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Urs. [*Aside*] She's lim'd,⁵ I warrant you:
we've caught her, madam.

Hero. [*Aside*] If it prove so, then loving goes
by haps:

Some Cupid kills with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt Hero and Ursula.*]

BEATRICE *advances.*

Beat. What fire is in mine ears? Can this be
true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so
much?

Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And, Benedick, love on; I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand:

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in a holy band;

For others say, thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly.⁶ [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in Leonato's house.*

*Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, LEONATO, and
BENEDICK.*

D. Pedro. I do but stay till your marriage
be consummate,⁷ and then go I toward Arragon.

¹ *Swift*, ready.

² *Priz'd*, estimated.

³ *Argument*, conversation.

⁴ *Every day*, i.e. without delay, forthwith.

⁵ *Lim'd*, i.e. snared with bird-line.

⁶ *Reportingly*, on mere report.

⁷ *Consummate*=consummated.

Claud. I'll bring⁸ you thither, my lord, if
you'll vouchsafe⁹ me. 4

D. Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil
in the new gloss of your marriage, as to show
a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear
it. I will only be bold with Benedick for his
company; for, from the crown of his head to
the sole of his foot, he is all mirth: he hath
twice or thrice cut Cupid's bow-string, and the
litttle hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath
a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the
clapper,—for what his heart thinks, his tongue
speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I: methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he be in love.

D. Pedro. Hang him, truant! there's no
true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd
with love: if he be sad, he wants money. 20

Bene. I have the toothache.

D. Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it!

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it
afterwards.

D. Pedro. What! sigh for the toothache?

Leon. Where is but a humour or a worm?

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief
but he that has it.

Claud. Yet say I he is in love. 30

D. Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy¹⁰
in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to
strange disguises; as, to be a Dutchman to-day,
a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two
countries at once, as, a German from the waist
downward, all slops,¹¹ and a Spaniard from the
hip upward, no doublet. Unless he have a
fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he
is no fool for fancy, as you would have it
appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman,
there is no believing old signs. He brushes
his hat o' mornings: what should that bode?

D. Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the
barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been
seen with him; and the old ornament of his
cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.

⁸ *Bring*, accompany.

⁹ *Vouchsafe*, allow.

¹⁰ *Fancy*, i.e. love; with a play on the double meaning of
the word.

¹¹ *Slops*, wide loose breeches.

Leon. Indeed, he looks younger than he did, by the loss of a beard.

D. Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet:¹ can you smell him out by that? 51

Claud. That 's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

D. Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

[*Claud.* And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which, I hear what they say of him.]

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and govern'd by stops.² 60

D. Pedro. Indeed, that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude, conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

D. Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant, one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions;³ and, in despite of all, dies for him.

D. Pedro. She shall be buried—with her face upwards. 71

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the toothache. —Old signior, walk aside with me: I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear.

[*Exeunt Benedick and Leonato.*

D. Pedro. For my life, to break with him about Beatrice.

Claud. 'Tis even so. Hero and Margaret have by this played their parts with Beatrice; and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet. 81

Enter DON JOHN.

D. John. My lord and brother, God save you!

D. Pedro. Good den, brother.

D. John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

D. Pedro. In private?

D. John. If it please you: yet Count Claudio may hear: for what I would speak of concerns him.

D. Pedro. What's the matter? 90

D. John. [*To Claudio*] Means your lordship to be married to-morrow?

D. Pedro. You know he does. 93

D. John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment, I pray you discover it.

D. John. You may think I love you not: let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me⁴ by that I now will manifest. For my brother, I think he holds you well; and in dearneſs of heart⁵ hath help to effect your ensuing marriage, —surely suit ill spent and labour ill bestowed.

D. Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

D. John. I came hither to tell you; and, circumstances shorten'd⁶—for she hath been too long a talking of—the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, Hero?

D. John. Even she; Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero. 110

Claud. Disloyal!

D. John. The word is too good to paint out⁷ her wickedness; I could say she were worse: think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it. Wonder not till further warrant: go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day: if you love her then, to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud. May this be so? 120

D. Pedro. I will not think it.

D. John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know: if you will follow me, I will show you enough; and when you have seen more, and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation, where I should wed, there will I shame her.

D. Pedro. And, as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her. 130

D. John. I will disparage her no further till you are my witnesses: bear it coldly⁸ but till midnight, and let the issue show itself.

D. Pedro. O day untowardly⁹ turned!

⁴ Aim better at me, better guess my disposition.

⁵ Dearneſs of heart, i.e. affection for you.

⁶ Circumstances shorten'd = to omit details.

⁷ Out, thoroughly. ⁸ Bear it coldly, endure it calmly.

⁹ Untowardly, unfortunately.

¹ Civet, a perfume made from the civet-cat.

² Stops, the divisions on the finger-board of a lute.

³ Conditions, qualities.

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

D. John. O plague right well prevented!
So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, SEACOAL, OAT-CAKE, and WATCH.

Dog. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dog. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dog. First, who think you the most desert-
less man to be constable? 10

Verg. Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal;
for they can write and read.

Dog. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal. God hath bless'd you with a good name: to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

Sea. Both which, master constable,—

Dog. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge:—you shall comprehend all vagrom¹ men; you are to bid any man stand, in the prince's name.

Sea. How if 'a will not stand?

Dog. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave. 31

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the prince's subjects.

Dog. True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects.—You shall also make no noise in the streets; for for the watch to babble and talk is most tolerable and not to be endured.

Sea. We will rather sleep than talk: we know what belongs to a watch. 40

Dog. Why, you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills² be not stol'n.—Well, you are to call at all the ale-houses, and bid those that are drunk get them to bed.

Sea. How if they will not?

Dog. Why, then, let them alone till they are sober: if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for. 51

Sea. Well, sir.

Dog. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make³ with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Sea. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dog. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dog. Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

Sea. How if the nurse be asleep and will not hear us?

Dog. Why, then, depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying; for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dog. This is the end of the charge: [*To Seacoal*—]you, constable, are to present⁴ the prince's own person: if you meet the prince in the night, you may stay him. 81

Verg. Nay, by'r lady, that I think 'a cannot.

Dog. Five shillings to one on't, with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him:

¹ *Vagrom*, i.e. vagrant.

² *Bills*, a kind of halberd, carried by watchmen.

³ *Make*, have to do.

⁴ *Present*, i.e. represent.

marry, not without the prince be willing; for, indeed, the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. By'r lady, I think it be so. 89

Dog. Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me: keep your fellows' counsels and your own; and good night.—Come, neighbour.

Sea. Well, masters, we hear our charge: let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.

Dog. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you, watch about Signior Leonato's door; for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil¹ to-night. Adieu: be vigilant, I beseech you. [*Exeunt Dogberry and Verges.*]



Sea. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!—(Act iii. 3. 176, 177.)

Bora. [*Without*] What, Conrade!—

Sea. [*Aside*] Peace! stir not.

Bora. [*Without*] Conrade, I say!—

Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.

Con. Here, man; I am at thy elbow.

{ *[Bora.* Mass, and my elbow itch'd; I thought there would a scab² follow.

{ *Con.* I will owe thee an answer for that:] and now forward with thy tale. 109

Bora. Stand thee close, then, under this pent-house, for it drizzles rain; and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Sea. [*Aside*] Some treason, masters: yet stand close. 114

Bora. Therefore know I have earned of Don John a thousand ducats.

Con. Is it possible that any villany should be so dear?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask, if it were possible any villain should be so rich; for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will. 122

Con. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd.³ [Thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man. }

¹ Coil, confusion.

² Scab, a play on the word; it meant, as well as a sore, a low fellow.

³ Unconfirm'd, i.e. inexperienced.

Con. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean, the fashion.

Con. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush! I may as well say the fool's the fool. But seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is? 132

Sea. [*Aside*] I know that Deformed; 'a has been a vile thief this seven year; 'a goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora.] Didst thou not hear somebody?

Con. No; 't was the vane on the house.

Bora. [Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is? how giddily he turns about all the hot bloods¹ between fourteen and five-and-thirty? sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy² painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd³ worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club? *Con.* All this I see; and I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man. But art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion too, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion? 152

Bora. Not so, neither: but] know that I have to-night wooed Margaret, the Lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero: she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted and plac'd and possess'd⁴ by my master Don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter. 161

Con. And thought they Margaret was Hero?

Bora. Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possess'd⁴ them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame

her with what he saw o'ernight, and send her home again without a husband. 175

Sea. We charge you, in the prince's name, stand!

Out. Call up the right master constable. [We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth. 181

Sea. And one Deformed is one of them: I know him; 'a wears a lock.⁵

Con. Masters, masters,—

Out. You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.]

Con. Masters,—

Sea. Never speak: we charge you let us obey you to go with us.

[*Conrade and Borachio are secured.*

[*Bora.* We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these men's bills.

Con. A commodity in question,⁶ I warrant you.—Come, we'll obey you.] [*Exeunt.*

[SCENE IV. A room in Leonato's house.

Enter HERO, MARGARET, and URSULA.

Hero. Good Ursula, wake my cousin Beatrice, and desire her to rise.

Urs. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Urs. Well. [*Exit.*

Marg. Troth, I think your other rabato⁷ were better.

Hero. No, pray thee, good Meg, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth, 's⁸ not so good; and I warrant your cousin will say so. 10

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou art another: I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought⁹ browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion, i' faith. I saw the Duchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, 's⁸ but a night-gown¹⁰ in

⁵ A lock, i.e. a love-lock. See note 229.

⁶ In question, i.e. under trial judicially, or perhaps—in custody.

⁷ Rabato, a kind of ruff for the neck. ⁸ 's=it is.

⁹ A thought, i.e. a little; as we should say, a shade browner.

¹⁰ Night-gown, i.e. dressing-gown.

¹ Bloods, i.e. young fellows.

² Reechy, blackened with smoke.

³ Smirch'd, soiled.

⁴ Possess'd, influenced.

respect of yours,—cloth-o'-gold, and cuts,¹ and lac'd with silver, set with pearls down sleeves, side sleeves,² and skirts round underborne³ with a bluish tinsel: but for a fine, quaint, graceful, and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it! for my heart is exceeding heavy. 25

Marg. 'T will be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fie upon thee! art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? Is not marriage honourable in a beggar? Is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say, "saving your reverence, a husband:" an bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend nobody: is there any harm in "the heavier for a husband?" None, I think, an it be the right husband and the right wife: otherwise 'tis light, and not heavy: ask my Lady Beatrice else; here she comes.

Enter BEATRICE.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet Hero. 40

Hero. Why, how now! do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap's into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden: do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Ye *Light o' love* with your heels!—then, if your husband has stables enough, you'll see he shall lack no barns.⁴

Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels. 51

Beat. 'T is almost five o'clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready.—By my troth, I am exceeding ill:—heigh-ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.⁵

Marg. Well, an you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more sailing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?⁶

Marg. Nothing I; but God send every one their heart's desire! 61

Hero. These gloves the count sent me; they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff'd, cousin; I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid, and stuff'd! there's goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O, God help me! God help me! how long have you profess'd apprehension?⁷

Marg. Ever since you left it. Doth not my wit become me rarely? 70

Beat. It is not seen enough; you should wear it in your cap.—By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*,⁸ and lay it to your heart: it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*! why *Benedictus*? you have some moral⁹ in this *Benedictus*. 78

Marg. Moral! no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain holy-thistle. You may think perchance that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love. Yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do. 92

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Re-enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, withdraw: the prince, the count, Signior *Benedick*, Don John, and all the gallants of the town, are come to fetch you to church.

Hero. Help to dress me, good coz, good Meg, good Ursula. [Exeunt.]

¹ *Cuts*, shaped edges.

² *Side sleeves*, hanging sleeves.

³ *Underborne*, trimmed.

⁴ *Barns*, a pun upon *barns* and *bairns* (children).

⁵ *H*, i.e. *ache*, which was formerly pronounced *aiche*.

⁶ *Trow*, i.e. *trow ye?*=*think ye?*

⁷ *Profess'd apprehension*=set up as a wit.

⁸ *Carduus Benedictus*, the holy thistle; a plant supposed to be a cure for all diseases, including the plague.

⁹ *Moral*=hidden meaning

[SCENE V. *Another room in Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, with DOGBERRY and VERGES.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dog. Marry, sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns¹ you nearly.

Leon. Brief, I pray you; for you see it is a busy time with me.

Dog. Marry, this it is, sir,—

Verg. Yes, in truth it is, sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter:² an old man, sir, and his wits



Dog. Goodman Verges, sir, speaks a little off the matter: an old man, sir, and his wits are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were.—(Act iii. 5. 10-13.)

are not so blunt as, God help, I would desire they were; but, in faith, honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I.

Dog. Comparisons are odorous: *palabras*, neighbour Verges.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious. 20

Dog. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor duke's officers; but truly, for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a king,

I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha!

Dog. Yea, an 't were a thousand pound more than 't is; for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and though I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it. 30

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry, sir, our watch to-night,³ excepting⁴ your worship's presence, have ta'en a

¹ *Decerns*, a blunder for *concerns*.

² *Off the matter*, i.e. away from the subject.

³ *To-night*, i.e. last night.

⁴ *Excepting*, a blunder for *saving*.

couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.

Dog. A good old man, sir; he will be talking: as they say, When the age is in, the wit is out: God help us! it is a world to see!—Well said, i' faith, neighbour Verges:—well, God's a good man; an two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.—An honest soul, i' faith, sir; by my troth, he is, as ever broke bread: but God is to be worshipp'd: all men are not alike,—alas, good neighbour! 44

Leon. Indeed, neighbour, he comes too short of you.

Dog. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dog. One word, sir: our watch, sir, have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examined before your worship. 52

Leon. Take their examination yourself, and

bring it me: I am now in great haste, as it may appear unto you.

Dog. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband. 60

Leon. I'll wait upon them: I am ready.

[Exeunt Leonato and Messenger.]

Dog. Go, good partner, go, get you to Francis Seacoal; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dog. We will spare for no wit, I warrant you; here's that [*Touching his forehead*] shall drive some of them to a non-come:¹ only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the gaol. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Inside of a Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR FRANCIS, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO, BEATRICE, and Attendants.

Leon. Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties afterwards.

F. Fran. You come hither, my lord, to marry this lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be married to her:—friar, you come to marry her.

F. Fran. Lady, you come hither to be married to this count? 10

Hero. I do.

F. Fran. If either of you know any inward impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, Hero?

Hero. None, my lord.

F. Fran. Know you any, count?

Leon. I dare make his answer,—none.

Claud. O, what men dare do! what men

may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do! 21

Bene. How now! interjections? [*Why, then, some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!*]

Claud. Stand thee by, friar.—Father, by your leave:

Will you with free and unconstrained soul Give me this maid, your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

D. Pedro. Nothing, unless you render² her again.

Claud. Sweet prince, you learn³ me noble thankfulness.— 31

There, Leonato, take her back again:

Give not this rotten orange to your friend;

She's but the sign and semblance of her honour.—

Behold how like a maid she blushes here!

O, what authority and show of truth

¹ To a non-come, i.e. to be "non compos mentis" = (drive them) out of their wits; or a blunder for non-plus.

² Render, give back. ³ Learn=teach.

Can cunning sin cover itself withal!

[Comes not that blood¹ as modest evidence
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shows? But she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious² bed;] 42
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my lord?

Claud. Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approved³ wanton.

Leon. Dear my lord—

[*He pauses from emotion*] If you, in your
own proof,⁴

Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
[And made defeat of her virginity,—]

Claud. [I know what you would say: if I
have known her,

You'll say she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the 'forehand sin:] 51

No, Leonato,
I never tempted her with word too large;⁵
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd
Bashful sincerity and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming! I will write
against it:

You seem to me as Dian in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than Venus, [or those pamp'ring animals 61
That rage in savage sensuality.]

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so
wide?⁶

Claud. Sweet prince, why speak not you?

D. Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.⁷

Leon. Are these things spoken? or do I but
dream?

D. John. Sir, they are spoken, and these
things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True!—O God!

Claud. Leonato, stand I here? 70

Is this the prince? is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so: but what of this, my
lord? 73

Claud. Let me but move one question to
your daughter;

And, by that fatherly and kindly⁸ power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my
child.

Hero. O, God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechising call you this?

Claud. To make you answer truly to your
name. 80

Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that
name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my
lord.

D. Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—

Leonato, 88

I'm sorry you must hear: upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window;
[Who hath indeed, most like a liberal⁹ villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters¹⁰ they have had
A thousand times in secret.]

D. John. [Fie, fie! they are not to be nam'd,
my lord,

Not to be spoke of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence to utter them.]—Thus, pretty
lady,

I'm sorry for thy much misgovernment.¹¹ 100

Claud. O Hero, what a Hero hadst thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare-
well,

Thou pure impiety and impious purity!

For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,

And on my eyelids shall conjecture¹² hang,

¹ Blood, i.e. blush. ² Luxurious, wanton, lustful.

³ Approved, i.e. proved. ⁴ Proof, i.e. trial of her.

⁵ Large=licentious.

⁶ Wide, i.e. wide of the truth. ⁷ Stale, harlot.

⁸ Kindly, natural.

⁹ Liberal, licentious.

¹⁰ Encounters, meetings.

¹¹ Misgovernment, misconduct.

¹² Conjecture, suspicion.

To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.¹ 109

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point
for me? [*Hero swoons.*]

Beat. Why, how now, cousin! wherefore
sink you down?

D. John. Come, let us go. These things,
come thus to light,

Smother her spirits up.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro, Don John,
Claudio, and Attendants.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead, I think:—help, uncle:—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—Signior Benedick!
—friar!

Leon. O Fate, take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin Hero!

F. Fran. Have comfort, lady. 119

Leon. Dost thou look up?

F. Fran. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore! Why, doth not every
earthly thing

Cry shame upon her? Could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?²—
Do not live, Hero; do not ope thine eyes:
For, did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy
shames,

Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,
Strike at thy life. Grieved I, I had but one?
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?³ 130

O, one too much by thee! [*Why had I one?*]

Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?

Why had I not with charitable hand

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates,

Who smirched thus and mir'd⁴ with infamy,

I might have said, "No part of it is mine;

This shame derives itself from unknown loins"?]

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on; mine so much

That I myself was to myself not mine, 140

Valuing of her; why, she]—O, she is fall'n

Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea

Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,

[And salt too little which may season give
To her foul-tainted flesh!]

Bene. Sir, sir, be patient.

For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last
night?

Beat. No, truly, not; although, until last
night, 150

I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O, that is
stronger made

Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron!
Would the two princes lie? and Claudio lie,
Who lov'd her so, that, speaking of her foul-
ness,

Wash'd it with tears? Hence from her! let
her die.

F. Fran. Hear me a little;

For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd 160
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness beat away those blushes;
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool;
Trust not my reading nor my observation,
Which with experimental seal⁵ doth warrant
The tenour of my book;⁶ trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity, 170
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be.

Thou see'st that all the grace that she hath left
Is that she will not add to her damnation

A sin of perjury; she not denies it:

Why seek'st thou, then, to cover with excuse
That which appears in proper nakedness?

F. Fran. Lady, what man is he you are
accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me; I know
none:

If I know more of any man alive 180
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,

¹ Gracious, lovely, attractive.

² In her blood, i.e. in her blushes.

³ Frame, i.e. order, disposition of things.

⁴ Mir'd, soiled with mud.

⁵ Experimental seal, i.e. the seal of experience.

⁶ Of my book, i.e. of what I have read.

Let all my sins lack mercy!—O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight 184
Maintain'd the change of words with any
creature,

Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death!

F. Fran. There is some strange misprision¹
in the princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent² of
honour;

And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice³ of it lies in John the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame⁴ of villanies. 191

Leon. I know not. If they speak but truth
of her,

These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her
honour,

The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find, awak'd in such a cause,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind, 200
Ability in means and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

F. Fran. Pause awhile,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your daughter here the princes left for dead:
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed;
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial. 210

Leon. What shall become of this? what will
this do?

F. Fran. Marry, this, well carried, shall on
her behalf
Change slander to remorse;—that is some good:
[But not for that dream I on this strange
course,
But on this travail look for greater birth.]
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd

Of every hearer: for it so falls out, 219
That what we have we prize not to the worth
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we rank the value, then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours. So will it fare with
Claudio:

When he shall hear she died upon his words,
Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
Into his study of imagination;
And every lovely organ of her life
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life, 230
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
Than when she liv'd indeed; [then shall he
mourn

(If ever love had interest in his liver),
And wish he had not so accused her,—
No, though he thought his accusation true.]
Let this be so, and doubt not but success
Will fashion the event in better shape
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
[But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
The supposition of the lady's death 240
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:]
And if it sort not well, you may conceal her
(As best befits her wounded reputation)
In some reclusive⁵ and religious life,
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior Leonato, let the friar advise you:
And though you know my inwardness⁶ and love
Is very much unto the prince and Claudio,
Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
As secretly and justly as your soul 250
Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
The smallest twine may lead me.

F. Fran. 'Tis well consented: presently away;
[For to strange sores strangely they strain
the cure.—]

Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day
Perhaps is but prolong'd:⁷ [have patience
and endure.]

[*Exeunt Friar Francis, Hero, and Leonato.*]

Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this
while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

¹ *Misprision*, misapprehension.

² *The very bent*, the very highest degree, or, according
to some, the true natural disposition.

³ *Practice*, contrivance.

⁴ *Frame*, devising.

⁵ *Reclusive* = secluded.

⁶ *Inwardness*, intimacy, confidential friendship.

⁷ *Prolong'd* = deferred.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason; I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin
is wrong'd. 261

Beat. Ah, how much might the man deserve
of me that would right her!

Bene. Is there any way to show such friend-
ship?

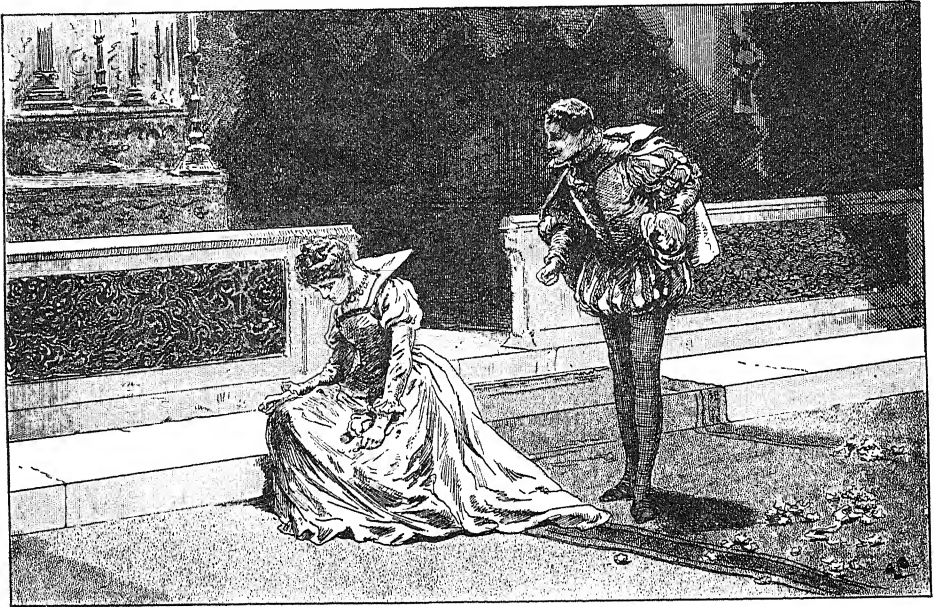
Beat. A very even¹ way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well
as you: is not that strange? 270

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not.
It were as possible for me to say I lov'd noth-
ing so well as you: but believe me not; and



Bene. Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?—(Act iv. 1. 257.)

yet I lie not; I confess nothing, nor I deny
nothing.—I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lov'st
me.

Beat. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me;
and I will make him eat it that says I love
not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word? 280

Bene. With no sauce that can be devised to
it. I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why, then, God forgive me!

Bene. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy
hour:

I was about to protest I loved you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Beat. I love you with so much of my heart,
that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do anything for
thee.

Beat. Kill Claudio. 291

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny it. Farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

[*She is going, he holds her by the arm.*]

Beat. I am gone, though I am here:—
[*Struggling to free herself*] there is no love in
you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

Bene. [*Still holding her*] Beatrice,—

¹ Even, plain.

Beat. In faith, I will go.

[*She tears herself away from him.*]

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me than fight with mine enemy. 301

Bene. Is Claudio thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height¹ a villain, that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman?—O that I were a man!—What, bear her in hand² until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour,—O God, that I were a man! I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, Beatrice,— 310

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window!—a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but, Beatrice,—

Beat. Sweet Hero!—she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. Beat—

Beat. Princes and counties! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count, count comect; a sweet gallant, surely! O that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim³ ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it.—I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving. [*Going.*]

Bene. Tarry, good Beatrice. By this hand, I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it. 330

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count Claudio hath wrong'd Hero?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd;⁴ I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account. As you hear of me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin. I must say she is dead: and so, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ In the height, in the highest degree.

² Bear her in hand, keep her in (false) hope.

³ Trim, nice (used ironically).

⁴ Engag'd, pledged (to fight him).

SCENE II. A Prison.

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and Sexton, in gowns; and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton.

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition⁵ to examine.

Sex. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dog. Yea, marry, let them come before me.

[*Conrade and Borachio are brought forward.*]

—What is your name, friend? 11

Bora. Borachio.

Dog. Pray, write down—Borachio.—Yours, sirrah?

Con. I am a gentleman, sir, and my name is Conrade.

Dog. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.—[*Masters, do you serve God?*]

Con. } Yea, sir, we hope.

Bora. }
Dog. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first; for God defend but God should go before such villains! —] Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Con. Marry, sir, we say we are none.

Dog. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.⁶—Come you hither, sirrah: a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you we are none. 31

Dog. Well, stand aside.—Fore God, they are both in a tale. Have you writ down—that they are none?

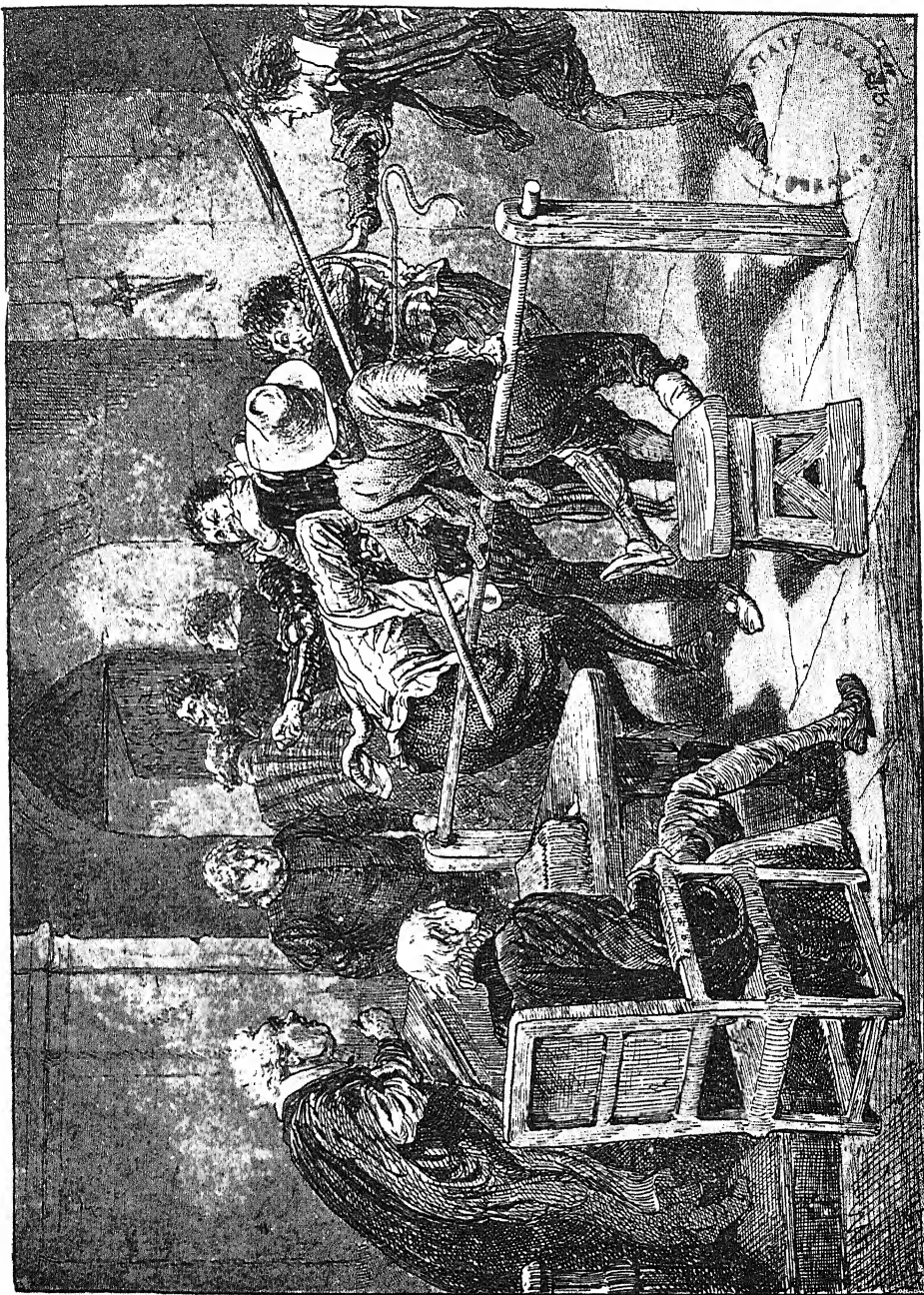
Sex. Master constable, you go not the way to examine: you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dog. Yea, marry, that's the eftest⁷ way.—

⁵ Exhibition, used blunderingly as=permission.

⁶ I will go about with him, i.e. "I'll manage him."

⁷ Eftest, quickest; or, perhaps a blunder for *deftest*.



MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.
Act IV. Scene II. lines 76-77.

Dog Dost thou not suspect my place?
dog dost thou not suspect my years?



The works of William Shakespeare by Shakespeare, William

Let the watch come forth.—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men. 40

First Watch. This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dog. Write down—Prince John a villain.—Why, this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master constable,—

Dog. Pray thee, fellow, peace: I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sex. What heard you him say else?

Sec. Watch. Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully. 51

Dog. Flat burglary¹ as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sex. What else, fellow?

First Watch. And that Count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dog. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sex. What else? 60

Sec. Watch. This is all.

Sex. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away; Hero was in this manner accus'd,

in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly died.—Master constable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's: I will go before and show him their examination. [*Exit.*]

Dog. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in the hands — 70

Con. Off, coxcomb!

Dog. God's my life, where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them.—Thou naughty varlet!

Con. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dog. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years?—O that he were here to write me down an ass!—but, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away.—O that I had been writ down an ass! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Leonato's garden.*

Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO.

Ant. If you go on thus, you will kill yourself;

And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief Against yourself.

Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel, Which falls into mine ears as profitless As water in a sieve: give not me counsel; 5 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear But such a one whose wrongs do suit with² mine.

Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,

Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine, And bid him speak of patience; 10

[Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,

And let it answer every strain for strain,³ As thus for thus, and such a grief for such, In every lineament, branch, shape, and form: If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, And, sorry wag, cry "hem" when he should groan,

Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk

With candle-wasters,⁴—bring him yet to me, And I of him will gather patience. 19

¹ *Burglary*, a blunder for perjury.

² *Suit with*, i.e. match with, equal.

³ *Strain for strain*, feeling for feeling.

⁴ *Candle-wasters*, i.e. bookworms.

But there is no such man: for,] brother, men
 Can counsel and speak comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion;¹ [which before
 Would give preceptual medicine² to rage,
 Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words:]
 No, no; 't is all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring³ under the load of sorrow,

But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
 To be so moral⁴ when he shall endure 30
 The like himself. Therefore give me no coun-
 sel:

My griefs cry louder than advertisement.⁵

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing
 differ.

Leon. I pray thee, peace,—I will be flesh and
 blood;



Leon. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless
 As water in a sieve.—(Act v. 1. 3-5.)

For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the toothache patiently,
 [However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a push at⁶ chance⁷ and sufferance.⁸]

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon yourself;
 Make those that do offend you suffer too. 40

Leon. There thou speak'st reason: nay, I
 will do so.

My soul doth tell me Hero is belied;
 And that shall Claudio know; so shall the
 prince,

And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Ant. Here come the prince and Claudio
 hastily.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO.

D. Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords,—

D. Pedro. We have some haste, Leonato.

Leon. Some haste, my lord!—well, fare you
 well, my lord:—

Are you so hasty now?—well, all is one.

D. Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good
 old man. 50

Ant. If he could right himself with quar-
 relling,

Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Who!

Marry, thou dost wrong me; thou dissembler,
 thou:— [*Claudio lays his hand on his sword.*]

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;
 I fear thee not.

¹ *Passion*, emotion.

² *Preceptual medicine*, i.e. the medicine of precepts.

³ *Wring*=writhe.

⁴ *Moral*, ready to moralize.

⁵ *Advertisement*, admonition, moral exhortation.

⁶ *Made a push at*=defied.

⁷ *Chance*, here used of fortune in a bad sense.

⁸ *Sufferance*=suffering.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear:
In faith, my hand meant nothing to¹ mysword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man; never fleer² and
jest at me:

I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As, under privilege of age, to brag 60
What I have done, being young, or what
would do,

Were I not old. Know, Claudio, to thy head,³
Thou hast so wrong'd mine innocent child and
me,

That I am forc'd to lay my reverence⁴ by,
And, with greyhairs and bruise⁵ of many days,
Do challenge thee to trial of a man.⁶
I say thou hast belied mine innocent child;
Thy slander hath gone through and through
her heart,

And she lies buried with her ancestors,—
O, in a tomb where never scandal slept, 70
Save this of hers, fram'd⁷ by thy villany!

Claud. My villany!

Leon. Thine, Claudio; thine, I say.

D. Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,
I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
Despite his nice fence⁸ and his active practice,⁹
His May of youth and bloom of lustihood.¹⁰

Claud. Away! I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so daff me?¹¹ Thou hast
kill'd my child: 78

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed:
But that's no matter; let him kill one first;—
Win me and wear me,—let him answer me.—
Come, follow me, boy! come, sir boy, follow me:
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your foining¹² fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother,—

Ant. Content yourself.¹³ God knows I lov'd
my niece;

And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed,¹⁴
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue; 90
Boys, apes, Jacks,¹⁵ braggarts, milksops!—

Leon. Brother Anthony,—

Ant. Hold you content. What, man! I
know them, yea,
And what they weigh, even to the utmost
scruple,—

Scambling,¹⁶ out-facing, fashion-monging¹⁷
boys,

That lie, and cog,¹⁸ and flout,¹⁹ deprave,²⁰ and
slander,

Go antiely,²¹ show outward hideousness,
And speak off half a dozen dangerous²² words,
How they might hurt their enemies, if they
durst;

And this is all. 99

Leon. But, brother Anthony,—

Ant. Come, 't is no matter:
Do not you meddle; let me deal in this.

D. Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake²³
your patience.

My heart is sorry for your daughter's death:
But, on my honour, she was charg'd with
nothing

But what was true, and very full of proof.²⁴

Leon. My lord, my lord,—

D. Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No?—Come, brother, away.—I will
be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.*]

D. Pedro. See, see; here comes the man who
went to seek. 110

Enter BENEDICK.

Claud. Now, signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

D. Pedro. Welcome, signior: you are almost
come to part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two
nosessnapp'd off with two old men without teeth.

¹ *To*, i.e. with regard to, or to do with (my sword).

² *Fleer*=sneer. ³ *To thy head*, i.e. to thy face.

⁴ *Reverence*, my right to be treated with reverence (as an old man).

⁵ *Bruise*, used figuratively=the wear and tear.

⁶ *To trial of a man*, i.e. to a combat, man to man.

⁷ *Fram'd*, devised, invented. ⁸ *Fence*, skill in fencing.

⁹ *Practice*, exercise. ¹⁰ *Lustihood*, physical vigour.

¹¹ *Daff me*, i.e. put me off. ¹² *Foining*, thrusting.

¹³ *Content yourself*, i.e. calm yourself.

¹⁴ *A man indeed*, i.e. one who is indeed a man.

¹⁵ *Jacks*, a term of contempt.

¹⁶ *Scambling*=scrambling.

¹⁷ *Fashion-monging*, foppish.

¹⁸ *Cog*, cheat=our modern "gammon."

¹⁹ *Flout*, mock. ²⁰ *Deprave*, practise detraction.

²¹ *Antiely*, fantastically. ²² *Dangerous*=threatening.

²³ *Wake*=rouse.

D. Pedro. Leonato and his brother. What think'st thou? Had we fought, I doubt¹ we should have been too young for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour. I came to seek you both. 121

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee; for we are high-proof² melancholy, and would fain have it beaten away. Wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard: shall I draw it?

D. Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have been beside their wit.—I will bid thee draw, as we do the minstrels; draw, to pleasure us.

D. Pedro. As I am an honest man, he looks pale.—Art thou sick, or angry? 131

Claud. What, courage, man! What though care kill'd a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career,³ an you charge it against me. I pray you choose another subject.

Claud. Nay, then, give him another staff: this last was broke cross.⁴

D. Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed. 141

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.⁵

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God bless me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a villain;—I jest not:—I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare.—Do me right,⁶ or I will protest your cowardice. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you. 151

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

D. Pedro. What, a feast? a feast?

Claud. I faith, I thank him; he hath bid me to a calf's-head and a capon;⁷ the which if

I do not carve most curiously,⁸ say my knife's naught.⁹—[Shall I not find a woodcock¹⁰ too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well; it goes easily. 160

D. Pedro. I'll tell thee how Beatrice prais'd thy wit the other day. I said, thou hadst a fine wit: "True," says she, "a fine little one." "No," said I, "a great wit:" "Right," says she, "a great gross one." "Nay," said I, "a good wit:" "Just," said she, "it hurts nobody." "Nay," said I, "the gentleman is wise:" "Certain," said she, "a wise gentleman."¹¹ "Nay," said I, "he hath the tongues."¹² "That I believe," said she, "for he swore a thing to me on Monday night, which he forswore on Tuesday morning; there's a double tongue; there's two tongues." Thus did she, an hour together, trans-shape¹³ thy particular virtues: yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest¹⁴ man in Italy.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

D. Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet, for all that, an if she did not hate him deadly,¹⁵ she would love him dearly:—the old man's daughter told us all. 180

Claud. All, all; and, moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.]

D. Pedro. But when shall we set the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, "Here dwells Benedick, the married man?"

Bene. Fare you well, boy: you know my mind. I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thank'd, hurt not.—My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother the bastard is fled from Messina: you have among you kill'd a sweet and innocent lady. For my Lord Lackbeard there, he and I shall meet: and till then peace be with him. [Exit.

D. Pedro. He is in earnest.

¹ Doubt=suspect.

² High-proof, i.e. in a high degree.

³ In the career, i.e. in tilting, as at a tournament.

⁴ Broke cross, i.e. broke athwart or across the opponent's body: an expression taken from tilting.

⁵ To turn his girdle, i.e. to challenge (us). See note 354.

⁶ Do me right, i.e. give me satisfaction.

⁷ And a capon, perhaps a nun, i.e. a (fool's) cap on.

⁸ Curiously, i.e. cleverly. ⁹ Naught, good for nothing.

¹⁰ A woodcock, i.e. a fool.

¹¹ A wise gentleman, used ironically as we use "a wise-acre." ¹² He hath the tongues, i.e. he is a good linguist.

¹³ Trans-shape, caricature. ¹⁴ Properest, handsomest.

¹⁵ Deadly, i.e. mortally.

Claud. In most profound earnest; and, I'll warrant you, for the love of Beatrice.

D. Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee? 200

Claud. Most sincerely.

D. Pedro. What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape: but then is an ape a doctor¹ to such a man.

D. Pedro. But, soft you, let me be: pluck up,² my heart, and be sad!³ Did he not say, my brother was fled?

Enter DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO.

Dog. Come, you, sir: if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance: nay, an you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

D. Pedro. How now! two of my brother's men bound! Borachio one! 215

Claud. Hearken after⁴ their offence, my lord.

D. Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dog. Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves.

D. Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and, to conclude, what you lay to their charge.

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division;⁵ and, by my troth, there's one meaning well suited. 231

D. Pedro. Who have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? this learned constable is too cunning⁶ to be understood: what's your offence?

Bora. Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not dis-

cover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me confessing to this man, how Don John your brother incensed⁷ me to slander the Lady Hero; how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court Margaret in Hero's garments; how you disgrac'd her, when you should marry her: my villany they have upon record; which I had rather seal with my death than repeat over to my shame. The lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and, briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain. 251

D. Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison whiles he utter'd it.

D. Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, and paid me richly for the practice⁸ of it.

D. Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery:—

And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet Hero! now thy image doth appear

In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first. 260

Dog. Come, bring away the plaintiffs: by this time our sexton hath reformed Signior Leonato of the matter: and, masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior Leonato, and the sexton too.

Re-enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, with the Sexton.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes,

That, when I note another man like him, I may avoid him: which of these is he? 270

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou the slave that with thy breath hast kill'd

Mine innocent child?

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so, villain; thou beliest thyself;

¹ A doctor, i.e. a learned person.

² Pluck up=rouse thyself.

³ Sad, serious.

⁴ Hearken after, i.e. inquire into.

⁵ Division=arrangement, order.

⁶ Cunning, clever.

⁷ Incensed, instigated.

⁸ Practice, carrying out.

Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled, that had a hand in it.—
I thank you, princes, for my daughter's death:
Record it with your high and worthy deeds;
'T was bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience;
Yet I must speak. Choose your revenge your-
self; 281

Impose me to¹ what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin: yet sinn'd I not
But in mistaking.

D. Pedro. By my soul, nor I:
And yet, to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. I cannot bid you bid my daughter
live,—
That were impossible: but, I pray you both,
Possess² the people in Messina here 290
How innocent she died; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones,—sing it to-night:—
To-morrow morning come you to my house;
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew: my brother hath a
daughter,

Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us:
Give her the right you should have giv'n her
cousin, 300

And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble sir,
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me!
I do embrace your offer; and dispose
For henceforth of poor Claudio.

Leon. To-morrow, then, I will expect your
coming;
To-night I take my leave.—This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to Margaret,
Who, I believe, was pack'd³ in all this wrong,
Hir'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul, she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke
to me; 310

But always hath been just⁴ and virtuous
In any thing that I do know by⁵ her.

Dog. Moreover, sir (which indeed is not
under white and black), this plaintiff here, the
offender, did call me ass: I beseech you, let it
be remember'd in his punishment. [And also,
the watch heard them talk of one Deformed;
they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock
hanging by it; and borrows money in God's
name,—the which he hath us'd⁶ so long and
never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted,
and will lend nothing for God's sake: pray you,
examine him upon that point.] 322

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest
pains.

Dog. Your worship speaks like a most
thankful and reverend youth; and I praise
God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dog. God save the foundation!

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner,
and I thank thee.

Dog. I leave an arrant knave with your
worship; which I beseech your worship to
correct yourself, for the example of others.
God keep your worship! I wish your worship
well; God restore you to health! I humbly
give you leave to depart; and if a merry
meeting may be wished, God prohibit it!—
Come, neighbour.

[*Exeunt Dogberry, Verges, and Watch.*

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, lords, fare-
well.

Ant. Farewell, my lords: we look for you
to-morrow.

D. Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with Hero.
[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Claudio.*

Leon. Bring you these fellows on. We'll
talk with Margaret, 340
How her acquaintance grew with this lewd⁷
fellow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. Another part of Leonato's garden.

Enter, severally, BENEDICK and MARGARET.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet Mistress Margaret,
deserve well at my hands by helping me to
the speech of⁸ Beatrice.

¹ Impose me to, i.e. sentence, or put me to.

² Possess=inform. ³ Pack'd, i.e. implicated, mixed up.

⁴ Just, i.e. upright. ⁵ By=of, about.

⁶ Hath us'd, i.e. has practised.

⁷ Lewd, depraved.

⁸ To the speech of=to speech with.

Marg. Will you, then, write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene. In so high a style, Margaret, that no man living shall come over it;¹ for, in most comely truth, thou deservest it.

[*Marg.* To have no man come over me!² why, shall I always keep below stairs? 10

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth,—it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, Margaret; it will not hurt a woman: and so, I pray thee, call Beatrice: I give thee the bucklers.³

Marg. Give us the swords; we have bucklers of our own. 19

Bene. If you use them, Margaret, you must put in the pikes⁴ with a vice;⁵ and they are dangerous weapons for maids.]

Marg. Well, I will call Beatrice to you, who, I think, hath legs.

Bene. And therefore will come.

[*Exit Margaret.*

The God of love, [Singing.

That sits above,

And knows me, and knows me,

How pitiful I deserve,— 29

I mean in singing; but in loving,—Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of panders, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers,⁶ whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse,—why, they were never so truly turned over and over as my poor self in love. Marry, I cannot show it in rhyme; I have tried: I can find out no rhyme to “lady” but “baby,”—an innocent rhyme; for “scorn,” “horn,”—a hard rhyme; for “school,” “fool,”—a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings: no, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor I cannot woo in festival terms.⁷ 41

Enter BEATRICE.

Sweet Beatrice, wouldst thou come when I called thee?

¹ Come over it, i.e. excel it.

² Come over me, a play on words=marry me.

³ I give thee the bucklers, i.e. I confess myself defeated.

⁴ Pikes, a central spike, screwed into the buckler or shield. ⁵ Vice, screw.

⁶ Carpet-mongers, i.e. carpet-knights.

⁷ Festival terms, i.e. not in everyday language.

Beat. Yea, signior, and depart when you bid me. 43

Bene. O, stay but till then!

Beat. “Then” is spoken; fare you well now: and yet, ere I go, let me go with that I came for; which is, with knowing what hath pass’d between you and Claudio.

Bene. [Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee. 50

Beat. Foul words is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkiss’d.

Bene. Thou hast frightened the word out of his right sense, so forcible is thy wit. But I must tell thee plainly,] Claudio undergoes⁸ my challenge; and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe⁹ him a coward. And, I pray thee now, tell me for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together; which maintain’d so politic a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them. But for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love,—a good epithet! I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas, poor heart! If you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates. 72

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession: there’s not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance,¹⁰ Beatrice, that liv’d in the time of good neighbours. If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument¹¹ than the bell rings and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question:¹²—why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum:¹³ therefore is it most

⁸ Undergoes, i.e. is under=has received.

⁹ Subscribe, proclaim in writing.

¹⁰ Instance, proverbial saying.

¹¹ Live no longer in monument, i.e. his memory shall endure no longer. ¹² Question=that is the question.

¹³ Rheum, i.e. tears.

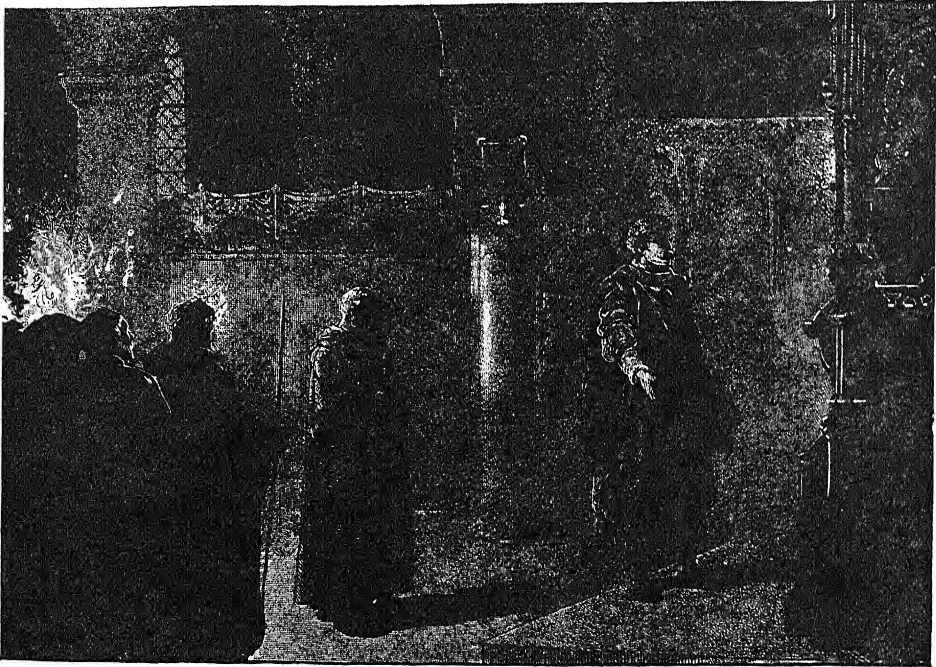
expedient for the wise (if Don Worm, his conscience, find no impediment to the contrary) to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to myself. So much for praising myself, who, I myself will bear witness, is praiseworthy: and now tell me, how doth your cousin? 91

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Bene. Serve God, love me, and mend. There will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.



Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!—
Yearly will I do this rite.—(Act v. 3. 22, 23.)

Enter URSULA.

Urs. Madam, you must come to your uncle. Yonder's old coil¹ at home: it is prov'd my Lady Hero hath been falsely accus'd, the prince and Claudio mightily abus'd;² and Don John is the author of all, who is fled and gone. Will you come presently?³ 102

Beat. Will you go hear this news, signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncles.⁴ [*Exeunt.*]

¹ *Old coil* = "the devil to pay."

² *Abus'd*, deceived.

³ *Presently*, immediately.

⁴ *Uncles*, i.e. Leonato and Antonio.

SCENE III. *The Monument of Leonato—within the Church.*

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and Attendants, with music and tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument⁵ of Leonato?

Atten. It is, my lord.

Claud. [*Reads from a scroll*]

"Done to death by slanderous tongues
Was the Hero that here lies:
Death, in guerdon⁶ of her wrongs,
Gives her fame which never dies.
So the life that died with shame
Lives in death with glorious fame."

⁵ *Monument*, family tomb.

⁶ *Guerdon*, recompense.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,
[*Flinging up the scroll.*]

Praising her when I am dumb.—
Now, music, sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

Song.

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy virgin knight;¹
For the which, with songs of woe,
Round about her tomb they go.
Midnight, assist our moan;
Help us to sigh and groan,
Heavily, heavily
Graves, yawn, and yield your dead,
Till death be uttered, 20
Heavily, heavily.

Claud. Now, unto thy bones good night!—
Yearly will I do this rite.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, masters; put your
torches out:

The wolves have prey'd; and look, the gentle
day,

Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.

Thanks to you all, and leave us: fare you well.
Claud. Good morrow, masters: each his
several way.

D. Pedro. Come, let us hence, and put on other
weed; 30

And then to Leonato's we will go.

Claud. And Hymen now with luckier issue
speed

Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A hall in Leonato's house.*

Enter LEONATO, ANTONIO, BENEDICK, BEA-
TRICE, MARGARET, URSULA, FRIAR FRANCIS,
and HERO.

F. Fran. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and Claudio, who
accus'd her

Upon² the error that you heard debated:
But Margaret was in some fault for this,
Although against her will, as it appears
In the true course of all the question.³

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort⁴
so well.

¹ *Virgin knight*, i.e. virgin servant.

² *Upon*, on the ground of.

³ *Question*, investigation.

⁴ *Sort*, turn out.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith⁵ en-
forc'd

To call young Claudio to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well, daughter, and you gentlewomen
all, 10

Withdraw into a chamber by yourselves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The prince and Claudio promis'd by this hour
To visit me.—You know your office, brother:

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young Claudio.

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd⁶ coun-
tenance.

Bene. Friar, I must entreat your pains, I
think.

F. Fran. To do what, signior?

Bene. To bind me, or undome; one of them.—
Signior Leonato, truth it is, good signior, 21
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. That eye my daughter lent her: 'tis
most true.

Bene. And I do with an eye of love requite
her.

Leon. The sight whereof I think you had
from me,
From Claudio, and the prince: but what's
your will?

Bene. Your answer, sir, is enigmatical:
But, for⁷ my will, my will is, your good-will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
In the state of honourable marriage:— 30
In which, good friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

F. Fran. And my help.—
Here comes the prince and Claudio.

Enter DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO, with
Attendants.

D. Pedro. Good morrow to this fair assembly.

Leon. Good morrow, prince; good morrow,
Claudio:

We here attend you. Are you yet⁸ determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an
Ethiop.

Leon. Call her forth, brother; here's the friar
ready. [*Exit Antonio.*]

⁵ *By faith*, i.e. in order to be true to his word.

⁶ *Confirm'd*, unmoved. ⁷ *For*, as for. ⁸ *Yet*, still.

D. Pedro. Good morrow, Benedick. Why, what's the matter, 40
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull.—

[Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold,

And all Europa shall rejoice at thee;

As once Europa did at lusty Jove,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull Jove, sir, had an amiable low;
And some such strange bull leap'd¹ your father's cow,

And got a calf in that same noble feat 50
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Claud.] For this I owe you: here come other reckonings.

Re-enter ANTONIO, with HERO, BEATRICE, and the Ladies veiled.

Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Ant. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Claud. Why, then she's mine.—Sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, till you take her hand

Before this friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar:

I am your husband, if you like of me. 59

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife: [Unveiling.

And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

Claud. Another Hero!

Hero. Nothing certainer:

One Hero died defil'd;² but I do live,

And surely as I live, I am a maid.

D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!

Leon. She died, my lord; but whiles her slander liv'd.

F. Fran. All this amazement can I qualify;³

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell you largely⁴ of fair Hero's death:

Meantime let wonder seem familiar, 70

And to the chapel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice? 72

Beat. [Unveiling] I answer to that name.

What is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why, no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio have been deceiv'd; they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth, no; no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula

Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore that you were almost sick for me. 80

Beat. They swore that you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no such matter.—Then you do not love me?

Beat. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.

Leon. Come, cousin, I'm sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her;

For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stol'n from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick. 90

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts.—Come, I will have thee; but, by this light, I take thee for pity.

Beat. I would not deny you;—but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion; and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption.

Bene. Peace! I will stop your mouth.

[Kissing her.

D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man? 100

Bene. I'll tell thee what, prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout⁵ me out of my humour. Dost thou think I care for a satire or an epigram? No: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to

¹ Leap'd, i.e. covered. ² Defil'd, i.e. by slander.

³ Qualify, moderate. ⁴ Largely, at large, fully.

⁵ Flout, jeer.

marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout¹ at me for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion.—For thy part, Claudio, I did think to have beaten thee; but in that²

thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin. 113

Claud. I had well hop'd thou wouldst have denied Beatrice, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double-dealer;³ which, out of question, thou



D. Pedro. How dost thou, Benedick, the married man?—(Act v. 4. 99, 100.)

wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends.—Let's have a dance ere we are married, that we may lighten our own hearts and our wives' heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterward. 123

Bene. First, of my word; therefore play, music!—Prince, thou art sad; get thee a wife, get thee a wife: there is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with horn.

[Enter a Messenger.]

Mess. My lord, your brother John is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to Messina.

Bene. Think not on him till to-morrow: I'll devise thee brave punishments for him.— Strike up, pipers!

[Dance.
Exeunt.]

¹ Flout, jeer.

² In that, inasmuch as.

³ Double-dealer, i.e. one who is unfaithful to his wife.

NOTES TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1.—The stage-direction in both Q. and Ff. is "*Enter Leonato governour of Messina, INNOGEN his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his neece, with a messenger.*" This character, called *Innogen*, the wife of Leonato and mother of Hero, is not again mentioned throughout the play, nor is any allusion made to her death. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare would have left the mother of Hero among the characters as a mere dummy. As has been already noted in the Introduction, scarcely any attempt seems to have been made in the Folio to correct the mistakes of the Quarto. The fact that the name of *Innogen* (probably a misprint for *Imogen*) was left, by an oversight, in the stage-direction is interesting; as it shows that Shakespeare had, at first, the intention of introducing this character, but that as he worked out the play he found there was no room for her, so he dropped her altogether. In this he showed his usual dramatic tact; for one cannot conceive how Hero's mother could have been introduced in any of the important scenes without diminishing their effect; and the nature of the story would not permit of her being a very subordinate character.

2. Lines 1, 2: *Don Pedro of Arragon comes this night to Messina.*—None of the commentators seem to have paid any attention to the question as to what is supposed to be the historical period of this play. The Kingdom of The Two Sicilies, including the Island of Sicily and the Kingdom of Naples on the mainland, was first established, in 1131, under Roger, the second Count of Sicily, who took the title of Roger I., King of The Two Sicilies. In 1266 Charles I. of Anjou, brother of Louis IX., became king of The Two Sicilies. In 1282, in consequence of an insurrection known as the Sicilian Vespers, Sicily became independent, and the two kingdoms were again separated; the house of Anjou retaining that of Naples, while that of Sicily went to the house of Arragon. This arrangement continued till 1435, when Alphonso I., king of Sicily, reunited the two crowns. He reigned till 1458, when another separation took place, and a bastard prince of the house of Arragon, whose name was JOHN, assumed the crown of Sicily; under his successor, the celebrated Ferdinand II. of Spain and III. of Naples, the husband of Isabella, Naples and Sicily were again reunited (in 1501) under the crown of Spain; and they continued to be part of the Austro-Spanish Empire established by Charles V. till 1700. Shakespeare did not probably wish to be very particular about the exact historic period of the play; but it would certainly seem that the events here supposed to take place must have occurred when the island was still under the house of Arragon; probably, during some time in the first half of the fifteenth century. It is worth noting that Shakespeare probably took the name

of Don John the Bastard from John of Arragon the Bastard, who was King of Sicily from 1458 to 1479.

3. Line 8: *But few of any SORT, and none of name.*—This line, it will be seen, whether intentionally or not, is in perfect blank verse metre. *Sort* is a word used in several senses. Here perhaps "rank" is the best explanation we can give of it. The word is originally derived from the Latin *sortem*, the accusative of *sortis*="lot," "destiny." (See Merchant of Venice, note 62.) Thence it naturally came to mean "condition," "class," and so "kind," "species," "manner." For its use="company," see Mids. Night's Dream, note 171. Wedgwood compares the use of *lot* in vulgar language.

4. Lines 16, 17: *he hath, indeed, better better'd expectation than you must expect of me to tell you how.*—This is one of those passages, not a few in this play, in which, as Seymour rightly observes, sense is sacrificed to "the charm of a jingle" (vol. i. p. 72); if, indeed, the word "charm" can be applied to such an annoying trick.

5. Lines 22, 23: *joy could not show itself modest enough without a BADGE of bitterness.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 4. 33–35:

My plenteous joys,
Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves
In drops of sorrow.

Warburton, whose notes are rarely much to the purpose, has a very ingenious criticism on this passage: "Of all the transports of joy, that which is attended with tears is least offensive; because, carrying with it this mark of pain, it allays the envy that usually attends another's happiness" (see Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 6). This explains the epithet *modest*; for the figurative use of *badge* compare Sonnet xlv. 14: "heavy tears, *badges* of either's woe." *Badge* originally meant a ring or collar worn as a mark of distinction. In Shakespeare's time it was usually applied to the silver *badges* worn by the servants of the nobility; and, as livery coats were uniformly of a blue colour, they required some such distinction. Compare Rape of Lucrece, line 1054:

A *badge* of fame to slander's livery.

6. Line 30: *Signior Montanto.*—The reason why Beatrice chooses this name for Benedick is, perhaps, because it was a term used in the fencing schools. It is the same as that referred to in The Merry Wives, ii. 3. 20, 27: "to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy *montant*;" and in its Spanish form in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, v. 1: "I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverse, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passada, your *montanto*" (Works, vol. i. p. 121). *Montanto*, in Spanish, is a two-handed sword, or broadsword, used by fencing masters. The word does not seem to be used in Italian at all.

7. Line 38: *as PLEASANT as ever he was*.—For the use of *pleasant* in this sense of “merry” compare Lucrece, Arg. 8: “In that *pleasant* humour they all posted to Rome;” and Love’s Labour’s Lost, iv. 1. 131: “By my troth, most *pleasant*.” It frequently occurs in the titles of plays, and of books belonging to the class called “Facetiae.”

8. Line 39: *He set up his bills*.—It appears to have been the custom for fencing masters, when they first settled in a town, to *set up their bills*; that is to say, to post up, in public places, *printed bills* announcing their address and advertising their accomplishments with various weapons. It is most probable that, in these bills, they directly or indirectly challenged anyone who chose to come and have a bout with them, either with the broadsword, or cudgels, or foils. In this sense they might be called challenges; but these *bills* were more of the nature of advertisements—what we should term “posters.” It appears to have been the custom to fix bills of this description in certain parts of St. Paul’s Cathedral. In Ben Jonson’s Every Man out of his Humour, in a scene laid in The Middle Aisle of St. Paul’s (iii. 1) we have:

Shift. (coming forward.) This is rare, I have *set up my bills* without discovery.

Later on, in the same scene, these *bills* are again referred to, some of them being given in full (Works, vol. ii. pp. 91–98).

9. Line 40: *challeng’d Cupid AT THE FLIGHT*.—There seems to be some difficulty as to ascertaining the exact meaning of this expression. Steevens in his note (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 8) says: “*Flight* (as Mr. Douce observes to me) does not here mean an arrow, but a sort of shooting called *roving*, or shooting at long lengths.” See also several references given by Steevens in his note on this passage. An interesting account of *roving*, or rural archery, will be found in The Book of Archery. It would appear, however, from the account given there that *roving* was the highest branch of archery, as it involved shooting at objects “barely within the range of his lightest *flight-shaft*” (p. 407). This would evidently involve, on the part of the archer, not only perfect practice with his bow, as regards what Ascham calls “fair shooting”—that is to say, sending the arrow from the bow clean and straight—but also the power of judging distance, which, as everyone knows who has practised rifle shooting, is a most difficult thing. *Flight* was also applied to a certain kind of arrow. The Book of Archery (p. 391) says: “Old English archers carried into the field a sheaf of twenty-four barbed arrows, buckled within their girdles. A portion of these, about six or eight, were longer, lighter, and winged with narrower feathers than the rest. With these *flight* shafts, as they are termed, they could do execution further than with the remaining heavy sheaf arrows.”

10. Line 42: *challeng’d him at the BIRD-BOLT*.—This was a short blunt arrow used for killing birds. Douce gives representations of these *bird-bolts* (p. 102). In The Book of Archery, plate 16, figure 12, is a more exact representation of such a “blunt arrow;” and in figure 8, same plate, is given “an ornamental case for *bird-bolts* in the time of Queen Elizabeth.” They were about half the length of an ordinary arrow. Such arrows would usually

stun a bird, and not inflict such a wound as to injure it for the purposes of the table. Those who were adepts at the long-bow looked down upon the cross-bow as being so much easier a weapon to handle. Douce says (p. 102): that fools, “for obvious reasons were only entrusted with blunt arrows; hence the proverb *A fool’s bolt is soon shot*.” This, I think, is decidedly an error, as the proverb only refers to the fact that a *fool* generally shoots in too great a hurry, and will fire all his arrows and ammunition away without producing much effect. These blunt arrows were only used, apparently, for small birds. Against wild-fowl and herons they would be of no use. In the case of the larger birds the sportsman generally employed barbed and double-headed arrows.

11. Lines 43, 44: *I pray you, how many hath he kill’d and eaten in these years?*—Compare Lilly’s Endimion, ii. 2:

Top. . . . Let me see, be our enemies fat?

Epi. Passing fat: and I would not change this life to be a lord; and yourself passeth all comparison, for other captains *kill* and *beate*, and there is nothing you *kill*, but you also *eate*.

—Works, vol. i. p. 24.

Compare also Henry V. iii. 7. 99, 100:

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

12. Line 48: *he’ll be meet with you*.—Steevens says that this is a very common expression in the midland counties. Halliwell, in his Provincial and Archaic Dictionary, says that it is still in use. See Middleton’s The Witch, ii. 1: “Now I’ll be *meet with* ‘em” (Works, vol. iii. p. 262). Compare also the expression to *meet with*=“to be even with,” e.g. in A Match at Midnight, iii. 1: “I know the old man’s gone to meet with an old wench that will *meet with* him” (Dodsley, vol. xiii. p. 62).

13. Line 56: *stuff’d with all honourable virtues*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 183:

Stuff’d, as they say, with honourable parts.

Steevens quotes, on the authority of Edwards’s MS., from Mede’s Discourses on Scripture, referring to Adam, “he whom God had *stuffed with so many excellent qualities*” (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 10).

14. Line 60: *but for the stuffing*,—well, we are all mortal.—Q. Ff. have *stuffing well*, a punctuation which renders the passage nonsense. Theobald first made the alteration. The passage, however, is so stopped in Davenant’s Law against Lovers, i. 1 (Works, vol. v. p. 120, edn. 1870). Beatrice breaks off abruptly here, apparently because she has used the expression “*stuff’d man*” in the line above, that being one of the many synonyms of a cuckold; at least so Farmer says, in his note, on the strength of a passage in Lilly’s Mydas, v. 1, where Petulus and Licio are going through an inventory of Motto’s movables:

Pet. Item, one pair of horns in the bride chamber, on the bed’s head.

Licio. The beast’s head, for Motto is *stuff’d* in the head, and these are among unmoveable goods.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 58.

I cannot find the expression used, in this sense, anywhere else: but if that be the meaning of the phrase here, Beatrice would naturally pull herself up, remembering that, as Benedick was not married, he could scarcely be a cuckold; and the sense of the commonplace end to her

speech, *well, we are all mortal* would be that, as he was mortal, he might yet be married.

15. Line 66: *four of his FIVE WITS went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one.*—Compare Sonnet cxi. 9, 10:

But my *five wits* nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee;

and Lear, iii. 4. 59: "Bless thy *five wits*!" In the Interlude of Every Man, which was published in the early part of the reign of Henry VIII., we have the five *wits* among the characters:

Also ye must call to mind
Your *Five Wits* as your counsellors.

—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 130.

16. Line 69: *if he have wit enough to keep himself warm.*—This is a common proverbial expression. Compare Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 268, 269:

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath.

Yes; *keep you warm*;

and Heywood's Wise-woman of Hogsdon, ii. 1: "You are the Wise-woman, are you? and *have wit to keepe your selfe warme enough*, I warrant you" (Works, vol. v. p. 295).

17. Lines 69, 70: *let him bear it FOR A DIFFERENCE between himself and his horse.*—Compare Hamlet, iv. 5. 183: "you must wear your rue *with a difference*." This word *difference* is rather loosely defined in ordinary dictionaries. In Sloane-Evans's Grammar of British Heraldry (pp. 43–50) will be found a very full account of Heraldic *Differences*, which, he says, may be defined as "Extraordinary Additaments, whereby bearers of the same Coat Armour may be distinguished, and their nearness to the representative of the family demonstrated." They were divided into two classes, ancient and modern. The ancient ones were used to distinguish between tribes and nations as well as individual persons, and consisted of various "Bordures" which went round the edge of the shield; of these there were fourteen different kinds. The modern *Differences* came into use about the time of Richard II., and consisted of nine different signs and marks, of which the first was the label, being the badge of the eldest son and heir during his father's lifetime. The others were the Crescent, Mullet, Martlet, Annulet, Fleur-de-Lis, &c., which were borne by the second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, &c., sons.

18. Line 73: *He hath every month a new SWORN BROTHER.*—Compare Richard II. v. 1. 20, 21:

I am *sworn brother*, sweet,
To grin Necessity;

and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 7: "I am *sworn brother* to a leash of drawers." When two knights became *brothers*, or companions in arms, they usually recorded their friendship or brotherhood with some semi-barbarous ceremony, such as being bled and mixing their blood together. In his article on this phrase, Nares says: "Robert de Oily, and Roger de Ivery, are recorded as *sworn brothers* (*fratres jurati*) in the expedition of the Conqueror to England, and they shared the honours bestowed upon either of them." They were also called *fratres conjurati*, and the term was sometimes applied to those who were sworn to defend the king against his enemies.

19. Line 77: *it ever changes with the next block.*—That is, the wooden *block* on which hats are made. The word is still used in this sense. It occurs in Shakespeare in only one other passage, in Lear, iv. 6. 187: "this' a good *block*." In other senses Shakespeare uses the word frequently.

20. Lines 78, 79: *the gentleman is not IN YOUR BOOKS.*—The origin of this phrase seems to be doubtful. Some suppose that it is connected with the custom of great men keeping *books* with the names of their retainers and members of their household. Others, with more probability, suppose that it refers to the *memorandum book* or tables which it was the custom for everyone to carry. The allusions to this custom are frequent in Shakespeare and other authors, e.g. the well-known passage in Hamlet, i. 5. 107:

My *tables*,—meet it is I set it down.

But one would think that these *tables* or memoranda books would be used more for recording events and engagements, or as a commonplace book, than as records of the names of those with whom the writer of the memoranda was familiar, or on good terms. In the present day we generally say that a person is "in one's *good books*," or "in one's *bad books*," and this would certainly seem to refer to the *books* or ledger of a tradesman; the *good books* being the pages which recorded the good debts, and therefore trustworthy debtors; the *bad books* those in which the bad debts were entered. As in Shakespeare's time it was not the custom to give credit, except to those persons who were well known, it is very probable that, after all, this phrase may have had, originally, a commercial origin; and that to say a person was *in your books* meant merely that he was such a one as you could trust, and to whom you would give credit. It may be worth mentioning that it seems, to judge from some books of Shakespeare's period which have come down to us, to have been the custom for the owner of a *book* to write or scribble, on the title-page and elsewhere, the name of some friend or some favourite author; in which custom those who prefer a far-fetched derivation may, perhaps, find the origin of the phrase. Beatrice's answer, "No; an he were, *I would burn my study*," seems to favour some connection between the phrase and the books in one's library.

21. Line 81: *young SQUARER.*—Compare Mids. Night's Dream, note 72. This is the only place where Shakespeare uses the substantive—"quarreller." For the verb compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 41:

Mine honesty and I begin to *square*.

22. Line 95: Enter Don Pedro, Don John, &c.—Q. If. have "John the *Bastard*." See above, note 2.

23. Lines 98–102.—This speech of Leonato's is a very graceful compliment. In confirmation of the suggestion made in our Introduction (p. 16) that Shakespeare, while writing the prose portions of this play, had Lilly's style very much in his mind, compare the following speech in Lilly's Endimion, ii. 1: "*End*. You know (*faire Tellus*) that the sweet remembrance of your love, is the only companion of my life, and thy presence, my paradise; so that I am not alone when nobodie is with mee, and in heaven itselfe when thou art with me" (Works, vol. i.

p. 20). Although there are no identical phrases common to the two speeches, yet in the style there is considerable similarity.

24. Line 103: *You embrace your* CHARGE *too willingly*.—Johnson says that *charge* means “burden, incumbrance” (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 15); but Douce explains it “the person committed to your care.” As Don Pedro has alluded above (line 96) to the probable cost of entertaining him, the word *charge* is, perhaps, used advisably = “the person whom you will be at the *charge* of entertaining.” The royal progresses, in which the sovereign used to indulge in Shakespeare’s time, no doubt conferred great honour upon the persons her majesty visited; but they were also a source of considerable expense.

25. Line 109: *You have it full*.—Schmidt explains this phrase = “you are the man, you will do it,” and compares this with the passage in Taming of Shrew, i. 1. 203: “*I have it full*.” But surely, there, the meaning is, “I have the plan complete;” while here it is no more nor less than a polite form of the vulgar expression *You have got it hot*; meaning that Leonato’s courteous retort to Benedick’s rather impertinent question was a reproof which hit him full in the face.

26. Lines 113–115: *If Signior Leonato be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all Messina, as like him as she is*.—The meaning of this speech is not quite clear, though none of the commentators seem to have felt any difficulty about it. Perhaps Benedick means to say that Hero would not exchange her young head for her father’s old and gray-haired one.

27. Line 125: *Courtesy itself must CONVERT to disdain*.—Shakespeare uses *convert* in the intransitive sense elsewhere, principally in his earlier works, e.g. in *Lucrece*, line 592: “stones dissolv’d to water do *convert*”; and *Richard II.* v. 1. 66:

The love of wicked men *converts* to fear.

28. Line 131: *troubled with a* PERNICIOUS *suitor*.—Grey proposed to read *pertinacious*, a very unnecessary change, and a word never used by Shakespeare; while *pernicious* is a very favourite word of Shakespeare’s.

29. Line 137: *an ’twere such a face as yours WERE*.—That anachronistic personage, the Old Corrector, omitted *were*; but his godfather, Mr. Collier, restored it, on the ground that it was certainly the language of Shakespeare’s day. Dyce doubts if the old text is right, and certainly the omission of *were* would be an improvement.

30. Lines 140, 141: *A bird of my* TONGUE *is better than a beast of yours*.—Seymour suggests that for *tongue* we should read *teaching*. But Benedick’s answer seems to show that the text is right. Beatrice probably means by *a bird of my tongue*, “a bird that my tongue has taught.” Benedick’s answer would have no meaning if Seymour’s conjecture were adopted.

31. Lines 147–149: *THIS is the sum of all: Leonato, Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all*.—Q. reads “*That is*.” The Cambridge edd. punctuate this sentence thus: *That is the sum of all, Leonato. Signior Claudio and Signior Benedick, my dear friend Leonato hath invited you all*.—They

have a note (II.) in which they say: “The punctuation which we have adopted seems to be the only one which will make sense of this passage without altering the text. We must suppose that, during the ‘skirmish of wit’ between Benedick and Beatrice, from line 96 to 125, Don Pedro and Leonato have been talking apart and making arrangements for the visit of the Prince and his friends.” We have inserted the necessary stage-direction, in order to show that Don Pedro and Leonato are supposed to be talking apart during the wordy encounter of Benedick and Beatrice. This is consonant with the arrangement adopted on the stage; but we have not followed the punctuation of the Cambridge edd., as Q. ff. all agree in punctuating the passage much as in our text. The speaker is addressing Claudio and Benedick, and he breaks off his sentence to call their attention to Leonato. It will be noted that he does not include Don John. Hammer suggested reading *Don John* instead of the first *Leonato*. But perhaps Don Pedro deliberately omitted to address Don John; for, though reconciled, they were not on very cordial terms. See below, scene 3, lines 22–24.

32. Line 171: *a professed* TYRANT *to their sex*.—For this use of *tyrant* compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 169: “I’ll prove a *tyrant* to him.”

33. Line 183: *Yea, and a* CASE *to put it into*.—Benedick plays here upon the word *case*, which does not only mean a jewel case, but also “a dress.” Compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 201: “I have *cases* of buckram for the nonce.” In Nahbes’s Covent Garden, iii. 3: Spruce, alluding to his dress, says: “I have this only *case* for my Carkasse; and ‘t will not be quite paid for til the next quarter” (Bullen’s Old Plays, New Series, vol. i. p. 48).

34. Lines 184, 185: *do you play the* FLOUTING JACK, *to tell us Cupid is a good hare-finder, and Vulcan a rare carpenter?*—*Jack* appears always to have been used in a contemptuous sense, or, at best, applied to a pert fellow, as *Jack-a-dandy*. In *Merry Wives*, iii. 1. 120, and iv. 5. 83, Sir Hugh Evans uses *flouting-stog* (i.e. *flouting-stock*) = laughing-stock. The latter part of this passage has puzzled commentators of old; but perhaps the simple explanation is the right one. He means “Do you mean to laugh at us by telling us that *blind Cupid* is a good *finder of hares*, and that *Vulcan* the clumsy blacksmith is a good *carpenter*?” There possibly may be a double meaning in *harefinder*; but if so, it is scarcely worth the trouble of deciphering it. See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 96.

35. Lines 191–194.—Here is a dramatic hint at Benedick’s concealed liking for Beatrice, which is afterwards so cleverly developed into love.

36. Lines 200–202: *Hath not the world one man but he will wear his cap with suspicion?*—The explanation given in our foot-note is probably the right one. Henderson quotes a passage from Painter’s Palace of Pleasure: “All they that *wear horns* be pardoned to *wear* their *cappes* upon their heads” (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 19).

37. Line 204: *sigh away* Sundays.—Warburton says this was a proverbial expression; but no other instance of its use has been found. Steevens thought it was an allusion to the Puritans’ Sabbath. Possibly it may be; but it seems more likely that it refers to the wholesome restraint which

husbands enjoy on Sunday; on which day, in Shakespeare's time as in our own, gay young bachelors would amuse themselves in spite of ecclesiastical prohibition.

38. Lines 217-220:

Claud. *If this were so, so WERE it UTTER'D.*

Bene. *Like the old tale, my lord: "it is not so, nor 't was not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so."*

This passage, at first sight, is not very intelligible, especially the speech of Claudio. Johnson thought there was something omitted in the previous dialogue; but, in order to make the sense clearer, he suggested that Claudio's speech should break off abruptly at *were*, and that *utter'd* should belong to Benedick's speech. Steevens explained Claudio's speech thus: "if I had really confided such a secret to him, yet he would have blabbed it in this manner" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 20). But surely his words cannot bear that meaning. He simply means to make an indirect and rather ungracious confession that what Benedick says is true. The meaning is: "If this he says were true, so would it be told." The *were* here can hardly be optative—"I would wish it were so told;" for Claudio could not have thought Benedick's manner of telling his secret a very agreeable one. Benedick replies to this half-sullen confession of Claudio's by comparing it with the words *uttered* in some well-known old tale. These words would have been almost incomprehensible to us, if it had not been that Blakeway was able to recall this identical tale as told to him when a child by an old aunt. His version is probably pretty much the same as that which was current in Shakespeare's time. The story belongs to the Bluebeard class, and is generally known as the Story of Mr. Fox. From the notes to Grimm's *Fairy Tales* (vol. ii. pp. 164-167, edn. 1864) it would appear that the same story is to be found in Danish and Hungarian. It may be compared with "Bloudie Jacke of Shrewsbury" in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, and with the story of Captain Murderer given in Dickens' most amusing article, "Nurses' Stories," published in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. These stories all resemble one another in the main point, namely, that the hero of them was in the habit of marrying as many young ladies as he could get hold of, and of murdering them very soon after marriage. Captain Murderer disposed of his victims' remains in a pie, which he ate with some ceremony and great delectation. Bloudie Jack, in the old story, only kept the toes and fingers of his wives, and gave the rest of them to a big dog. Blakeway's story will be found in the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. pp. 163-165); and it is quoted at length by Rolfe. The girl who finds out Mr. Fox is called Lady Mary. Like the heroines of similar stories she conceals herself under a staircase, and sees Mr. Fox dragging a young lady down the staircase, to the balusters of which she clings. Mr. Fox cuts off her hand with a gold bracelet on it, which falls into the lap of Lady Mary. (In the other stories it is the wedding-ring finger, with the ring on it, that the murderer cuts off.) She takes the opportunity, when Mr. Fox is dining at a house in company with her two brothers, to tell the story; saying after each incident, *It is not so, nor it was not so* to Mr. Fox, who, as he gets interested, repeats, *It is not so, nor it was not so, and God forbid it should be so*. This would make us incline to believe that we should read, *So were it NOT*

uttered, in Claudio's speech in the line above. But, perhaps, all that Benedick intends by his allusion is to say that Claudio's half-denial of being in love was worth no more than Mr. Fox's protestation in the old story.

It may be worth remarking that Barham, curiously enough, thought Bloudie Jack to be an original story.¹ (See a letter of his in *Life of R. H. Barham*, vol. ii. p. 98.)

39. Lines 221, 222: *If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise*.—This speech is not very clear. Claudio probably means: "If a change does not come over my feelings, God forbid it should be otherwise than that I am in love with her and hope to marry her."

40. Line 239: *force of his will*.—Warburton detected here an allusion to the theological definition of heresy, which is *willful* adherence to heterodox opinion (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 21). Schmidt's explanation, though not quite so refined, is, perhaps, more probable; that Claudio uses *will* here in the sense of "carnal passion," "lust." There are many "strokes of wit" in this play which will not bear inquiring into too curiously.

41. Lines 242, 243: *Recheat wiuded in my forehead*.—*Recheat* is from the French *requete*, old French *requeste*. It was sometimes written *rechate*. It was the call sounded on the hunting-horn, or bugle, to recall the hounds from the fox, or other game. There were regular notes for it. See a note in the Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 21, where Steevens quotes a sheet in the British Museum, containing the ancient hunting notes of England, from which it would appear that there were several kinds of *recheats*. It is alluded to in the *Return from Parnassus* (ii. 5): "when you blow the death of your fox in the field or covert, then must you sound 3. notes, with 3. windes, and *recheat*: marke you sir, vpon the same with 3. windes" (Macray's Reprint, pt. ii. p. 106).

42. Lines 245, 246: *and the FINE is (for the which I may go the finer)*.—For *FINE*=conclusion, compare All's Well, iv. 4. 35: "still the *fine's* the crown." This is another silly jingle, with which we may compare Hamlet, v. 1. 115: "is this the *fine* of his *finer's*?"

43. Line 259: *If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me*.—The reference here is to a cruel practice which, according to Dounce (quoted in the Var. Ed. vol. iii. p. 23), though the passage is not in his illustrations of Shakespeare, 1839), was still kept up at Kelso in Scotland, where it is called "*Cat in barrel*." A cat was placed in a small wooden barrel, or in a basket, and shot at by archers.

44. Line 260: *let him be clapp'd on the shoulder, and call'd Adam*.—No doubt, in spite of the acrimonious note of Ritson in his *Remarks Critical*, &c., 1783 (published anonymously), this refers to *Adam Bell*, the well-known outlaw, so famous, in the North of England, with his two companions Clym of the Clough and William

¹ The purport of the passage is rather doubtful. It is not clear whether Barham means that he believed the stanza to be new, or the story. He alludes to it again (pp. 102, 103); but, at any rate, he does not seem to have been aware that it was virtually the same story as that alluded to here, or that a similar one existed in other countries.

Cloudsley. There is a long ballad in Percy's Reliques on this subject. (Series i. book ii.)

45. Line 263: "*In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.*"—This line is slightly misquoted from Kyd's Spanish Tragedy (licensed 1592). It appears that the line was taken from Watson's Ecatompathia, 1582, and occurs in Sonnet xlvil.

46. Lines 267, 268: *in such great letters as they write, "Here is good horse to hire."*—This shows us that, in Shakespeare's time, announcements, on the outside of ale-houses and such like places, were written in as primitive a fashion as they were in Pompeii, or as they are in some of the villages of southern Italy nowadays; and that printed bills were the exception and not the rule.

47. Line 274: *if Cupid have not spent all his quiver in VENICE.*—*Venice*, in Shakespeare's time, was a modern Corinth, the paradise of pleasure-seekers, especially of those given to the worship of Venus. Writers of the Elizabethan age testify to the number and beauty of its courtezans, professional and amateur. Borde in his Boke to the Introduction to Knowledge (chap. xxiv.) says: "whosoeuer y^e hath not seene the noble cite of *Venis*, he hath not sene y^e bewtye and ryches of thys worlde."

48. Lines 283-286:

Claud. *To the tuition of God: From my house (if I had it),—*

D. Pedro. *The sixth of July: Your loving friend, Benedick.*

Claudio is ridiculing the old-fashioned mode of terminating letters, especially dedicatory ones. Reed quotes from Barnaby Googe in his dedication to the first edition of Palingenius, 1560: "And thus *committyn*g your Ladiship with all yours to the *tuicion* of the moste mercifull *God*, I ende. From Staple Inne at London, the eighte and twenty of March" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 25). Reed says that this mode of ending letters had become obsolete in Shakespeare's time; but though it might be considered affected, it was not obsolete. See Malone's note on same passage (*ut supra*, p. 26).

49. Lines 288, 289: *The body of your discourse is sometimes GUARDED with fragments.*—*Guarded* means, as explained in our foot-note, "ornamented with some trimming or border." Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 163, 164:

Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellows'.

But *guards* were also used for other ornaments, such as embroidery, or "clocks" on hose. See Love's Labour's Lost, note 112.

50. Lines 290, 291: *ere you flout OLD ENDS any further, examine your conscience: and so I leave you*—It is not very clear whether Benedick refers to the old way of finishing letters, which they were laughing at, or whether he refers to the quotation from The Spanish Tragedy (line 263 above). It is evident that he affects to be very solemn in his leave-taking, and to resent their laughter at his denunciations of marriage. At present he is very serious on this subject, having no idea of living to see himself rightly called "Benedick the married man."

51. Line 299: *When you went onward on this ended ACTION.*—Compare Lucrece, line 1504:

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he goes.

Action here means something more than a single battle. We have explained it in the foot-note = "campaign." Schmidt explains it as a "warlike enterprise." Compare King John, ii. 1. 233:

Forwearied in this action of swift speed;

referring to the campaign in which Angiers was taken by John, and Arthur was made prisoner.

52. Line 307: *Saying, I like'd her ere I went to wars*—It is evident that Claudio is going to say more, something to the effect that "now that liking has grown into love," &c.; Don Pedro, however, interrupts him. This mode of punctuating the passage is adopted by Collier, Halliwell, and Rolfe.

53. Line 309: *And tice the heaver with a BOOK OF WORDS.*—Perhaps there is some reference here to the rather tedious *Books of Words* often provided for masquers in their entertainments. (Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 46.) It is possible that, when no book was provided, the masquers improvised dialogues, which were, perhaps, no less tedious than the written words. Certainly nothing could well be more so than the *Books of Words* to most masques.

54. Line 311: *And I will BREAK WITH her.*—For a similar use of this phrase compare Two Gent. i. 3. 44: "now will we *break with him*;" and King John, iv. 2. 227:

I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.

The expression occurs more than once in this play. Compare i. 1. 162; iii. 2. 76. The same phrase is also used without an objective = to break faith, in Merry Wives, iii. 2. 57:

I would not break with her for more money.

55. Line 313: *to twist so fine a STORY.*—Walker suggests that *story* is not the right reading (vol. iii. p. 29). Lettison conjectured *string*. But surely the expression may be compared with the phrase so common in our time "to spin a yarn;" the idea having been taken from the twisting together of the threads from off the distaff of a spinning-wheel.

56. Line 317: *I would have SALV'D it with a longer treatise.*—For a similar figurative use of *salve* compare Coriolanus, iii. 2. 70-72:

you may *salve* so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

57. Lines 318, 319:

*What need the bridge much broader than the flood?
The fairest GRANT is the necessity.*

Many emendations have been made on the latter somewhat obscure line. Hanner for *grant* substituted *plea*. Collier's Old Corrector altered it to *ground*. The Cambridge edd. give an anonymous conjecture *garanto*. Warburton explains the passage: "no one can have a better reason for granting a request than the necessity of its being granted" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 27). Mason makes *grant* = concession (*ut supra*), and Steevens explains it "The fairest grant is to necessity; *i.e.* necessitas quod

cogit defendit" (*ut supra*). Let us, however, look at the whole passage. Don Pedro says:

What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

i.e. "Why need your apologies be so much more ample than the case requires?" Then he goes on, "the kindest answer I can make to your request is to give what you *most urgently need the necessity*, i.e. my influence on your behalf;" and he goes on: *Look, what will serve is fit*, that is to say, "What will answer the purpose," or "What will gain your object is the best thing to do." This seems a more straightforward and a clearer explanation than any of those given above, although it involves an elliptical construction. For a similar use of *necessity* compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 22:

Were there *necessity* in your request.

Shakespeare uses it frequently in the sense of "cogency," "imperative need." The substantive *grant* does not occur very often; it is used = the *grant* of a request in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 130:

Your *grant*, or your denial, shall be mine;

and again: II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 40:

With *grant* of our most just and right desires.

But if this interpretation of the passage be thought too far-fetched, we must suppose that all Don Pedro means to say is: "The best excuse for you is that everyone *must* be in love some time or other" (*the necessity*). But this explanation strikes one as not quite satisfactory. Don Pedro takes a serious interest in Claudio's love affair, and is anxious to forward it; he recognizes that he stands in need, perhaps, of some recommendation to Leonato, and that his, i.e. Don Pedro's, good word would help him more than anything else. Except for the recent success which he had made in the campaign under Don Pedro, it may be doubted whether Claudio could have ventured to aspire to the hand of the daughter of the governor of Messina.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

58. Line 1: *How now, brother! Where is my COUSIN, your son?*—*Cousin* was used very loosely in Shakespeare's time for any kinsman. For instance, in King John, iii. 3. 17, Eleanor uses it when addressing her grandson; and below, in the same scene, line 71, John uses it, as here, for "nephew." *Niece* and *nephew* were both used in a similarly lax manner. See Two Gent. note 91; and I. Henry VI. note 135.

59. Line 4: *I can tell you STRANGE news.*—So Q.; Ff. omit *strange*.

60. Lines 4, 5:

NEWS, that you yet dreamt not of.

Leon. ARE THEY good?

Shakespeare uses *news* both as a singular and plural noun. See Tempest, v. 1. 220: "What is the *news*?" and ii. 1. 180 of this play: "*these ill news*," where again he uses it in the plural.

61. Line 6: *As the EVENT stamps them.*—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; Q. F. 1 have *events*.

62. Line 9: *walking in a thick-PLEACHED alley in my ORCHARD.*—Shakespeare uses *pleached* in Henry V. v. 2. 42:

"hedges even-*pleach'd*," in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 14. 73: "with *pleach'd* arms;" and in this play, iii. 1. 7: "steal into the *pleached* bower." In The Lover's Complaint, line 205, we have:

With twisted metal amorously *impleach'd*.

The verb to *pleach*, or to *plash*—the latter being the more usual form—is connected with middle English *pleachan* = to propagate a vine. The old French was *plessier*, and the modern French *plesser*, which Cotgrave renders "To *plash* . . . plait young branches, one within an other; also, to thicken a hedge, or cover a walke, by *plashing*." These are probably all derived from the Latin *plectere*. *To plash* is still used as a term in modern gardening.

Shakespeare does not ever use *orchard* in the modern sense of a garden devoted to fruit-trees, as distinguished from a flower-garden. The fact is, that, in olden times, a flower-garden and what we call a kitchen-garden were all one. Such gardens may still be seen attached to monasteries. At the Dominican Monastery near Woodchester, in Gloucestershire, there is a very fine specimen of a *thick-pleached* alley of filbert trees. Such alleys, alas! are quite out of fashion in modern gardens.

63. Line 10: *were thus MUCH overheard by a man of mine.*—Ff. omit *much*, perhaps rightly, as being unnecessary, and, on the same ground, the omission of *strange* (line 4 above) might be justified.

64. Line 16: *to take the present time by the top.*—Compare All's Well, v. 3. 39:

Let's take the instant by the *forward top*.

Compare the common expression, "To take time by the forelock." For *break with him*, see above, note 54.

65. Line 21: *we will hold it as a dream till it APPEAR itself.*—Dyce, very plausibly, suggests that we should read *approve*, and compares Coriolanus, iv. 3. 9: "your favour is well *approv'd* by your tongue," where, he says, "the Folio has *appear'd*, but the sense requires *approve'd*." Schmidt says it is used there adjectively = "apparent." It is possible that, after all, the reading in the text requires no alteration. The sense may be "We will look upon it as a dream till it makes itself visible," *itself* having the force of "the very person."

66. Lines 24, 25: [Exit Antonio. —Antonio's son, with some Musicians, crosses the stage.—To Antonio's son] *COUSIN, you know what you have to do.*—It is evident that *Antonio* is intended to go off the stage at this point, and that these words are addressed to somebody else; most probably, as Dyce suggests, to *Antonio's* son. For *cousin* see note 58 above.

There is no stage-direction in the original either for Antonio's exit, or for the entry of anybody else. The only direction prefixed to the scene in Q. Ff. is *Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato*. Capell inserted here the stage-direction, *Enter several persons, bearing things for the Banquet*, for which the Cambridge edd. substituted *Enter Attendants*.

Q. Ff. read *cousins*. We have followed Dyce in reading *cousin*, as Q. Ff. both have "good *cousins*" just below, line 29, and it is much more probable that Antonio should address his *nephew* than that he should address one of the attendants.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

67. Line 1: *What the good-year!*—This expression, according to some commentators, is equivalent to "a slight curse." Good-year is supposed, generally, to be a corruption of *goujere* (Fr.)=the venereal disease; and the expression would therefore be equivalent to "What the pox on it!" Blakeway quotes Roper's Life of More: "When Sir Thomas More was confined in the Tower, his wife visited him, and began reproving him: '*What the good yeare*, Mr. Moore, I marvel that you will now see playe the fooles?'" (Var. Ed. vol. v. p. 29). Halliwell (in his Folio Shakespeare) quotes from Holyband's French Littleton, ed. 1600, a passage where the expression is used in its literal sense, "God give you a good morrow and a good yeare.—*Dieu vous doit bon jour et bon an.*" He also gives several similar examples. The same expression, *What the good year!* occurs in three other passages in Shakespeare: in *Merry Wives*, i. 4. 129, where it is spelt in F. 1 *good-ier*; and in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 64, 191, where, in the Quarto, it is spelt in the first passage *good-yere*, and in the second *goodyeare*, and in F. 1 *good-yere* in both passages. In the passage in our text it is spelt *good yeare*. In *Lear*, v. 3. 24:

The *good-years* shall devour them, flesh and fell,

F. 1 has *good yeares*; Qq. have simply *good*. It therefore remains doubtful whether we are to consider the word, in this passage, as a corruption of *goujere*, or whether we are to consider it as *good year*. In the three instances where this same expression occurs quoted above, Mistress Quickly¹ is the speaker on each occasion; and therefore it is highly probable that the expression is intended to have there its vulgar sense. In the passage in our text Conrade is the speaker; and, though he is addressing Don John, his superior, still, as he does not seem to have been a gentleman distinguished by any remarkable politeness, it is quite possible that he would use the coarser of the two expressions. In the passage from *King Lear* there can be no doubt that *good-year* means the same disease as the French *goujere*.

68. Line 4: *There is no measure in the occasion that breeds it.*—Q. Ff. omit it; added by Theobald.

69. Lines 11–19.—Don John's sentiments in this speech epitomize the principles of a thoroughly selfish man. Johnson has a note in which he remarks: "This is one of our author's natural touches. An envious and unsocial mind, too proud to give pleasure, and too sullen to receive it, always endeavours to hide its malignity from the world and from itself, under the plainness of simple honesty, or the dignity of haughty independence" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 30).

70. Line 19: *CLAW no man in his humour.*—It does not appear that Shakespeare uses *claw* elsewhere in this sense=to flatter, except it be in *Love's Labour's Lost*, where Nathaniel, after complimenting Holofernes on his verses, says (iv. 2. 64–66): "A rare *talent*," and Dull remarks: "If a *talent* be a *claw*, look how he *claws* him with a *talent*." There it would certainly seem that *claw*

is used in the double sense. Palsgrave has: "I *clawe*, as a man or a beest dothe a thyng softly with his nayles, *Je grattigne*, prin. conj. *Clawe* my backe and I will *clawe* thy toe; *gratigne* mon dos et je te *gratigneray* ton orteyl." Cotgrave has: "To *claw* gently. *Galloner*;" and under *Galloner*, "To stroake, cherish, *claw*, or clap on the backe;" and Minsheu has: "*Clawebache*, vide *Adulador*," i.e. a flatterer.

71. Lines 28, 29: *I had rather be a CANKER in a hedge than a rose in his GRACE.*—*Canker* here is supposed to mean the dog-rose, the sense in which certainly Shakespeare seems sometimes to use it, as in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 175, 176:

To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke.

There is also the following passage in Middleton's *Fair Quarrel*, iii. 2:

he held out a rose,
To draw the yielding sense, which come to hand,
He shifts and gives a *canker*.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 501.

It is not very easy to see how *CANKER-rose* came to be applied to the dog-rose. In some dialects *canker-rose* means the red poppy, both from its colour and from its being a noxious weed in wheat-fields. Grose gives: "CANKER, a poisonous fungus, resembling a mushroom. Glou. Likewise the dog-rose. Devon. Called also the *canker-rose*." One does not see why the dog-rose should have so ill a name, as it grows generally in hedges where it does no harm. The word *canker* does not ever seem to have borne any sense except that of "a sore," or "a disease in trees," or "a fungus." It is possible that the reason why this name was given to the dog-rose—of which, by the way, there are twenty-three different species in England—is that this shrub is very subject to a disease which in Cumberland I have often heard called the *canker*, and which anyone who walks along a country hedgerow may notice for himself. In this disease the calyx becomes abnormally developed; and the bud, instead of growing into a flower, remains a large green mossy-looking lump which produces neither flower nor seed. It would seem that this use of the word *canker* is by no means confined to the North. Johnson would read "rose *by* his grace;" but he first hazarded the conjecture "rose in his garden." It is evident that Don John refers to Conrade's speech above (line 22), where he reminds him that his brother has taken him "newly into his grace."

72. Line 41: *I make all use of it, for I use it ONLY.*—This Steevens explains "I make nothing else my counselor" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 31). But surely it is not necessary to attach this meaning to the phrase. What Don John means is that he makes *all use* of his discontent, because it is the only humour that he ever does *use* or employ.

73. Line 50: *What is he for a fool?*—For this phrase compare *Ram Alley*, iv. 1:

Lady Sam. What is he for a man?
Serv. Man. Nothing for a man, but much for a beast.

—Doddsley, vol. x. p. 355.

¹ It is doubtful, to say the least, whether the Mistress Quickly of the *Merry Wives* and of *Henry IV.* are the same person.

Shakespeare does not seem to have used this expression except in this instance. Compare Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*, iii. 1: "*What is he for a vicar?*" (Works, vol. iii.

p. 397). Gifford in his note on this passage says: "This is pure German, or, as the authorized phrase seems to be, Saxon, in its idiom, and is very common in our old writers. Was ist das für ein?" Compare also Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, iii. 1: "*What is he for a creature?*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 105). Though not exactly the same expression, we may compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 190: "*I cross me for a sinner.*"

74. Line 54: *And who—and who—which way looks he?*—None of the commentators seem to have paid any attention to this passage, which is not very intelligible, except Walker, who gives four instances from Shirley's plays of similar repetition; three being the very same phrase. Dyce says that Grant White pronounced the second *and who* to be an accidental repetition. But whether it be an accidental repetition or not, there does not seem to be any sense in the sentence as commonly punctuated. Don John has already asked (line 53), "*Who, the most exquisite Claudio?*" to which Borachio answers "*Even he.*" But there can be no sense in his asking *again* who Claudio is. As we have printed the passage, the meaning would be that Don John is going to ask *And who—and who is the lady?* when he changes his mind and puts the question in another form. It may be that *And who and who?* is a misprint for *And how and how?* but even then there does not seem much sense in it.

75. Line 58: *A very forward MARCH-CHICK.*—This is usually explained as a *chicken* hatched in *March*. Amongst poultry farmers it is not usual to set eggs under the hens until the spring; but the earlier they are set, the more valuable the chickens are for the market and for laying purposes, as the pullets bred early in the year come on to lay in the winter months when eggs are scarcest.

76. Lines 60, 61: *Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was SMOKING a musty room.*—Stevens says in his note on this passage: "The neglect of cleanliness among our ancestors, rendered such precautions too often necessary" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 32). But it is not at all certain that the *smoking*, or *fumigation*, of the rooms was necessitated by any special want of cleanliness. In a very interesting reprint by Dr. Furnivall, Bokes of Nurture and Keruyng, there is given at pp. 141, 142, in an extract from Sir John Harington's Schoole of Saleme, 2nd Part (1624): "*Take your meate in the hotte time of Summer in cold places, but in the Winter let there bee a bright fire, and take it in hotte places, your parlors or chambers being first purged and ayred with suffumigations, which I would not haue you to enter before the suffumigation bee plainly extinct, lest you draw the fume by reason of the odour.*" It would seem that the object of these *fumigations* was to air a room which had not been used regularly for some time.

77. Lines 67-70: *That young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow: if I can cross him any way, I bless myself every way.*—It does not quite appear what ground Don John had, further than his sullen discontented nature, for his hatred of Claudio; or in what particular Claudio could be said to have caused his overthrow. It looks as if the ground of complaint was very much the same as that which Iago had against Cassio; and

that Claudio, by gaining Don Pedro's favour, had been raised over the head of Don John in the army. We are told that Don John had been taken "newly into his grace" after having "stood out against" him, perhaps upon this very subject of Claudio's promotion. See Courade's speech above, lines 22-24. Anyhow, it is clear that the reconciliation, however brought about, was not a very sincere one.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

78.—The stage-direction at the beginning of this scene stands thus in Q. and Ff.: "*Enter Leonato, his brother, his wife, Hero his daughter, and Beatrice his niece, and a kinsman.*" See above, note 1.

79. Lines 4, 5: *I never can see him but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.*—This expression, more forcible than elegant, well describes the disagreeable sensation known as *heartburn*, which arises from an excess of acidity, and causes the food after a meal, when only half digested, to rise in the stomach.

80. Lines 10, 11: *the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tattling.*—None of the commentators apparently have noticed that this is, most probably, an allusion to some well-known anecdote or "Merry Tale." In answer to an inquiry of mine, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips writes that I am "undoubtedly right" in my conjecture, but that he cannot give me any clue to the anecdote in question. "I do not think," he adds, "it could have escaped me had I met with the jest, but so much of the lighter literature of the time has unfortunately perished."

81. Line 33: *I had rather lie in the woollen.*—This expression is usually explained to mean "I had rather lie between blankets," i.e. without sheets; as people, in Shakespeare's time, generally slept naked, this would be more disagreeable than in modern times, when night-shirts are universally worn. But there may also be a reference to a totally different matter. It appears that it was the custom in England to bury persons in *woollen* material; but that the employment of linen material gradually increased to such an extent, that an act was passed in the reign of Charles II. (30 Car. II. stat. 1, cap. 3, sec. 3) providing that no corpse should be buried in anything but *woollen* material, or in a coffin lined with anything but *sheep's wool*. This was done to encourage the *woollen* trade. The act was repealed in 1815 (see Notes and Queries, 4th Series, ix. p. 284). In some churches a register was kept of persons "*Bury'd in Wollen,*" and "*Not Bury'd in Wollen*" (*ut supra*, xi. 84).

82. Lines 42, 43: *I will even take sixpence in earnest of the BEAR-HERD, and lead his apes into hell.*—Q. Ff. read *Berrord*; F. 3, F. 4 *Bear-herd*. Collier, who is followed by many modern editors, altered it, unnecessarily, to *bear-ward*. *Bear-herd* occurs in Taming of Shrew, Induction, ii. 21, also in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 192. In the other passages in which the word occurs, II. Henry VI. v. 1. 149, 210, the spelling is *bearard*. Certainly the spelling there seems to warrant the reading of *bear-ward*, which, though not found in Shakespeare, occurs in Elizabethan writers. See (as well as regards the superstition that old maids, to

whom Beatrice refers, had to *lead apes in hell*) Taming of the Shrew, note 72.

83. Lines 50, 51; and away to *Saint Peter*: FOR THE HEAVENS!—Q. Ff. punctuate thus, except that they have a comma after *heavens*. We have followed Staunton in putting a note of exclamation after *heavens*, in order to mark more clearly that the expression is an oath which was in common use in Shakespeare's time. We have an example of it in Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 13: "*for the heavens*, rouse up a brave mind." Cotgrave has a curious use of this phrase; under *Haut* he gives "*Faire haut le bois*, to make a stand; also, to tittle, carouse *for the heavens*." Nares says it is merely a corrupted form of "*fore the heavens*." Schmidt, curiously enough, takes *for* here = "bound for," "on the way to," while, in the passage from Merchant of Venice, he seems to take it as = "for the sake of," "for the love of."

84. Line 62: *till God make men of some other METAL than earth*.—*Metal* is used here, of course, not in its scientific sense, but, figuratively, as the material of which a thing is made. Shakespeare is rather fond of using *metal* in this sense. Compare All's Well, i. 1. 141: "That you were made of, is *metal* to make virgins;" Lear, i. 1. 71:

Of the self-same *metal* that my sister is.

85. Line 65: *a clod of wayward MARL*.—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word, either in his plays or poems. *Marl* properly means a rich kind of earth, consisting partly of lime, partly of clay, which has been used in agriculture for enriching poorer soil since the time of the Romans; as is evident from a passage in Pliny (bk. xvii. chap. vi.) thus translated by Holland: "The Brittaines and Frenchmen have devised another meanes to manure their ground, by a kind of lime-stone or clay, which they call *Marga*, [*Marle*.] And verily they have a great opinion of the same, that it mightily enricheth it and maketh it more plentifull. This *marle* is a certaine fat of the ground, much like unto the glandulous kernels growing in the bodies of beasts, and it is thickned in manner of marow or the kernell of fat about it" (pt. i. p. 505). Chaucer uses *marle-pit* in The Miller's Tale (line 3460). Milton uses the word *marle* in Paradise Lost with what seems to be singular inappropriateness, for the soil by the shore of the burning lake (i. 295, 296):

He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning *marle*.

86. Line 73: *if the prince be too IMPORTANT*.—For *important* used as = "importunate," compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 138: "At your *important* letters;" and Lear, iv. 4. 26:

My mourning and *important* tears hath pitied.

87. Line 81: *full of state and ANCIENTRY*.—Q. F. 1, F. 2, have *auuncientry*; F. 3, F. 4, *ancientry*. These readings are worth noting, perhaps, as guides to the pronunciation of the word in the time of Shakespeare. *Ancient* was very often pronounced *auuncient*. *Ancientry* is used in one other passage in Shakespeare; in Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 63: "wronging the *ancientry*;" where it means "old people." Schmidt explains the meaning of the word in the text as "the port and behaviour of old age;" but it seems rather to mean what may be termed "old-fashionedness."

88. Line 82: *cinq-pace*.—This dance is thus alluded to by Sir John Davies, st. 67:

Five was the number of the music's feet,
Which still the dance did with *five paces* meet.

The *cinq-pace* is only mentioned in one other passage in Shakespeare, viz. in Twelfth Night, i. 3. 139. I am indebted to Mr. Julian Marshall for the following information: The *Galliard* consisted of five paces or bars in the first strain, and was therefore called a *Cinq-pace*. Every Pavan had its *Galliard*, a lighter air, made out of the former; and the tunes are common in old music-books. An instance is given in Grove's Dictionary, vol. i. p. 578.

89. Lines 82, 83: *falls into the cinq-pace faster and faster, till he SINK into his grave*.—Collier altered *sink* into *cinq-pace* or *sink a pace*. We cannot see the necessity for the alteration. Perhaps Collier was thinking of a passage in Marston's Insatiable Countess, act ii.:

Thinke of me as of the man
Whose dancing dayes you see are not yet done.
Len. Yet, you *sinke a pace*, sir.

—Works, vol. iii. p. 125.

We certainly do not wish to increase the number of verbal jingles in this play, nor is the rhythm of the passage improved by Collier's alteration.

90. Line 90: *Lady, will you walk about with your FRIEND?*—For this use of the word *friend* compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 124, where Mrs. Page, addressing Mrs. Ford, says: "if you have a *friend* here," i.e. a lover; and, as applied to one of the other sex, Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 404, where Biron, addressing Rosaline, jocularly asks her never to "come in vizard to my *friend*." We may compare the French *cher ami* and *chère amie* used in a somewhat similar sense. See Romeo and Juliet, note 145.

91. Lines 97, 98: *God defend the lute should be like the CASE!*—She means "God forbid his face should be as ugly as is his mask or *visor*!"

92. Lines 99–101:

D. Pedro. *My visor is PHILEMON'S ROOF; within the house is JOVE.*

Hero. *Why, then, your visor should be THATCH'D.*

D. Pedro. *Speak low, if you speak love.*

In line 99 *Jove* is the reading of Q.; Ff., by an evident mistake, have *love*. The two latter speeches should clearly be printed not as separate lines, but as forming a single line corresponding in metre with Don Pedro's speech above. The story alluded to is that of Baucis and Philemon, which is found in Ovid's Metamorphoses (bk. viii. lines 626–724). Jupiter and Mercury were wandering about Phrygia, disguised as ordinary mortals, and they could find no one to receive them into their house but two old peasants, Philemon and his wife Baucis. In reward for the kind treatment received in the *thatched* cottage of Philemon, Jupiter saved the old couple from a sudden flood, which took place in their neighbourhood, by transporting them to an adjacent hill out of reach of the waters. Then, having changed their cottage into a temple, dedicated to himself, of which at their request he made them the guardians, he granted them, in accordance with their request, the privilege of dying at the

same moment. After death they were metamorphosed into trees. In *As You Like It* (iii. 3. 10, 11) Shakespeare, apparently, alludes again to the same story: "O knowledge ill-inhabited,—worse than Jove in a *thatch'd* house!" The expression *thatched* was probably, in both cases, suggested by Golding's translation of the line:

Parva quidem, stipulis et cannâ tecta palustri.

—Ovid *Metamorph.* viii. 630.

The *roofe* thereof was *thatched* all with straw and fenish reede.

Dyce, in a note on this passage, asks whether Shakespeare, in these two lines, does not quote some poem which has now perished. The conjecture is a very probable one.

93. Lines 105, 106.—These, and the two next speeches of Balthazar, are given by mistake in Q. Ff. to Benedick. Theobald was the first to give them rightly to Balthazar.

94. Line 114: *Answer*, CLERK.—Referring to Balthazar's *Amen* above (lines 110, 112). *Clerk* is used here, and in three other passages in Shakespeare, in the sense of the "parish clerk," i.e. the person who reads the responses in church. See *Taming of Shrew*, iv. 4. 94; *Richard II.* iv. 1. 173; and *Sonnet lxxxv.* 6:

And like unletter'd clerk still cry "Amen."

The latter passage would seem to militate against the most probable origin of the use of *clerk* in this sense, namely, that some scholar among the congregation was appointed to say the responses on behalf of all. In the English Church before the Reformation, as now in the Roman Catholic Church, the responses at the mass were said by the "server," who was generally a layman; and his successor, in the Protestant Church, was the *clerk*.

95. Line 120: *I know you by the WAGGLING of your head.*—This word, which occurs only here in Shakespeare, is found in May's translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1627 (bk. v.):

Nor that the crow *wagglings* along the shore
Diues downe, and seemes t' anticipate a shoure.

96. Line 122: *so ill-well.*—This expression, which, at first sight, seems an awkward one, is really very forcible. Ursula means, "You could never imitate him *with such cruel fidelity* (so *ill-well*) if you were not the man yourself." Steevens compares the expression in *The Merchant of Venice* (i. 2. 63), "a better bad habit of frowning."

97. Line 122: *Here's his DRY HAND UP AND DOWN.*—A *dry hand* was always supposed to be a sign of a cold and chaste nature, as a *moist* palm was of the contrary. For *up and down* compare our modern expression *all the world over*.

98. Line 125: *At a word.*—Schmidt gives as the German equivalent to this, *kurz und gut*. Compare *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 103, 109: "He hath wrong'd me; indeed he hath;—*at a word*, he hath."

99. Lines 134, 135: *that I had my good wit out of the HUNDRED MERRY TALES.*—This refers to the earliest jest-book printed in the English language, of which there is extant only one perfect copy, in the library at Gottingen. For some time the commentators thought the book referred to was either a translation of *Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles*, or a translation of Boccaccio's *Decameron*; but

at last an imperfect copy of the work was discovered by Professor Conybeare, and this copy was edited by Singer in 1814, and was included in Hazlitt's Collection of Shakespeare Jest Books, 1864. It was made up of a number of mutilated leaves, and was very defective. It was once in the possession of Mr. Halliwell-Phillips; but I do not know where it is to be found at present. The Gottingen copy, which is dated 1526, has been twice reprinted: once in 1866 by Dr. Hermann Oesterley; and more recently (1887), a limited number of copies, reproduced in facsimile by photolithography, and edited by Mr. Carew Hazlitt, have been published. This is a very handsome edition; and as the only reproduction of the unique original, is very valuable to lovers of old English literature. It would seem that the Gottingen copy, and that discovered by Professor Conybeare, belonged to different editions, some tales being included in the former which are not found in the latter; while three tales, found in the imperfect edition, are not found in the perfect edition of 1526. In his preface to the edition of 1887 Mr. Hazlitt suggests that the author of the *Hundred Merry Tales* was John Heywood, chiefly known by his Book of Epigrams, and by some Interludes which were printed by Rastell, who also printed the *Hundred Merry Tales*. Hazlitt conjectures that Sir Thomas More might have helped John Heywood in making this collection. The stories are, many of them, very simple, and comparatively few of them coarse. Many of the jokes, such as they are, turn upon points connected with the ritual of the old Church before Protestantism was established in England; and some of these stories might certainly be attributed to Sir Thomas More. To all the tales quaint morals are appended. It does not appear that either Beatrice or Benedick was indebted to this collection of *facetiae* for any of their wit.

100. Lines 143-147: *only his gift is in devising IMPOSIBLE slanders: none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleases men and angers them, and then they laugh at him and beat him.*—It must be confessed that this is a most pungent description of the licensed slanderer, and might seem to anticipate certain forms of journalism developed in modern times. The meaning of the passage is quite clear, though some of the commentators have treated it as obscure. In such a person as Beatrice describes *none but libertines*—that is to say, people more or less unscrupulous in their moral conduct—*delight*; and it is not the *wit* of the slanderer so much as his ill-nature that pleases them. When that ill-nature, as almost invariably happens sooner or later, is turned against their own selves, what they formerly found so full of amusement now *angers* them; and they are the first to take summary vengeance on the slanderer. Scarcely a day passes but the truth of this description is practically illustrated. The man or woman of the world, who chuckles over some malicious and cowardly insult directed against an acquaintance, or even against a dear friend, will be furious, the very next day, at some attack, perhaps less malicious, directed against himself or herself.

101. Line 148: *I would he had BOARDED me.*—This word, adapted from the French *aborder*, seems to have meant originally "to come close to," "to accost;" and

hence "to board a ship," that is, to come alongside a ship for the purpose of taking it by force; at least it is the only meaning given by Palsgrave. Shakespeare uses the word in both senses pretty frequently. Here, as Beatrice has compared the company to a fleet, it comes natural enough, and it is used, with the same reminiscence of its nautical meaning, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 218:

I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

102. Line 160.—The dance here introduced is, in the acting version, generally introduced earlier in the scene, before line 90, when Don Pedro, Claudio, and the rest enter.

103. Line 169: *you are very* NEAR my brother in HIS LOVE.—Compare Richard III. iii. 4. 13:

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

104. Line 170: *he is* ENAMOUR'D ON Hero.—*Enamoured* is used with the preposition *on* in II. Henry IV. i. 3. 102; and with *upon* in I. Henry IV. v. 2. 70, 71:

Cousin, I think thou art enamoured
Upon his follies.

It is used with *of* in *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 141; iv. 1. 82; and *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 3. 2.

105. Line 184: *Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues*.—Some commentators understand *let* before *all*, making *use* the imperative. Abbott suggests that it may be a subjunctive used optatively.

106. Line 186: *And trust no agent; FOR beauty is a witch*.—Pope would omit *for*; but the irregularity of metre is not displeasing, and the word *for* is almost necessary.

107. Line 187: *Against whose charms faith melteth into blood*.—The meaning is, *against* (that is, "in the face of") *whose charms, faith* (i.e. "loyalty") "is dissolved into sensual passion." Such is, undoubtedly, the meaning of *blood* here. The imagery is founded upon the superstition that witches, or other persons who practised witchcraft, were in the habit of making wax figures of those whom they wished either to injure or to influence. In the 16th chap. of book xii. of his *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, in the second section, which treats of "A charme teaching how to hurt whom you list with images of wax &c.," Reginald Scot says: "To obtaine a womans love, an image must be made in the houre of *Venus*, of virgine wax, in the name of the beloved, whereupon a character is written, & is warmed at a fier, and in dooing therof the name of some angell must be mentioned" (Nicholson's Reprint, p. 200). It is probable that to some such supposed practice the reference here is made.

108. Line 189: *Which I mistrusted not. Farewell, THEREFORE, Hero!*—Here again Pope would get rid of the redundant syllable by reading *then* instead of *therefore*; an obvious emendation, which Collier's Old Corrector adopted; but there is a considerable pause after the full stop, so that the extra syllable is not at all unrhymical, and, in fact, helps the speaker to linger on the *Farewell*.

109. Lines 195–197: *to the next WILLOW . . . What fashion will you wear the garland of? about your neck, like an usurer's chain? or under your arm, like a lieutenant's scarf?*—For the WILLOW as an emblem of un-

happy love, see III. Henry VI. note 231; and compare the well-known and pathetic song of Desdemona (*Othello*, iv. 3). The symbolical use of the *willow* as an emblem of grief and mourning must be of very ancient date, as we find a reference to it in the beautiful psalm, "By the rivers of Babylon" (*Psalms* cxxxvii. 2).

Usurer's chain refers to the gold chains worn by the more wealthy merchants of that day, many of whom were bankers, and lent out money at interest. For the *wearing of the scarf under the arm*, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 75.

110. Line 201: *spoken like an honest drover: so they sell bullocks*.—There is probably an allusion here to some popular saying. Benedick may mean that Claudio seems as ready to get rid of Hero, as a *drover* is to get rid of his restive beasts.

111. Lines 209, 210: *Alas, poor hurt fowl! now will he creep into sedges*.—This is one of those touches which shows how well Shakespeare was acquainted with a country life. Every one who has gone wild-fowl shooting knows how a wounded bird will *creep into sedges*, and what a difficult thing it is to dislodge it.

112. Lines 214, 215: *it is the base, THOUGH bitter, disposition of Beatrice that puts the world into her person, and so gives me out*.—Johnson proposed to read: "it is the base, THE bitter," and other emendations have been proposed; but both Q. and F. 1 have "THOUGH bitter" between brackets; and therefore it seems evident that the reading of the text is the right one. The meaning, perhaps, is that to the *base* disposition we generally attribute a cringing and sycophantic demeanour, but that Beatrice, on the contrary, adds to her *baseness* the fault of *bitterness*.

113. Line 222: *as melancholy as a lodge in a warren*.—Rabbit *warrens* were generally in a wild part of the country, and the *lodge*, in which the keeper of the *warren* lived, was a lonely habitation enough. Compare in *The Man in the Moone Telling Strange Fortunes*, 1609, p. 3: "By the solitariness of the house I judged it a *lodge* in a forest" (Percy Reprint, 1849).

114. Line 223: *that your grace had got the good-will of THIS young lady*.—Some editors alter *this* to *the*, on the ground that *this* would imply the presence of Hero in the scene; but it is possible that Benedick was meant to indicate, by a gesture in the direction of the room where Hero was supposed to be, to whom he referred; or, as the entertainment was given at Leonato's, *this* may more probably mean "the young lady of the house."

115. Lines 241, 242: *If their singing answer your saying, by my faith, you say honestly*.—This speech of Benedick's is not very clearly expressed. It is an instance of an epigrammatic style of answer obtained at the cost of intelligibility. What he means to say is, that if the young birds, when restored to their owner, had suffered no greater injury than being taught to sing, he would believe Don Pedro was speaking the truth; that is, in saying that he made love to Hero, not on his own account, but on account of Claudio.

116. Line 243: *The Lady Beatrice hath a quarrel to*

you.—For an instance of this same construction, see Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 247: "I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me."

117. Line 246: *she MISUS'D me past the endurance of a BLOCK!*—For this use of *misused*=abused, compare Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 150, 160:

with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to *misuse* me so.

For *block*, explained by Schmidt to mean "a stupid or insensible fellow," compare Richard III. iii. 7. 42:

What tongueless *blocks* were they!

The expression was taken, probably, from the *blocks* on which hats were made. See above, note 19.

118. Line 251: *duller than a great thaw*.—This is Benedick's expansion of what Beatrice said. She simply called him "a very dull fool." *A great thaw* might be called *dull*, either because of the fog and dull weather which generally accompany it, or because it puts an end to all the sports that take place on the ice during a frost.

119. Line 252: *huddling jest upon jest, with such IMPOSSIBLE CONVEYANCE, upon me*.—All sorts of emendations have been proposed for the word *impossible* here, but surely quite unnecessarily. We have had *impossible* used above (line 143) in a somewhat similar sense; and compare Merry Wives, iii. 5. 151: "I will search *impossible* places," and Twelfth Night, iii. 2. 76: "such *impossible* passages of grossness." *Impossible* here has simply the force of "what you would scarcely think *possible*." The exact meaning of *conveyance* it is more difficult to determine. Malone probably is right in saying that it is used in the sense of the sleight of hand of a juggler; and it is worth noting that Scot in the 13th book of his Discoverie of Witchcraft (chapters xxiv. to xxxi.), in which he treats of jugglery and sleight of hand, constantly uses the verb *to convey* in the technical sense of "to pass;" and the title of chap. xxiv. is "Of *conveiance* of monie." But it may also imply the idea of dishonesty, as well as its simple primitive sense of the act of transferring anything or *conveying* anything. Benedick means to say that Beatrice heaped upon him, or flung at him, ridiculous jests with such inconceivable rapidity, and such unfairness at the same time, that he felt like a man being shot at with a deadly weapon.

120. Line 254: *She speaks poniards, and every word stabs*.—Compare the well-known line in Hamlet, iii. 2. 414:

I will *speak daggers* to her, but use none;

and King John, ii. 1. 463:

He gives the bastinado with his tongue.

For a similar use of the word *stab* compare II. Henry VI. iv. 1. 66:

First let my words *stab* him, as he hath me.

121. Lines 256, 257: *if her breath were as terrible as HER terminations, there were no living near her; she would infect to the north star*.—So Q.; Ff. omit *her*, which probably led Walker to make the curious conjecture "her *minations*." Benedick purposely uses an extravagant, and perhaps not a very elegant word. With regard to the last sentence Dyce gives a very curious quotation (note 23) from the "Protesilaos of Anaxandrides (apud Athenæus, book iv. sect. 7), which describes the wedding-

feast of Iphierache on his marriage with the daughter of Kotys, king of Thrace:

Κατὰ τὴν ἀγορὰν μὲν ἐπεστρώσθαι

στρώμασ' ἄλουργῇ μέλαρ τῆς ἀρκτοῦ

That purple tapestry strow'd the market-place,
And thence extended to the northern star.

122. Line 263: *the infernal Até in good apparel*.—This phrase gave rise to a curious note of Warburton's; he says it was "a pleasant allusion to the custom of ancient poets and painters, who represent the *Furies* in rags" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 45). But, as Steevens pointed out, unfortunately *Até* is not one of the *Furies*, but the Goddess of Revenge or Discord.

123. Lines 265-267: *for certainly, while she is HERE, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary*.—This passage is very vague, and is another instance of the obscurity which arises from the speaker trying to be over-clever. Staunton (in a note on this passage) thinks that the obscurity may have arisen "from the author having first written *in hell*, and afterwards substituted *in a sanctuary*, without cancelling the former, so that, as in many other cases, both got into the text." The sentence would have been perfectly clear if the author had written "for certainly a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary *where she is*." Perhaps if, instead of *here* we were to read *there*, it would convey very much the same meaning; but it may be that the poet advisedly wrote *here*, meaning *here in this world*.

124. Lines 274-276: *I will fetch you a toothpicker now from the furthest inch of Asia, &c.*—Asia was then the great land of marvels; the further east the traveller got the more wonderful the stories he ventured to tell. Africa was comparatively little known. It was in Asia that nearly all of the extraordinary prodigies, of which Mandeville gave an account, were to be found. *Prestor John* was a semi-legendary potentate, to whom constant allusion is made in old plays. A somewhat similar feat to this one proposed in jest by Benedick was accomplished by Sir Huon of Bordeaux. The task prescribed him was to "goe to the cite of Babylon to the Admiral Gaudisse," and to bring his "hand full of the heare of his beard, and foure of his greatest teeth" (Huon of Bourdeaux, ch. 17).

125. Line 288: *I cannot endure MY Lady Tongue*.—So Q.; F. 1 has "*this Lady Tongue*," which F. 2 altered to "*this Lady's tongue*."

126. Lines 286-288: *he lent it me awhile; and I gave him use for it,—a double heart for his single one*.—This speech of Beatrice is not very intelligible: though none of the commentators seem to have thought it required any explanation; but I have little doubt she alludes here to some game or popular custom; perhaps to one resembling Philippine.

127. Line 305: *CIVIL as an ORANGE, and something of THAT JEALOUS complexion*.—So Q.; Ff. read *a for that*. As to *civil*, see Cotgrave, who defines *aigre-douce* as a "*civile orange*, or orange that is betweene sweet and sower." *Jealous complexion*, of course, refers to the yellowness which was the colour of jealousy. See Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 106-108:

'mongst all colours
No yellow in't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's.

Steevens quotes from Nashe's *Four Letters Confuted*, 1592: "For the order of my life, it is as *civil as an orange*" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 47); and we have the very same phrase in the chap-book "*Mother Bunch*" (Reprint, p. 2). *Civil* here no doubt means "bitter," as the rind of the *Seville orange* is very bitter. Staunton thought that if this sense of the word had become at all general, it might explain some passages in which it occurs apparently as a misprint for *cruel*, e.g. in *Romeo and Juliet*. (See note 5 of that play.) *Civil* occurs very frequently in act iv. scene 2 of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Comedy, The Scornful Lady*, where it seems to mean "respectable" in opposition to what we call "Bohemian."

123. Line 308: *I think your BLAZON to be true.*—According to Mr. Sloane-Evans "*Blazon* is derived from the French *Blazonner*, Angl.—*To lay out, or open*. Hence, in a secondary meaning, *To give an account of*. It has been defined, either as a description of Arms in apt and significant terms; or, a display of the virtues of their bearers" (*British Heraldry*, p. 1). The greater part of his work is called *The Art of Blazon*. The meaning here is: "I think your description of Claudio to be true; that you have 'displayed' him in his right colours in saying that his complexion is *yellow* or *jealous*." There may also be a reference to the second definition of the word *blazon* given above.

129. Line 327: *it keeps on the windy side of care.*—Beatrice means that it (her heart) keeps to *windward* of care. When two sailing boats are racing, it is of course the object of each to get to *windward* of the other, because the vessel which is on that side gets the first advantage of any breeze as it springs up. Of course when there were nothing but sailing ships, it would be the great object of every vessel to get this advantage in an encounter at sea. If the idea were that *care* was a *shore* which Beatrice's heart wished to avoid, it would be, as a rule, worse for her to be to *windward*, as she would then run the risk of being driven on a lee shore.

130. Line 328: *tells him in his ear that he is in HER heart.*—So Q.; Ff. have "my heart."

131. Line 330: *Good lord, for alliance!*—Staunton explains this expression as equivalent to "Heaven send me a husband!" Boswell thought it meant "Good Lord, how many alliances are forming! Every one is likely to be married but me" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 48).

132. Line 331: *Thus GOES every one TO THE WORLD but I, and I am SUN-BURN'D.*—It appears that the expression *go to the world*, which puzzled the early commentators, was a popular phrase for "going to be married." Compare All's Well, i. 3. 19-21, where the clown says: "if I may have your ladyship's good-will to *go to the world*, Isabel the woman and I will do as we may." *Sun-burn'd* or *sun-burnt* means simply "homely-looking." Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 3. 232, 233:

The Grecian dames are *sun burnt* and not worth
The splinter of a lance.

133. Lines 342, 343: *I beseech your grace, pardon me: I*

was born to speak all mirth and no matter.—This apology of Beatrice's is very graceful, and quite redeems her from the imputation of rudeness to which her somewhat free utterances might have exposed her.

134. Line 372: *time goes on crutches till love have all his rites.*—Compare Rosalind's speech in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 331-335: "Marry, he (*i.e.* Time) trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, *Time's pace* is so hard that it seems the length of seven year."

135. Line 377: *a time too brief, too, to have all things answer MY mind.*—So Q.; Ff. omit *my*.

136. Lines 381-383: *to bring Signior Benedick and the Lady Beatrice into a mountain of affection the one with the other.*—Johnson thought this a strange expression, and suggested "to bring . . . into a *mooting* of affection; to bring them not to any more *mootings* of contention, but to a *mooting* or conversation of love. This reading is confirmed by the preposition *with*; 'a mountain *with* each other,' or 'affection *with* each other,' cannot be used, but 'a *mooting* with each other is proper and regular" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 50). But no alteration seems necessary. It is one of those exaggerated phrases common enough. It simply means a huge affection, as we might say "a heap of love."

ACT II. SCENE 2.

137. Line 21: *The poison of that lies in you TO TEMPER.*—Shakespeare uses this verb (= to mix) in connection with poisons in three other passages: in *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 98; *Hamlet*, v. 2. 339; *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 250.

138. Line 24: *whose ESTIMATION do you mightily hold up.*—This word is only used twice by Shakespeare in its usual sense="the act of estimating." He generally uses it in the sense of "that which entitles a person to esteem." Compare All's Well, v. 3. 3, 4:

As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know
Her *estimation* home.

And, generally, in the sense of reputation; as in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, ii. 4. 55, 56:

I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy *estimation*;
in which sense it is common.

139. Line 44: *hear me call Margaret, Hero; hear Margaret term me Claudio.*—Q. Ff. read "hear Margaret term me *Claudio*." There is nothing to lead one to believe that there is a misprint here; but the difficulty is an obvious one: and, believing the author to have made a slip, we have adopted Theobald's emendation of *Borachio* for *Claudio* after serious consideration. It may be remarked that this is not only a question of verbal alteration; it is a question of making what is a very important incident in the plot—in fact one may almost say the main incident on which the play turns—intelligible to the audience. Borachio begins by saying: "Tell them that you know that Hero loves me;" he says nothing as to his being called Claudio by her, nor is there any subsequent mention of this fact in the account given of the scene by Borachio. Compare iii. 3. 153-157. Nor does

Claudio make any allusion to it when he denounces Hero in the church, iv. 1. 84, 85; nor does *Borachio* in his confession, v. 1. 235-251. If Margaret was intended, while personating Hero, to call *Borachio* by the name of *Claudio*, it could only have been, as Malone suggests (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 54), because, in her assumed character, she wished to pass off her lover Borachio as her engaged husband Claudio, in case of anyone overhearing her talk. But of what possible use could such a deception have been? If a man was heard talking with Hero the night before her marriage under such suspicious circumstances, it could scarcely have made matters much better, if there had been anyone by, to hear her call him *Claudio*, because it would have given very serious ground for suspicion that she and Claudio had anticipated the marriage ceremony. But let us examine the question as to the effect which this notable device of *Borachio* was to have on *Claudio* and Don Pedro. To see her, as he thought, talking with another man, with whom it was evident she was carrying on an intrigue, and calling that man *Claudio*, would have given *Claudio* one of two impressions: either that he was so much in her mind that she had called her lover *Claudio* by mistake; or that, for some time past, this lover had been, as it were, impersonating him: surely such a detail in the plot would not have been passed over, either by him or by Don Pedro, in total silence. We should certainly have expected, if such really had been the case—that is to say, if Claudio had heard *Borachio* called by the name of *Claudio*—that he would have made some remark thereon. But though we do not see the scene absolutely in action, we have no less than three different accounts of it in the course of the play; and in none of these accounts is there anything to justify us in the belief that *Borachio* was called by the name of *Claudio*. It would appear that the whole incident did not occupy much space of time; that no attempt was made by Claudio or Don Pedro to identify the supposed lover of Hero at the time; and, for the dramatic purpose required, it is obvious that it would produce a much more violent impression upon Claudio to hear Hero use the name of *Borachio* than to hear her use his own name.

But there is another point which requires consideration as between Margaret and Borachio. Is it more probable that he would have induced her to take part in this deception, if it was arranged that she was to call him *Claudio*? I think not; because it would have made her suspect at once that something wrong was intended. The Cambridge edd. suggest, in their note on this passage (note xii. vol. ii.), that "the author meant that Borachio should persuade her to play, as children say, at being Hero and Claudio." There certainly is some probability that such might have been the original intention of the dramatist. It has been already pointed out that the incident is not represented, it is only described; and it is quite possible that, in making up the plot in his own mind, Shakespeare might have pictured Borachio as saying something like this to Margaret: "I want you to put on your mistress's clothes and to talk to me to-night out of the window; I will call you *Hero*, and you can call me *Claudio*; and we can fancy that we are engaged to be married." Such a proposal, though not very probable, and one for which there could be no apparent object, might,

from its very childish absurdity, disarm Margaret's suspicions; but it is at least quite as probable that she was persuaded merely to put on Hero's dress out of womanly vanity, to see how she looked when dressed as her mistress; and that Borachio only called her *Hero* at the moment, when he saw that *Claudio* and the others were present. On the whole it seems to us that the reasons for retaining the reading of Q. Ff. involve an explanation too subtle for an audience to grasp at such a moment. If the actor were to speak the words *hear Margaret term me Claudio* without any explanation, nine out of ten of the audience would come to the conclusion that he had made some blunder.

140. Line 50: *seeming TRUTH of HERO's disloyalty*.—*Truth* is here used in a somewhat peculiar sense—"true or genuine proof." Ff. have *truths*. *Hero's* is the reading of Q. Ff., unnecessarily changed to *her* by Capell.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

141. Lines 17, 18: *now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet*.—This is probably a reference to the well-known wood-cut of the naked Englishman with a pair of shears in his hand, which figures at the head of the first chapter of Andrew Borde's *Boke of Knowledge*, having under it some verses commencing as follows:

I Am an Englysh man, and naked I stand here
Musyng in my mynd, what payment I shal were
For now I wyl were thys and now I wyl were that
Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.

See Merchant of Venice, note 57.

142. Line 19: *now he is turn'd ORTHOGRAPHY*.—This is the reading of Q. Ff. Rowe altered it to *orthographer*; Capell proposed *orthographist*. Many modern editors follow Rowe; but no alteration is necessary. It is an instance of the use of the abstract for the concrete, which is common enough in Shakespeare. Some instances of a very similar use of this by no means uncommon poetical license may be given: *blasphemy*=blasphemer, *Tempest*, v. 1. 218; *chastity*=chaste woman, *Cymbeline*, ii. 2. 14; *counsel*=counsellors, *Rich. III.* ii. 3. 20; *enchantment*=enchanter, *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 445; *encounters*=encounterer, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 82; *information*=informant, *Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 53; *reports*=reporter, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii. 2. 47. Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 29.

143. Line 35: *NOBLE, or not I for an ANGEL*.—Similar puns on the names of the coins, *noble* and *angel*, are common enough. Compare *Richard II.* v. 5. 67, 68, and note 322. For the coin *angel*, see Merchant of Venice, note 180.

144. Line 36: *and her hair shall be of what colour it please God*.—As to the practice of wearing false hair, here alluded to, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 134; and Merchant of Venice, note 227.

145. Line 38: Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato, followed by Balthazar CARRYING A LUTE.—In the Quarto the stage-direction here is: *Enter Prince Leonato Claudio and music*; and, lower down, line 44, *Enter Balthazar with music*. In Ff. the stage-direction is *Enter Prince,*

Leonato, Claudio, and *JACKIE WILSON*; the latter being the singer who acted *Balthazar*. It would seem, from the stage-direction of the Quarto, that musicians came on with *Don Pedro* and the others; but the unnecessary repetition of *with music* at *Balthazar's* entrance shows that there was some confusion here. From *Don Pedro's* speech (line 45) "we'll hear that song again," it appears that *Balthazar* has already sung a song. It does not speak of any other music being heard; that is to say, if we take *music* in lines 39 and 43 to refer to the song as about to be sung. Most modern editors put the stage-direction *music* before *Benedick's* speech, line 60; the Cambridge edd. put *air* for *music*. It is possible that *Balthazar* was intended to be accompanied in his song by one or more musicians on stringed instruments; but it is more probable that the accompaniment was intended to be played by himself, or rather to appear to be so played, being really furnished by the orchestra; because in *Don Pedro's* speech below (lines 86-89) he asks *Balthazar* to get them "some excellent *music*" for the next night. He would scarcely say that if any musicians were present.

According to Burney (quoted in Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 59) the name *Balthazar* was perhaps taken "from the celebrated *Baltazarino*, called *de Beaufouyeux*," an Italian violinist, in great "favour at the court of Henry II. of France 1577." But we have had the same name in the Merchant of Venice and Romeo and Juliet, in both cases as that of a servant.

146. Lines 43, 44:

the music ended,

We'll fit THE KID-FOX with a pennyworth.

This is the reading of both Q. and Ff., in which *kid-fox* is also hyphenated, and the *k* is very distinct; so that there is no doubt that, however unintelligible, we must accept this as the reading of the old copies. The obvious and plausible emendation "*HID fox*" was first made by Warburton, and was followed by Dyce without a word of comment. Steevens also proposed the same reading, basing it on the well-known passage in Hamlet, iv. 2. 32, 33: "*Hide fox*, and all after," which seems to refer to some popular form of the game of "*Hide and Seek*," or "*I spy*," as it is called in some schools. But, unfortunately, no passage has been found, in any writer of the Elizabethan or ante-Elizabethan period, giving any account of such a game, or of the expression *hid fox* or *hide fox*. With regard to the proposed emendation of "*hid fox*," it may be worth noting that in a song, called *The Concealment*, in the collection entitled *The Merry Drollerie* (1681), there is a refrain:

Nay, that were a folly, the *fox* is unholy,
And yet he hath the grace to *hide*.

—Elsworth's Reprint, pt. ii. p. 15.

Ritson suggested that "*kid-fox*" might mean nothing more than "*young fox*." But it is impossible to accept this suggestion, unless some instance can be brought forward of so very singular a use of the word *kid*. Such an expression as *dog-fox* may be admissible; but what there can be in common between a *kid* and a young fox it is impossible to imagine. *Kid*, in its well-known slang sense of a child, does not appear to have been used in Shakespeare's time; nor does the sense of to *kid*=to

cheat, which might give a clue to the meaning of "*kid-fox*," appear to have existed at that period. If "*HID-fox*" were the right reading, we should not expect to find the words hyphenated, unless such an expression was in use in the game of *Hide and Seek* as a regularly recognized phrase. A more plausible explanation of "*KID-fox*" has been given by supposing that *kid* here has the same meaning as it has in Chaucer, who uses the word *kid* or *kidde* = "discovered;" but the expression seems to have had no such meaning in the literature of Shakespeare's time. It is possible that "*kid fox*" may have been in use in the game of "*Hide Fox*," if there was such a game; and that it might have been employed by the children, when they *discovered* the hiding-place of the fox. It is evident, from the context, that *Benedick* was not successfully hiding (see line above), and that the two others saw him immediately after their entry, so that "*kid-fox*," in this last sense, would be appropriate enough, quite as appropriate as "*hid-fox*."

147. Line 50: *I pray thee, sing, and let me woo no more.*—For *woo*, in this sense = "entreat," "urge," compare *Cymbeline*, iii. 6. 69, 70:

Were you a woman, youth,

I should *woo* hard but be your groom;

and *Othello*, iii. 3. 293: "*Woo'd* me to steal it."

148. Line 59: *Note notes, forsooth, and NOTHING!*—It would appear that *nothing* was pronounced *noting* sometimes. We have it rhyming to *doting* in *Sonnet* xx. 10-12:

Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell *a-doting*,

And by addition me of thee defeated,

By adding one thing to my purpose *nothing*.

Probably it was usually pronounced *no-thing* in two syllables; the short pronunciation of the word, in use nowadays, is only a vulgarism, and was then unknown.

149. Lines 60-62: *Is it not strange that sheep's guts should hale souls out of men's bodies?*—We are so accustomed to talk of *catgut* in connection with fiddle-strings, that the word *sheep's guts* here seems strange; but it is nevertheless perfectly accurate. I am again indebted to Mr. Julian Marshall for the following note on this point: "Fiddle-strings were never made from the intestines of cats, always from those of sheep or goats, preferably the former; but the best are made from the guts of lambs at a certain period of their development, September being about the time when the string-making trade is most active. The best strings are made at Rome, or in Italy; next, in France; last, in England. The reason is supposed to be that in Italy the manufacture is carried on in the open air, which is not done here, nor in France, I think." The derivation of *catgut* is very uncertain, the only one given in any dictionary that I can find is in Worcester, on the authority of *Notes and Queries* (no reference given), namely, that it is a corruption of *gut-cord*; but is it not more probably a corruption of *KIT-GUT*, from *kit*, a small fiddle?

150. Line 71: *Hey nonny, nonny.*—This refrain, like many refrains to songs, has no meaning. It occurs in a song called "The Shepheards lamentation for the losse of his Love" in the collection entitled *The Choice Drollery*, 1656, every verse of which ends with *Hy nonny*

nonny no (Elsworth's Reprint, pp. 65–67). Compare Ophelia's song in Hamlet, iv. 5. 165:

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;

and a somewhat similar refrain in As You Like It, in the Second Page's song, v. iii. 18:

With a *hey*, and a *ho*, and a *hey nonino*.

There seems to be a reference to this song in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, iii. 2, where the Captain says to the Steward, "Be *blithe and bonny* Steward."

151. Line 84: *I had as lief have heard the night-raven*.—Compare III. Henry VI. note 333. Harting says (p. 102) that Goldsmith, in his *Animated Nature*, calls the bittern the *night-raven*, and speaks thus of it from his personal experience: "I remember, in the place where I was a boy, with what terror the bird's note affected the whole village; they considered it as the presage of some sad event, and generally found, or made one to succeed it. If any person in the neighbourhood died, they supposed it could not be otherwise, for the *night-raven* had foretold it; but if nobody happened to die, the death of a cow or a sheep gave completion to the prophecy."

152. Line 96: *stalk on, stalk on; the fowl sits*.—This is an allusion to the use of the painted figure of a horse or bull for stalking wild-fowl and other game. In a Cavalier's Note Book, by William Blundell, written at the latter end of the seventeenth century (edited by the Rev. T. E. Gibson, 1880), is given an interesting description of this device: "The use of *stalking-horses* is great and notably advantageous in some parts. Horses are easily taught. Some do use to have a painted horse carried upon a frame. But, doubtless, a bust is more easy and not less useful. I know some to have stalked so near to partridges that the birds have pecked at the horses' legs. Let your painted horse or cow have one side of a different colour to the other" (pp. 106, 107).

153. Line 107: *it is past the INFINITE of thought*.—Warburton made a great difficulty over this passage, and wanted to substitute *definite* for *infinite*; but the meaning is very simple. Speaking, intentionally, in an exaggerated style Leonato means to say that Beatrice's affection is so violent, that it is past the power of thought to conceive the depth or vehemence of her love. *Infinite* is used=*infinity* in two other passages in Shakespeare; in Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 7. 70: "instances of *infinite* of love;" and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 29: "the past-proportion of his *infinite*."

154. Line 114: *She will sit you*,—*you heard my daughter tell you how*.—Leonato breaks off abruptly after *sit you*. He is probably going to say, "She will sit you ever so long, writing letters to Benedick." Compare what he says below, lines 137, 138: "there *will she sit* in her smock till she have writ a sheet of paper."

155. Line 146: *she tore the letter into a thousand HALF-PENCE*.—Theobald thought that this only meant "pieces of the same bigness." Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 372: "they were all like one another as *half-pence* are." *Halfpence* in Elizabeth's time were of silver, and a very small coin, smaller (according to Rolfe) than an American half-dime. Silver pennies are still issued once a year,

on Maundy Thursday. Copper coins were not *regularly* issued in England till 1672; though they were coined first in 1609, and more numerous in 1665. In Ireland they were issued as early as 1339; in Scotland, 1406; in France, 1530. The silver pennies were originally stamped with a cross, so that they could be broken into half or quarter pieces.

156. Lines 153, 154: *tears her hair, prays, CURSES*;—"O sweet Benedick! God give me patience!"—Collier's MS. substituted for *curses*, *cries*. Certainly *curses* seems rather out of place here. Grant White and Hudson both adopt Collier's emendation. Halliwell suggests that perhaps Shakespeare wrote *curses, prays*. It is scarcely necessary to alter the text here. In both Q. and Ff. there is only a comma after *curses*; but by putting a break the sense becomes quite clear. The speaker is evidently pretending to quote Beatrice's own words, and imitating her manner; and his action supplies, as it were, the place of the words and *then she cries*, or some such expression.

157. Line 177: *I would have DAFF'D all other respects*.—This verb is the same as *daff*=do off. Shakespeare uses this form again in Lover's Complaint, 297:

There my white stole of chastity I *daff'd*.

It occurs again in this play, v. 1. 78: "Canst thou so *daff* me?" *i.e.* put me off; and in I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 96:

that *daff'd* the world aside,

And bid it pass.

It probably was either a later or a provincial form of *doff*; as, in two or three of the places in which it occurs, F. 2 alters it to *doff*; *e.g.* in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 13, and Othello, iv. 2. 176. The word *daff*="a fool" is used by Chaucer. *Daff* would seem also to mean to cheat, and the noun *daff* is used for a coward.

158. Line 139: *a CONTEMPTIBLE spirit*.—This is the only instance of the use of this word="scornful," "disdainful." It does not occur again in Shakespeare except in I. Henry VI. i. 2. 75:

To shine on my *contemptible* estate;

where he uses it in its ordinary sense of "despicable," "mean." In II. Henry VI. i. 3. 86, and John ii. 1. 384, he uses *contemptuous* in the sense first given—"disdainful." Steevens quotes from Darius, a tragedy by Lord Sterling, 1603: "in a proud and *contemptible* manner," where *contemptible* "certainly means contemptuous;" and from Drayton's 24th Song of his Polyolbion, where the passage refers to a hermit who

The mad tumultuous world *contemptibly* forsook,

And to his quiet cell by Crowland him betook.

—Var. Ed. vol. vii. pp. 66, 67.

159. Line 195: *And I take him to be valiant*.—This line is given by Q. to Claudio. We follow Ff. in giving it to Leonato.

160. Line 203: *let her WEAR it OUT with good counsel*.—This is a very forcible expression, the meaning being "let her efface gradually," *i.e.* conquer "her passion solely by good counsel," that is, by wise reflection. There is no precisely similar use of *wear out* in Shakespeare. Perhaps we may compare Cymbeline, i. 4. 68: "this gentleman's opinion by this *worn out*."

161. Line 214: *to see how much he is unworthy so good a lady.*—So Q.; Ff. read “unworthy to have so good a lady.” But *to have* is unnecessary.

162. Line 241: *'t is so, I cannot REPROVE it.*—Compare Venus and Adonis, 787: “that I cannot *reprove*,” and II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 40:

Reprove my allegation, if you can;

the only two other instances in which Shakespeare uses the word in this sense=“to disprove.”

163. Line 258.—The change in Benedick’s manner towards Beatrice is very marked; so marked, in fact, that it seems strange that she does not perceive it. Benedick finds it easier to drop his satire than Beatrice. It is a touch which shows how well Shakespeare knew human nature, that when they meet in the church scene (iv. 1), although Beatrice “has taken the infection,” and the occasion is still such a serious one, she cannot entirely drop her bantering manner.

164. Line 272: *if I do not love her, I am a Jew.*—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 198: “or I am a Jew else, an *Ebrev Jew*.”

ACT III. SCENE 1.

165. Line 3: PROPOSING *with the prince and Claudio.*—This use of *propose* in the sense of “to converse” comes from the French *propos*, which is used for “talk,” “speech;” though the verb *proposer* never seems to be used in the sense of *causer*=to converse. This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses the verb *propose* in this sense. In the three other instances in which it is used by him, viz. in III. Henry VI. v. 5. 20; Othello, i. 1. 25; and in the well-known passage in Hamlet, i. 5. 152:

Propose the oath, my lord,

the word is used in its proper sense of “to lay before,” “to set forth;” as we now say when a person *proposes* a toast. There is one passage from Othello where Shakespeare uses this verb in a somewhat similar sense, though there it has more of a technical meaning than here, where Iago, speaking of Cassio, says:

Wherein the togged consuls can *propose*
As masterly as he.

—i. 1. 25, 26.

The meaning is that Cassio knew nothing practically about military tactics; and the word, perhaps, might be paraphrased as “to explain theories or problems.” Below, line 12, according to the reading of the Quarto, we have the noun *propose* used in the same sense of “conversation;” Ff. read *purpose*.

166. Line 4: WHISPER *her ear, and tell her.*—For this use of the verb *whisper* compare All’s Well, ii. 3. 75:

She blushes in my cheeks thus *whisper* me;

and Winter’s Tale, i. 2. 437:

Your followers I will *whisper* to the business.

167. Line 8: *Where HONEYSUCKLES, ripen’d by the sun.*—On the question of the identity of the *honeysuckle* and *woodbine* compare below, line 30:

Is couched in the *woodbine* coverture;

and see Mids. Night’s Dream, note 223.

168. Line 12: *To listen our PROPOSE. This is thy office.*

—So Q.; F. 1 reads *purpose*, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read “To listen to our *purpose*.” There is no instance of Shakespeare using the verb *purpose* with the accent on the last syllable; and the reading of Q. here is probably the right one. Compare note 165 above.

169. Lines 24, 25:

*For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.*

See Comedy of Errors, note 101. This refers to the habit of the female green plover¹ (*Vanellus cristatus*), called *lapwing* “from its peculiar mode of flight,—a slow flapping of its long wings, and *Peewit* from its cry which the sound of the word *peewit* closely resembles” (Yarrell, vol. ii. p. 418). When disturbed on its nest the female bird runs close to the ground a short distance without uttering any cry, while the male bird keeps flying round the intruder, uttering its peculiar cry very rapidly and loudly, and trying, by every means, to draw him in a contrary direction from the nest. The *lapwing* is again alluded to by Shakespeare in Measure for Measure, i. 4. 32, 33:

With maids to seem the *lapwing* and to jest,
Tongue far from heart;

in Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 27:

Far from her nest the *lapwing* cries away;

and in Hamlet, v. 2. 193, 194: “This *lapwing* runs away with the shell on his head.” The latter passage refers, however, to quite a different matter in connection with this bird’s history, namely, that their young run almost as soon as hatched. Harting remarks (p. 222) that it is rather curious that Shakespeare has not alluded to this bird under its popular name of *Peewit*, and that he never refers to it by the name of *wyppe*, a name for this bird which is frequently used in old household books and in privy-purse expenses. In a note Harting gives the modern Swedish name of the bird as *wipka*. The Promptorium Parvulorum gives the name of the bird in Latin as *Upupa*. Singular enough, in Russell’s Boke of Nurture (1460–70) the Plover is never called anything else but the Plover or Lapwing (Furnivall’s Reprint, p. 27); but in the Collectanea Curiosa (1781), in “The Charges of my Lord of Leyster” [chancellor of the University of Oxford] “his dinner the v^d day of September 1570,” we find as one of the items “For iij Pewetes, to Goodman Cortyse of Staddome, xs.” (vol. ii. p. 7). This would seem to show that they were not always to be bought as cheap as they are now, but were rather an expensive delicacy.

170. Lines 35, 36:

*I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As HAGGARDS of the rock.*

There seems to be some considerable incertitude as to the exact meaning of the word *haggard*. According to some authorities *haggard* would seem to be a distinct species of hawk. Turberville in his Book of Falconry, 1575, says that “the *haggard* doth come from foreign parts a stranger and a passenger;” and Simon Latham (Falconry in two Books, 1615–18) says, speaking of the *haggard*, “that the tassel gentle her natural and chiefest companion, dares not

¹ Yarrell only gives the *Green Plover* as a synonym for the *Golden Plover* (*Charadrius phœnalis*).

come near that coast where she useth, nor sit by the place where she standeth" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 71). Drake (vol. i. p. 270) says: "A *haggard* is a species of hawk wild and difficult to be reclaimed, and which, if not well trained, flies indiscriminately at every bird." I cannot find any mention of this term in Gervase Markham's "The Gentlemans Academie, or, The Booke of S. Albons," 1595. In his reprint of the "Booke for Keping of Sparhawkes" (about 1575) Harting in the Glossary (*sub* "Eyess") quotes D'Arcussia in his "Fauconnerie," 1605, who, among the five different names assigned to hawks, gives "(5) *Agar* (mot Hébreu qui signifie, estranger), if she has once moulted." He adds "hence our word *Haggard* applied to a wild-caught old hawk" (p. 42). Under *Haggard*, however, he gives "*adj.* living in a hedge (hag); hence wild. Technically a hawk that has been caught after assuming its adult plumage" (p. 43). In his Ornithology of Shakespeare he thus explains this word: "By '*haggard*' is meant a wild-caught and unreclaimed mature hawk, as distinguished from an 'eyess,' or nestling; that is, a young hawk taken from the 'eyrie' or nest" (p. 57). It must be confessed that we have a choice of derivations, if not of meanings, for the word. Shakespeare uses the term *haggard* twice in *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 1. 196:

Another way I have to man my *haggard*;

again, iv. 2. 38, 39:

which hath as long lov'd me

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful *haggard*;

in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1. 71, 72:

And, like the *haggard*, check at every feather
That comes before his eye.

It is pretty certain, from the last quotation, that the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word is that of "an untrained hawk," and *not* of any particular species. (Compare a passage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, v. 3, in a speech of the Elder Loveless.) The first quotation from the *Taming of the Shrew* confirms this; in the second case the meaning of the word might be doubtful. *Haggard* is used adjectively in *Othello*, iii. 3. 260-263:

If I do prove her *haggard*,
Though that her Jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune;

where it would appear to mean "wild," "unfaithful." Of other instances of the use of the word *haggard* we have in *The Spanish Tragedy* or *The Second Part of Hieronimo*, act i.:

In time all *haggard* hawks will stoop to lure.

—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 36.

The substantive *haggardness* occurs in Lyly, *Euphues*, 1579: "Though the Fawlon be reclaimed to the fist, she retyreth to her *haggardnesse*: . . . education can have no shewe, where the excellencye of Nature doth beare sway" (Arber's Reprint, p. 41). Compare also *The City Nightcap* (licensed Oct. 1624), act iv.: "What, have ye not brought this young wild *haggard* to the lure yet?" (Dodsley, vol. xiii. p. 161); in Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, ii. 2:

A proud *haggard*,
And not to be reclaim'd!

—Works, p. 262.

in *Lingua* (1607), ii. 5:

with a wondrous flight

Of falcons, *haggards*, hobbies, tersclers,

Lanards² and goshawks, sparhawks, and ravenous birds.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 379.

In all these quotations, with the exception of the last passage from *Lingua*, it is pretty clear that *haggard* means "a hawk that is untamed or untrained;" but in the last quotation it would seem to mean a particular species, as it is included among a list of the various kinds of hawks.

As to the expression *haggards of the rock*, in *The Gentlemans Academie*, in the section "To what Honour all Hawkes do belong" (p. 14, E ii), we find, assigned to a duke, "a Falcon of the *Rocke*." This, one would think, meant a Peregrine Falcon; but in the very next paragraph we find that an earl may claim "a falcon peregrine;" and in the two preceding paragraphs the gerfalcon is said to belong to a king, and the "Falcon gentle, and a Tiercel gentle" to a prince. Of the various members of the family of Falconidae used for hunting purposes, the Gerfalcon and the Peregrine Falcon build only on rocks. The Merlin builds generally on the ground, but sometimes on rocks, and is still called in parts of the country the Stone Falcon. Yarrell says: "It is not, however, improbable that the habit of sitting on a bare stone or portion of rock, by which this species has acquired the name of Stone Falcon, is common to it at all ages, and in other countries. In France it is called *Le Rochier* and *Faucon de Roche*; and in Germany *Stein-Falka*. This bird occasionally builds on rocks" (vol. i. p. 50). The Hobby and the Goshawk invariably build on trees, as also the Sparrowhawk. Yarrell says: "Young Peregrines of the year, on account of the red tinge of their plumage, are called, the female, a Red Falcon, and the male, a Red Tiercel, to distinguish them from older birds, which are called *Haggards*, or intermewed Hawks" (vol. i. p. 35).

It would appear from the numerous quotations given above, that the word *haggard* was used by later writers in somewhat a lax sense. It certainly meant, generally speaking, a hawk more or less wild and untrained; and, probably from the fact that the females of some species were wilder than others, the word *haggard* came to be used by some writers of one species of *Falcon* only, but it never seems to be used of the male bird.

171. Line 42: *To wish him wrestle with affection*.—For this use of the verb to *wish*, compare I. Henry VI. ii. 5. 96: "the rest I *wish* thee gather;" and All's Well, ii. 1. 134.

172. Line 45: *Deserve as FULL as fortunate a bed*.—So Q., F. 1, F. 2. Some adopt the punctuation of F. 3, F. 4, and place a comma after *full*, making *full* an adjective used in the same sense as in *Othello*, i. 1. 66:

What a *full* fortune does the thick-lips owe;

but it seems better to take it as an adverb=*fully*. Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 4. 191:

Were *full* as lovely as is this of hers;

and Sonnet liv. 5:

The canker-blooms have *full* as deep a dye.

¹ This is really a new edition of Juliana Barnes' celebrated Boke of Hawkyng, &c. (1486).

² *Lanard*, i.e. a *Lanner*, the female of a certain kind of falcon (*Falco Lanarius*).

It is only fair to say that there does not seem any precisely similar instance of *as* being used redundantly as it is here. We have in this same play an instance of the duplicated *as* in i. 1. 116: "*as* like him *as* she is" = "however much she may be like him;" and it is used redundantly before *how* in *As You Like It*, iv. 3. 142:

As, how I came into that desert place.

173. Line 61: *she would spell him backward*.—This is said to be an allusion to the practice, attributed to witches, of uttering prayers backward. (See *Comedy of Errors*, note 109.) Though this is one of the commonest superstitions connected with witches, the origin of it is not very clear. I can find no mention of it in *Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft*. It may be that the practice of saying prayers *backward* was supposed to be an insult directed against God, and prompted by the devil. One of the commonest tests applied to suspected witches was to say the Lord's Prayer and the Apostle's Creed through—a ridiculous test, because, as most of the accused witches were very ignorant people, they were very likely to make mistakes.

174. Lines 61–67.—The following passages in *Lyly's Euphues*, *The Anatomie of Wit*, 1579, bear a strong similarity to these lines, and may have suggested them to Shakespeare: "Woemen deeme none valyaunt vnlesse he be too venterous . . . they accompt one a dastard if he be not desperate, a pynch penny if he be not prodiggall, if silent a sottie, if fulle of wordes a foole" (*Arber's Reprint*, p. 109). Again: "If he be cleanebye, then terme they him proude, if meane in apparell a slouen, if tall a lungis, if shorte, a dwarte, if bolde, blunt: if shamefast, a cowarde" (*ut supra*, p. 115). *Steevens* (*Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 73) quotes the latter of these two passages as well as one which resembles the former, but which I cannot identify.

175. Lines 63, 64:

*If BLACK, why, Nature, drawing of an antie,
Made a foul blot.*

The use of the word *black* for dark-complexioned people is very common in Shakespeare and in writers of his period. Indeed, it makes us doubt whether *Othello* is intended to be as *black* as he is very often painted. *Douce* says in a note quoted in the *Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 73: "A *black man* means a man with a dark or thick beard, not a swarthy or dark-brown complexion;" but what authority he has for this statement I do not know. Certain it is that *black* is far oftener applied to a person with a complexion no darker than a brunette than it is to negroes. Compare *Two Gent of Verona*, v. ii. 8–12:

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay then, the wanton lies; my face is *black*.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,

Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

and see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 132.

176. Line 65: *If LOW, an AGATE very vilely cut*.—For the use of *low*, as applied to a person's height, see *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 295:

Because I am so dwarfish and so *low*.

For *agate*, which Warburton would absurdly have changed to *aglet*, compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii. 1. 236:

His heart, like an *agate*, with your print impress'd;

and II. Henry IV. i. 2. 18, 19, where Falstaff refers to his little page, "I was never mann'd with an *agate* till now."

Agate here refers to the cut stones which were worn in Shakespeare's time. Florio gives under *Formaglio*, "any such, jewel, brooch, or tablet of gold, that yet some wear in their hats, or hanging at some chain or ribband with *Agate* stones, cut or graven with the heads or images of famous men or women;" so that, if a man were short, Beatrice compared him to one of the figures on *agate* stones very badly cut. There is no reference, as *Steevens* suggested, to the grotesque natural veining often found in *agates*.

177. Line 72: *No, NOR to be so odd*.—Q. Ff. read *not*. Rowe proposed to read *for*. Capell's emendation *nor* is generally accepted by most editors.

178. Line 76: PRESS ME TO DEATH *with wit*.—This is an allusion to that fearful punishment, known as the *peine forte et dure*, inflicted on persons accused of treason or felony, who "stood mute by malice," and refused to answer the questions put to them. It consisted of piling heavy weights on the body of the unfortunate victim till he was *pressed to death*. In *Stow's Annals*, under the year 1605, in the reign of James I., we find this paragraph: "Walter Calluery, of Calluery in Yorkshire Esquier, murdred 2. of his young children stabbed his wife into the bodie with full purpose to haue murdred her, & instantly went fro his house to haue slaine his youngest child at Nurse, but was preuented. For which fact at his trial in Yorke, hee stood mute, & was iudged to bee *prest to death*, according to which iudgment hee was executed at the castell of Yorke the 5. of August" (pp. 870, 871); and compare *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 528: "Marrying a punk, my lord, is *pressing* to death, whipping, and hanging." As late as 1792 a man, refusing to plead on a charge of burglary at Wells, was condemned and executed; and it was not till 1827 that an act was passed, directing the court to enter a plea of not guilty when the prisoner, "dumb by malice," refused to plead.

179. Line 79: *It were a BETTER death THAN die with mocks*.—So Q., except that it has *then* instead of *than*, a common misprint. F. 1, for "than die" has "to die;" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read

It were a *bitter* death to die with mocks.

Bitter is obviously either an error or an officious correction.

180. Line 80: *die with TICKLING*.—Whether any person was ever *tickled to death*, except the unfortunate lady whose husband's effigy figured in Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks, is not known. It certainly was in the reign of Elizabeth that the monster who *tickled* his wife to death was supposed to flourish.

For the somewhat similar word *tacklings* used as a trisyllable, compare III. Henry VI. v. 4. 18:

The friends of France our shrouds and *tacklings*.

181. Line 86: *empoison*.—This word only occurs once again in Shakespeare, viz. in *Coriolanus*, v. 6. 11:

As with a man by his own aims *empoison'd*,

182. Lines 100, 101:

When are you married, madam?

Hero. *Why, EVERY DAY, to-morrow.*

I have adopted Mr. P. A. Daniel's explanation of the phrase *every day* = "immediately, without delay as the French *incessamment*" (See New Shak. Soc. Trans., 1877-79, pt. ii. p. 145). But I cannot see that the passage he quotes from Middleton's *Your Five Gallants* is conclusive. In the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. p. 77) the line is thus punctuated:

Why, every day;—to-morrow: Come, go in;

which does not render the sense much more intelligible. Staunton's explanation, which Dyce adopts, is that Hero means: "I am married (*i.e.* a married woman) *every day* [after] to-morrow;" but this is hardly satisfactory. It seems curious that Ursula should not know on what day her mistress is going to be married. *Why* may be equivalent here to *Why, did you not remember?*

183. Line 107: *What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?*—Surely there can be no doubt that Beatrice refers to the very common superstition that persons' ears burn when some one is speaking about them. Steevens (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 77) quotes from The Castell of Courtesie, &c., 1582, p. 73:

Of the burning of the eares.

That I doe credite giue

vnto the saying old,

Which is, *when as the eares doe burne,*
some thing on thee is told.

Chapman alludes to this same popular belief in the 22nd Book of the Iliad:

Now burnes my ominous eare

With whispering, "Hector's self conceit hath cast away his host."

—Works, vol. ii. p. 221.

This superstition seems to be common to the folk-lore of many different parts of the world. According as it is the *right ear* or the *left ear*, which tingles or burns, so are you being praised or abused; though, in some parts, the sides are reversed, and the *left* burns when you are praised, the *right* when someone speaks ill of you.

184. Line 110: *No glory lives behind the back of such.*—That is to say, people who are proud and scornful are never praised behind their backs; and, therefore, when listening, are not likely to hear any good of themselves. Mr. Collier's Old Correytor could not leave this simple sentence alone, but altered it to:

No glory lives but in the lack of such.

185. Line 112: *Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand.*—A simile evidently taken from falconry, and probably suggested to Beatrice through having heard herself compared to a "wild haggard of the rock." See above, line 36, and note 170.

It will be noted that this soliloquy of Beatrice's is very inferior to that of Benedick's, and that it is written in alternate rhyme. Perhaps Shakespeare intentionally made the difference between the two soliloquies as marked as possible. Women are not, as a rule, given to self-analysis so much as men. Being accustomed to act on impulse, they do not care to prove, even to themselves, that their conduct is logical.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

186. Line 4: *if you'll VOUCHSAFE ME.*—For this construction of the verb *vouchsafe* compare Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 282: "*vouchsafe me* speak a word." In the text the infinitive is understood, and there is no instance of such a use of the verb, except it be in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 888, where Armado is interrupted while saying "Sweet majesty, *vouchsafe me.*"

187. Line 6: *the new GLOSS of your marriage.*—Compare Macbeth, i. 7. 33, 34:

Golden opinions from all sorts of people,

Which would be worn now in their *newest gloss*;

and Othello, i. 3. 227, 228: "to slubber the *gloss* of your new fortunes."

188. Lines 10, 11: *he hath twice or thrice CUT Cupid's BOW-STRING.*—In Hansard's Book of Archery, 1840, we find (p. 107): "To rush upon an archer and sever his bow-string by the stroke of a sword, or otherwise, seems to have been a common expedient in ancient battles, either to place an enemy *hors du combat*, or check the impetuous valour of a brave companion in arms." He gives an instance taken from Hubbard's History of the troubles of New England, 1673, of an incident of this kind: "at which time an Indian, drawing an arrow, would have killed me, had not one Davis, my sergeant, rushed forwards and *cut the bowstring* with (his) courtlace (*i.e.* cutlas)." Compare Mids. Night's Dream, note 62.

189. Line 11: *the little HANGMAN.*—See Two Gent. of Verona, note 106. This name may have been given to Cupid, because, as the God of Love, he is instrumental in tying the *fatal knot* of so many people. Compare III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 55: "With nuptial *knot*;" and Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 128, 129:

to knit your hearts

With an unslipping *knot*.

190. Line 21: *I have the TOOTHACHE.*—Boswell quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher's The False One, ii. 3:

Oh, this sounds mangily,

Poorly, and scurvily, in a soldier's mouth!

You had best be troubled with the *tooth-ache* too,

For lovers ever are.

—Works, vol. i. p. 396.

191. Line 24: *You must HANG it first, and DRAW it afterwards.*—The allusion is to the punishment for treason, to be *hanged, drawn*, and quartered. Under the barbarous law which was enforced in Shakespeare's time, *drawing* of the entrails took place while the wretched victim was still alive.

192. Line 27: *Where is but a humour or a WORM?*—The idea that the toothache was caused by a *worm* is a very old one, and still lingers in parts of Scotland. (See Romeo and Juliet, note 51.) In Batman upon Bartholomew (bk. v. chap. 20), we have: "And if *Wormes* be the cause, full sore ache is bred: for they eating, pearce into the subtil sinew, and make the teeth to ake, and grieve them very sore" (p. 45). Batman's book is one that Shakespeare must almost certainly have read, and he might have been thinking of this passage. Chettle in Kind Hart's Dream, speaking of the practices of "tooth-drawers," says: "Another sort get hot wiers, and with them they burne out

the *worme* that so torments the greened" . . . "Others there are that perswade the pained to hold their mouths open over a basen of water by the fire side, and to cast into the fire a handfull of hembane seede, the which naturally hath in euery seede a little *worme*; the seedes breaking in the fire, vse a kind of cracking, and out of them, it is hard, among so many, if no *worme* fly into the water: which *wormes* the decefeuers affirme to haue fallen from the teeth of the diseased" (Reprint, New Shak. Soc. p. 59).

193. Lines 33-37: *as, to be a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the SHAPE of two countries at once, as, a German from the waist downward, all SLOPS, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, No doublet.*—The greater part of this passage (from *or in the to the doublet*) is omitted in Fl., probably because some great German or Spanish ambassadors or personages were in England at the time it was played. In Dekker's *Seuen deadly Sinnes of London*, in the chapter entitled: "Apishnesse: Or The fift dayes Triumph" is the following passage: "For an English-mans suite is like a traitors bodie that hath been hanged, drawne, and quartered, and is set vp in seuerall places: his Codpeece is in *Denmarke*, the collar of his Duble [t], and the belly in *France*: the wing and narrowe sleene in *Italy*; the short waste hangs over a *Dutch* Butchers stall in *Vtrick*: his huge *Sloppes* speaks *Spanish*: *Polonia* gives him the Boates: the blocke for his heade alters faster then the Feltmaker can fitte him, and thereupon we are called in scorne *Bloockheades*. And thus we that mocke euerie Nation, for keeping one fashion, yet steale patches from euerie one of them, to peece out our pride, are now laughing-stocks to them, because their cut so scruilly becomes us" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 36, 37).

It is probable that *shape* here has the technical sense which it had in the language of the theatre, viz. a characteristic dress or disguise. For instance, in Middleton's Part of the Entertainment to King James &c. we have "The Four Elements, in proper *shapes*, artificially and aptly expressing their qualities &c." (Works, vol. v. p. 209); and again in Massinger's The Bondman, v. 3:

Look better on this virgin, and consider,
This *Persian shape* laid by, and she appearing
In a *Greektish dress*, such as when first you saw her.

—Works, p. 131.

See also Love's Labour's Lost, note 112.

Shakespeare uses *slops* in the plural in only one other passage, viz. in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 34: "the satin for my short cloak and my *slops*." For *stop* in the singular see Love's Labour's Lost, note 112. Planché in his Cyclopædia of Costume (p. 469), under *stop*, says: "The '*stop*' above mentioned is a body-garment, a *hanseline*, a jacket or cassock, 'cut' so short that it exposed the tight-fitting, particoloured hose to an extent deservedly incurring the reprobation of the clergy." He also gives an extract from the wardrobe accounts of the reign of Edward IV. which proves that there were then a kind of shoes which were called *slops*, and says that Tarleton, the great clown in Shakespeare's time, was known by "his great clownish *stop*." There is little doubt that the wide breeches, so useful to the clown of modern pantomime as a storehouse for stolen goods,

are lineal descendants of the old *slops* or wide Dutch breeches.

For "*no doublet*" Mason proposed to read "*all doublet*," which he said corresponds with the actual dress of the old Spaniards; but Malone explains the words as meaning "all cloak." The Spanish cloak often figures in old plays as a means of disguise; the cloak would conceal the doublet.

194. Line 41: *He brushes his hat o' mornings.*—Is this one of the old signs of being in love? If so, no commentator seems to have found any passage in any contemporary work which describes it as such.

195. Lines 46, 47: *the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuff'd tennis-balls.*—Undoubtedly it was the custom in old times, both in France and in England, to stuff tennis-balls with hair. (See Mr. Julian Marshall's Annals of Tennis, pp. 11 and 72.) To the allusions given in the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. p. 81) we may add this from Dekker's Gull's Hornbook: "A Mohammedan cruelty therefore is it to stuff breeches and tennis-balls with that, which, when 'tis once lost, all the hare-hunters in the world may sweat their hearts out, and yet hardly catch it again" (Reprint, 1812, p. 96). In fact hair was used generally for stuffing. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 97-99: "your beads deserve not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle."

196. Line 50: *he rubs himself with CIVET.*—This appears to have been a favourite perfume in Shakespeare's time. It rather resembles musk in smell, and was made from the secretion of the anal glands of the *Civetta viverra*. Shakespeare alludes to it in As You Like It, iii. 2. 69, 70: "*civet* is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat;" and in Lear, iv. G. 132, 133: "Give me an ounce of *civet*, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination."

197. Lines 55, 56:

And when was he wont to wash his face?

D. Pedro. *Yea, or to paint himself?*

From the first of these two lines some commentators have conjectured that *washing* was not much practised in Shakespeare's time. Certainly much indulgence in it would have been dangerous to many of the ladies, or at least to their complexions; but is not the meaning of *wash* here, to *wash* with some preparation for beautifying the complexion?

Stubbes devotes nearly four pages (64-67) to a denunciation of the "*oyles, liquors, unguents, and waters*" used by women for colouring their faces. He calls all these things "*sibber-sawes*;" but he seems to think that they were made from "*goodly condiments and holsome confections*," which certainly is not the case with many of the modern face washes. Stubbes apparently makes no allusion to the habit of men painting their faces; but no doubt effeminate men did so in Shakespeare's time, as they do sometimes nowadays.

198. Lines 59, 60: *his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and govern'd by STOPS.*—Q. Fl. read "*now governed*." Walker (vol. ii. p. 214) proposed "*new*

governed," which Dyce adopts. *Now*, as Walker points out, is often confused with *new*. He gives several instances, and refers to that passage, among others, in *Taming of the Shrew*, iii. 2. 60, "*new-repaired with knots*," where we have adopted the emendation "*new-repaired*" instead of "*now repaired*;" but here we prefer to omit the *now*, which looks very much as if it had been repeated through a printer's mistake.

The *lute* being generally used to accompany love songs Claudio says Benedick's "*jesting spirit is crept into a lute-string*." *Stops* mean here the divisions on the finger-board of the *lute*, showing where the finger is to be pressed in order to produce certain notes.

199. Line 71: *She shall be buried—with her face UPWARDS*.—It is hardly credible that in the Var. Ed. (vol. vii. p. 82) there is absolutely a page of notes on this passage. Theobald gravely suggested that we should read "*with heels upwards*," or "*face downwards*." The meaning of the line is very obvious; and one would think that the tone of the conversation could scarcely have left a doubt on this point, namely, that the *grave* Beatrice was to be buried in was the marriage-bed.

200. Line 72: *Yet is this no CHARM FOR THE TOOTHACHE*.—The following charm is given in Chettle's *Kind Harts Dream*: "First he (*i.e.* the tooth-drawer) must know your name, then your age, which in a little paper he sets downe: on the top are these words *In verbis, et in verbis, et in lapidibus sunt virtutes*; vnderneath he writes in capitall letters *A AB ILLA HVRS GIBBELLA*, which he sweres is pure Chalde and the names of three spirites that enter into the bloud and cause rewmes, and so consequently the toothache. This paper must be likewise three times blest, and at least with a little frankincense burned, which being thrice vsed, is of power to expell the spirites, purifie the bloud, and ease the paine." He concludes: "for this I find to be the only remedy for the tooth paine, either to haue patience, or pull them out" (*New Shak. Soc. Reprint*, pp. 53, 59).

201. Line 74: *which these HOBBY-HORSES must not hear*.—*Hobby-horse*, as a term of contempt, is generally applied to women. See *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 59; *Winter's Tale*, i. 1. 276; and *Othello*, iv. 1. 160. In the last passage the meaning of the word, as applied to women, is quite obvious; but, when applied to men, it seems to have had reference rather to the tricks which the person who played the hobby-horse in the ancient morris-dance was accustomed to perform. *Hobby-horse* is applied to a man in the following passage in *The Duchess of Suffolk* by Thomas Drew, 1631, c. 4. b:

Clu. Answer me *hobbyhorse*,
Which way crosst he you saw enow?
Ien. Who doe you speake to sir,
We haue forgot the *hobbyhorse*.

A great deal of useful information about the *hobby-horse* will be found in *activ. scene 1* of Beaumont and Fletcher's *A Woman Pleased* (*Works*, vol. ii. p. 193).

202. Line 100: *AIM BETTER AT ME by that I now will manifest*.—This is a curious expression. We may compare *The Two Gent. of Verona*, iii. 1. 45:

That my discovery be not aimed at;

where *aimed at* means, as we have explained it in a footnote, "guessed." Don John evidently means to convey the notion, in his usual sullen manner, that he has been misjudged by Claudio; and the sentence may be paraphrased: "Make a better guess at my nature and real disposition than you have hitherto done."

203. Line 110: *Leonato's Hero, your Hero, every man's Hero*.—This passage is imitated by Dryden in his *All for Love*: "Your Cleopatra, Dolabella's Cleopatra, every man's Cleopatra."

204. Line 112: *The word is too good to paint OUT her wickedness*.—Compare *Venus and Adonis*, line 290:

In limning out a well-proportion'd steed.

205. Line 115: *you shall see her chamber-window enter'd*.—It would seem that Don John promises here rather more than was performed, for when this notable device was originally planned between him and Borachio, the latter only undertook that Margaret should appear at the window (see act ii. scene 2). Nor, in the account given by Borachio afterwards in the next scene, is anything said about his actual entrance through the window, but only that he talked with Margaret; and all that Claudio asks in the church scene (iv. 1. 84, 85) is:

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

206. Line 132: *bear it coolly*.—Compare this with our modern expression: "Take it coolly."

ACT III. SCENE 3.

207. Enter DOGBERRY and VERGES, SEACOAL, OATCAKE, and Watch.—Q. Ff. have *Enter Dogberry and his companions with the Watch*. Most editors have *Enter Dogberry and Verges with the Watch*; but as we are told in the course of the scene that the names of the First and Second Watchmen were *Hugh Oatcake* and *George Seacoal*, there is no reason why we should not give them their names as we give to *Verges* his name. Later on in this act, at the beginning of what is scene 5 in modern editions—the division of the scenes not being marked in the old copies—we have "*Enter Leonato and the Constable and the Head Borough*," evidently meaning *Dogberry* and *Verges*. As is frequently the case in the Qq., as well as in Ff., the prefixes to the speeches of the minor characters are very confusing. For instance, we have the prefix of *Verges* in Q.; *Verg.* in Ff. to the second speech in this scene; and to most of the speeches ordinarily assigned to *Verges* we have his name prefixed. To the speech beginning "*Hugh Oatcake, sir*" (line 11), Q. Ff. have *Watch 1.* as a prefix, which we have changed to *Verges*. The speech beginning, "Both which, master constable" (line 17) is given to the Second Watchman (*Watch 2*) in Q. Ff. It is evident from *Dogberry's* speech that the speaker's name was *Seacoal*; but to most of the speeches given to this character there is simply the prefix *Watch* in the rest of the scene, up to line 72. It would appear from *Dogberry's* speech (lines 21-24) that *Seacoal* was appointed *constable of the watch* for the night; and we have given him the speeches which belong to that character whether they have the prefix *Watch*, *Watch 1*, or *Watch 2*.

As to the names *Dogberry* and *Verges*, Halliwell says in a note that "*Dogberry* occurs as a surname in a charter of the time of Richard II. and *Verges* as that of a usurer in *MS. Ashmol.* 38, where this epitaph is given: 'Here lyes father *Verges*, who died to save charges.'" *Dogberry* is the vulgar name for the *dogwood* (*Cornus sanguinea*), a common shrub in our hedgerows, called *dogwood*, not in any way from the animal *dog*, but because the wood, being very hard, was used for skewers; and therefore the shrub had its name—for it is rather a shrub than a tree—from the French *dague*, a dagger, or perhaps we should say from the same root as that word. *Verges* is the provincial corruption for *verjuice*.

208. Line 11: *GEORGE Seacoal*.—Halliwell would read *Francis*, supposing this *Seacoal* to be the same as the one mentioned in iii. 5. 62; but it appears that the latter was the sexton, and it is doubtful whether he was the same person as the *Seacoal* mentioned here. On the other hand, there is so much stress laid upon the fact that this *George* could both read and write, and as such mistakes with regard to Christian names are far from uncommon in Shakespeare and other dramatists, Halliwell's proposed alteration is very reasonable.

209. Line 23: *the most senseless and fit man for the CONSTABLE OF THE WATCH*.—It would seem that one of the watchmen was chosen each night to be *constable of the watch*; and that he acted as leader of the watchmen in the absence of the head constable, and that to him belonged the honour of bearing the lantern. In Samuel Rowley's play, *When You See Me You Know Me*, 1632, D. 2. b, there is a stage-direction: "*Enter the CONSTABLE and Watch: Priehall the Cobler beeing one bearing a Lanthorne*;" and it appears from the scene that "the Cobler" on this occasion acted, in the absence of the *constable*, as the commanding officer of the watch.

210. Lines 27–31.—This passage is imitated very closely in "An Excellent Pleasant New Comedy," called "*Lady Alimony*," iii. 5 (1659):

Watch. Report goes, that there be spirits that patrol familiarly in this sentry; what shall we say to them, if they pass by?

Cor. Bid them stand.

Watch. But what if they either cannot or will not?

Cor. Let them take themselves to their heels, and thank God you are well rid of them. —Dodsley, vol. xiv. p. 333.

And it may be noted that the stage-direction at the beginning of that scene is, "*Enter CONSTABLE and Watch in ruy gowns, bills, and dark lanterns*."

211. Line 39.—*We will rather SLEEP than talk*.—This joke about the watchmen *sleeping* seems to have been a very favourite one with the old dramatists. In Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, v. 1, *Busy*, the Constable, says:

for your selves you have
Free leave for th' good oth' common wealth to
Sleepe after eleven.

—Works, vol. i. p. 227.

And further on, in the same act, two constables sing a song, the chief burden of which is that constables *sleep* for the good of the commonwealth; and in *When You See Me You Know Me*, in the same scene as the one alluded to above, one of the watch is named *Dormouse*, who goes

to *sleep* almost before his watch begins. In *Lady Alimony*, v. 1, the constable says: "if I hold constable long, the deputy of the ward will return me one of the Seven *Sleepers*" (Dodsley, vol. xiv. p. 333). In fact it would seem that the principal occupation of the watchman was to *sleep* on his "bulk" or bench.

212. Line 43: *have a care that your BILLS be not STOL'N*.—In *When You See Me You Know Me*, D. 3. b. King Henry VIII. goes in disguise with Sir William Compton and *steals* all the *bills* of the watchmen. The king says:

The watch has giuen vs leaue to arme our selues,
They feare no daunger, for they sleepe secure;
Goe carrie those *bills* we tooke to Baynards Castle.

213. Line 55: *the less you MEDDLE OR MAKE with them*.—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, i. 1. 14: "I'll not *meddle nor make* no further." For this speech and the next speech of *Dogberry's* we may compare the speech of *Busy* in *Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable*, v. 1:

Next, if a thiefe chance to passe through your watch,
Let him depart in peace; for should you stay him,
To purchase his redemption he'll impart
Some of his stolne goods, and you're apt to take them,
Which makes you necessary to his theft,
And so fit food for Tiburne. —Works, vol. i. p. 227.

214. Line 60: *they that touch pitch will be defil'd*.—This proverbial saying is a very ancient one. It is found in *Ecclesiasticus*, xiii. 1: "He that *toucheth pitch*, shall be *defiled* with it."

215. Line 69: *If you hear a child cry, &c.*—Steevens thought that "part of this scene was intended as a burlesque on *The Statutes of the Streets*, imprinted by Wolfe in 1595" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 88). He gives some of the regulations, of which these two seem the most apposite: "22. No man shall blowe any horne in the night, within this citie, or whistle after the houre of nyne of the clock in the night, under paine of imprisonment;" and "30. No man shall, after the hour of nyne at night, keepe any *rule*," whereby any such suddaine outcry be made in the still of the night, as making any affray, or beating his wyfe, or servant, or singing, or revyllyng in his house, to the disturbance of his neighbours, under payne of iiis. iiid." &c.

216. Line 79: *This is the end of the CHARGE*.—It appears to have been the custom of the head constable to *charge* the watch every night. In *When You See Me You Know Me*, D. 2. b, the Constable says:

I need not to repeat your *charge* againe:
Good neighbours, vse your greatest care I pray,
And if vnruely persons trouble yee,
Call and ile come: so sirs goodnight.

In *Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable*, v. 1, the Constable gives a charge, a portion of which we have already quoted; and one of the watchmen says:

I have edified
More by your *charge* I promise you, than by
Many a mornings exercise.

—Works, vol. i. p. 226.

217. Line 84: *THAT knows the STATUTES*.—So *F. 1*; *Q.*, *F. 2*,

1 *Rule* here means "conduct," "regulation." Compare *Twelfth Night*, ii. 3. 132; and *night-rule*, *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 5.

F. 3, F. 4 have *statutes*. Probably Dogberry was intended to mistake the word, and the reading of F. 1 is right.

218. Lines 90, 91: *Ha, ah-ha! Well, masters, good night: an there be any matter of weight chances, CALL UP ME.*—The exclamation at the beginning of this speech shows that Dogberry, however unconscious he is of the liberties which he takes with his mother tongue, is perfectly conscious of his own wit. It seems to have been another part of the routine for the head constable, after he had charged the watch, to retire. In Glapthorne's *Wit in a Constable*, Busy uses almost the same words as here, v. 1 (p. 229):

and if any businesse
Be of importance, call me.

219. Line 92: *Keep your fellows' counsels and your own.*—In that amusing pamphlet Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements Considered, the author, Lord Campbell, brings forward many quotations to support the theory that Shakespeare had been a clerk in an attorney's office. Amongst them this sentence in Dogberry's speech is noted as being "the very words of the oath administered by the Judges' marshal to the grand jury at the present day" (p. 46). Lord Campbell says (p. 45): "There never has been a law or custom in England to 'give a charge' to constables; but from time immemorial there has been 'a charge to grand juries' by the presiding Judge." But the extracts we have given in the last note seem to prove that there was such a custom of giving a charge to the Watch on behalf of the head constable; unless we are to suppose that all the scenes in which constables and watchmen are brought on the stage owe their origin to this scene of Shakespeare's. Lord Campbell thinks that Shakespeare here ridicules the charge which Justice Shallow might have given to the grand jury. He may be stretching a point here; but as to Shakespeare's fondness for legal phraseology, see *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 11.

220. Lines 94, 95: *let us go sit here upon the church-bench till two, and then all to bed.*—It would seem from this that the Watch were off duty at two o'clock. We have already quoted a passage from one of Busy's speeches, in *Wit in a Constable*, which seems to show that this Constable's watchmen had an easy time of it, as they were allowed to sleep after 11. The old watchmen, who were the guardians of the night in towns before the establishment of the police, used to proclaim the hour of the morning and the state of the weather up to daybreak.

221. Line 104: Enter BORACHIO and CONRADE.—*Borachio* and *Conrade* are generally made to enter before at line 102; but *Borachio's* two first speeches are better spoken without. The night is dark, and *Borachio*, who has evidently taken a glass or two, cannot at first find his companion.

222. Line 110: *Stand thee close, then, under this PENTHOUSE.*—For *pent-house* see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 55.

223. Line 111: *I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.*—The name *Borachio* seems to have been used for a drunkard, as we find from a poem entitled "To *Borachios*" in a volume of rare poetical pieces (*Annæ-dicata*) by George Tooke, 1654, the last verse of which begins:

Up then ye base *Borachios*, call excess,

But an insidious *Circe*.

—C. 1. b.

Another peculiar use of the word is to be found in Greene's *Looking Glass for London and England*: "whereupon, offering a *borachio* of kisses to your unseemly personage" (Works, p. 133), where it would seem to mean "a quantity." Further on in the same play it is used in the sense of bottle (p. 140): "these *borachios* of the richest wine." The word is evidently a corruption of the Spanish *borricho* (not *bóracho*), drunk, which comes from *borricha*, a leather bag or bottle for wine, which is itself derived from *bórna*, a goat skin, such bottles being generally made of goat skins. *Borachio*, or *boracho*, would seem to have been used as a common term of abuse on the part of the Spaniards against the English, as appears from a passage in *Dick of Devonshire*, i. 2,¹ where an English merchant, speaking of the Spaniards at the time of the Armada, says:

These were the times in which they call'd our nation
Borachos, Lutherans and Furias del Inferno.

—Bulfin's Old Plays, vol. ii. p. 14.

224. Line 120: *if it were possible any VILLAIN should be so rich.*—Q. H. read *villanie*. Warburton first suggested the substitution of *villain*, which seems the right word. Walker supports this emendation very decidedly. We have followed Dyce in adopting it.

225. Line 124: *unconfirm'd.*—Shakespeare only uses this word in one other passage—"inexperient," in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 19: "unconfirmed fashion," in the speech of Holofernes.

226. Line 137: *'t was the vane on the house.*—So Q., F. 2, F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 reads *veine*; Walker would here read *rain*, referring to "it drizzles rain" in *Borachio's* speech above (line 111). Dyce rejects this emendation, because in Q. we find in that line *rain* written *raine*, and in this passage we have *vane* properly spelt. According to the Cambridge edd. (see their note xvii. on this play) Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps had seen a copy of F. 1 which had *raine* in this passage.

227. Lines 142–146: *sometime fashioning them like Pharaoh's soldiers in the reechy painting, sometime like god Bel's priests in the old church window, sometime like the shaven Hercules in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry.*—I suppose that *Borachio* is represented as thinking of a picture of the crossing of the Red Sea by Pharaoh and his army. A picture would easily become discoloured by smoke in those days, when the old-fashioned chimneys mostly drew downwards if there was any wind. *God Bel's priests in the old church window* alludes to some representation in stained glass of the story of *Bel* and the Dragon. In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, iv. 1, we have "and say you look like one of *Bel's* priests in a hanging" (Works, vol. i. p. 94).

Warburton suggested that by the shaven Hercules was meant Samson, and he has a long rignarole note upon the passage; but Steevens very properly observed that if it were Samson who was represented, he would be equipped probably with a jawbone and not with a club; and he

¹ The date of this play is uncertain; it was probably written after 1626.

suggested that by the *shaven Hercules* is meant Hercules, when shaved to make him look like a woman, while he was in the service of Omphale. But though Hercules is said to have put on woman's attire to please Omphale, and to have led a very effeminate life, there is no mention of his having been shaved. Sidney, in his *Defence of Poesie*, speaking of the difference between "delight" and "laughter," says: "Yet deny I not, but that they may goe well together, for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, wee delight without laughter, . . . so in Hercules, painted with his great beard, and furious countenance, in woman's attire, spinning at Omphales commendement, it breedeth both delight and laughter" (Arber's Reprint, p. 66). In the Illustrations of The Twelve Labours of Hercules given in Smith's Classical Dictionary, *Hercules* is represented with a beard in every case but in three of his Labours, viz.: iii. Hercules and the Arcadian Stag; xi. Hercules and the Hesperides; xii. Hercules and Cerberus.

228. Line 162: *And thought THEY Margaret was Hero?*—So Q; Ff. have *thy*. There is not really much to choose between the two readings. All the old copies have a note of interrogation after the sentence. Borachio is a long time telling his story, and it is evident that Comrade is naturally impatient; so that it is very likely that, if Borachio paused at this point, he would interpose a suggestion rather than a question, especially as the point of the story must have been clear to him. On this account I should prefer to put a break at the end of Borachio's speech, and to adopt the reading of F. 1 *without* the note of interrogation.

229. Line 182: *'a wears a lock*.—This is an allusion to the custom of wearing a long lock of hair, which was generally tied with ribbon and worn under the left ear. There seems to have been some confusion, in the minds of the commentators, as to the exact fashion to which allusion is here made. For instance, reference is made in Malone's note to the portrait of the Earl of Dorset by Vandyck, which was, of course, painted some considerable time after this play was written. *Love-locks* were worn in the reign of Charles I. According to Planché the *love-lock* was "a long ringlet of hair worn on the left side of the head, and allowed to stream down the shoulder, sometimes as far as the elbow" (Cyclopædia of Costume, vol. i. p. 246). It was against this fashion that Prynne wrote his quarto volume entitled *The Unloveliness of Love Locks*. In Lilly's *Mydas* (1691), fil. 2, we have "a low curl on your head like a bull, or dangling *locke* like a spaniell? . . . your *love-locks* wreathed with a silken twist, or shaggy to fall on your shoulders?" (Works, vol. ii. p. 30). This kind of *love-lock* was probably the one which was generally adopted by men of fashion in the reign of Charles I. But it appears that a kind of *love-lock* would seem to have been used by some persons, who especially affected French fashions, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, as we see from the following passage in Greene's *Quip for an Upstart Courtier* (1592), quoted by Planché, where a barber asks a customer: "Sir, will you have your worship's hair cut after the Italian manner? . . . Or will you be Frenchified, with a *love-lock* down on your shoulders, wherein you may weave your

mistress's favour?" Dekker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, 1609, when speaking of the practice of the beaux of that day of sitting on the stage during the performance of a play, says that one of the advantages is the chance of displaying "the best and most essential parts of a gallant, good clothes, a proportionable leg, white hand, the *Persian lock*, and a tolerable beard" (Reprint, 1812, pp. 36, 37). *Persian*, very probably, was a misprint for *Parisian*. In Arden of Feversham, 1592, Bradshaw, describing the man who had brought him the stolen plate, says:

His chin was bare, but on his vpper lippe
A *muchado*, which he wound about his eare.

—Bullen's Reprint, p. 39.

From this it would seem that the fashion of wearing the moustaches long was carried to such an extreme by some people that they curled the ends round their ears.

It is perhaps worth noticing that Prynne, in his *Histriomastix* (quoted by Nares *sub Lock* or *Love-lock*) speaks of these *love-locks* as "growne now too much in fashion with comly pages, youthees, and lewd, effeminate, *ruffianly* persons" (p. 209). Now "that Deformed," according to the worthy Seacole was "a vile thief," and would come under the last category.

It is curious that the only survival of this custom, apparently, should be among the so-called dangerous classes. It was the practice of thieves, in our own time, to wear the hair very short with the exception of one lock, called a "Newgate knocker," which curled round the ear.

230. Lines 187, 188:

Con. *Masters*,—

Sea. *Never speak: we charge you, &c.*

This is Theobald's arrangement, followed by most modern editors. In Q. Ff. both these speeches are given to *Conrade*, evidently by mistake.

231. Lines 190, 191: *We are like to prove a goodly COMMODITY, being TAKEN UP of these men's BILLS*.—There is so much play upon words here that it can hardly be explained in a foot-note. *Commodity* was a term used for any kind of merchandise. See *Merchant of Venice*, note 45.

To take up, besides its ordinary meaning—"to arrest," meant to obtain goods on credit. The pun on the word *bills* is obvious. In connection with this passage it may be as well to quote Greene's *Looking Glass* for London and England, where Thrasybulus says to the usurer: "this is the day wherein I should pay you money that I *took up* of you alate in a *commodity*" (Works, p. 120); and again a little further on "my loss was as great as the *commodity* I *took up*." It appears to have been a common practice for a borrower, then as now, to accept a considerable portion of the loan in goods; and it is very possible that Conrade is referring to this use (well known in Shakespeare's time) of the phrase *take up a commodity*.

232. Line 192: *in question*.—There are only two other examples of the use of this expression in Shakespeare; one—"in or on a judicial trial," in *Winter's Tale*, v. 1. 197, 198: "who now has these poor men *in question*;" the other in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 68, 69: "He that was *in question* for the robbery." Schmidt gives the meaning as "on judicial trial." In the last passage it would almost seem to mean

"under suspicion;" and in the passage from Winter's Tale it might very well be rendered "in custody" or "under examination."

ACT III. SCENE 4.

233. Line 7: *rabato*.—*Rabato* is thus described by Planché (p. 416): "a falling band or ruff, so called from the verb *rabattre* to put back." They are often alluded to in the old dramatists. They were supported by wires known as *rabato* wires. These were called *potting-sticks*, or *poking-sticks*. (See Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 228.) Cotgrave under *rabat* has "also, a *Rabatoe* for a woman's ruff; also, a falling band." From this and other passages it is evident that the word *rabato* came also to be applied to the wire that supported the ruff as well as to the ruff itself.

234. Lines 13, 14: *I like the new TIRE within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner*.—It would appear from this that besides being worn, as it is now, mixed with the natural hair, *false hair* was worn inside the *tire* or head-dress. In Planché's Dictionary of Costume (p. 277) appears the following, which will afford the clearest explanation of this passage: "A list of her 'attiers,' as they are termed, is curious, as it informs us that the word *caul* was applied to false hair, of which Queen Elizabeth wore a constant change, but generally of a red colour (see p. 246): 'Item, one *caule* of hair set with pearles in number xliij. Item, one do. set with pearles of sundry sort and bigness, with seed pearle and seven buttons of gold, in each button a rubie.'"

235. Lines 18-22: *cloth-o'-gold, and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with PEARLS DOWN SLEEVES, SIDE SLEEVES, and SKIRTS round underborne with a bluish TINSEL*.—We have here a very interesting description of a lady's dress for grand occasions. The details given here of Hero's wedding dress are, doubtless, more interesting to those of her own sex than to male readers; but they give us a very good idea of the extravagance in costume which prevailed in Shakespeare's time. The *cuts* mentioned were the shaped edges of the *skirt* and *long sleeves*. These *cuts* were also called *daggs*, and were made in different shapes to resemble letters of the alphabet, leaves of plants and flowers, &c. In 1407 Henry IV. issued a sumptuary edict against these *cuts* or *slashes*; but, though the penalty of imprisonment and fine was inflicted on any tailor who should make any gown or garment ornamented with these *daggs*, the penalty could not have been very strictly exacted, for we find the same fashion prevailing both in men's and women's dresses down to the time of Elizabeth (see Planché's Cyclopædia of Costume, *sub Dagges*). The dress here described as having sleeves embroidered with *pearls* is after the fashion of the dress worn by Elizabeth in the engraving of her visit to Blackfriars, June 15, 1601, a copy of which is given in Harrison's Description of England (Shakespeare Society Reprint), and in Planché's Cyclopædia; it appears to have been somewhat similar to the one described by Hentzner (p. 49) in his account of the queen going to prayers at Greenwich, which he says was "of white Silk, bordered with *pearls* of the size of beans, and over it a mantle of black silk, shot with silver threads." *Pearls*

seem to have been a good deal used in the sixteenth century to ornament sleeves.

Side sleeves were long hanging sleeves which were worn over the tight-fitting sleeves, and which either formed part of the upper dress or could be detached from the shoulder at the pleasure of the wearer. The word *side* in some of our north-country dialects still retains the sense of "long," "trailing." Compare *side-coats*, *i.e.* the long coats worn by young children. These *hanging sleeves* were most extravagantly decorated, and at last were allowed to reach such a length that they became a positive nuisance, as they trailed along the ground; many allusions to which occur in our old writers. Deceve, who lived just after Chaucer, in a passage of considerable length, part of which we quote, ridicules this fashion in his "Pride and Waste Clothynge of Lordis mene which is ayens ther Astate" (lines 64-72):

What is a lord withoute his mene?
I put case that his foon hym awayle
Sodenly in the strete: what help shall he,
Whos *steeve* encombrous so ayne trayle,
Do to his lord? he may hym not awayle,
In such a case he mys but a woman;
He may not stande hym in stede of a man.
His armes twoo have righte ynow to don,
And somewhat more, his *leeve*, vp to hed l.

—Early English Text Soc. Reprint, pp. 499, 500.

From this it would appear that men, and not women, were the chief offenders; and in the fourth year of the reign of Henry IV. there was an act passed against these long trailing sleeves, which applied only to men. Stubbes (Anatomic of Abuses, p. 74), writing of women's dress, describes some gowns as having "sleeves hanging down to their skirts, trayling on the ground, and cast over their shoulders, like cow-tailes."

For *tsel* used in dress compare Marston's What You Will, i. 1:

A Florentine cloth-of-silver jerkin, sleeves
White satin cut on *tsel*, then long stock.

—Bullen's ed. of Marston, vol. ii, p. 337.

236. Lines 32, 33: *I think you would have me say, "SAVING YOUR REVERENCE, A HUSBAND"*.—This is generally printed with the word *husband* only between quotation marks. The Cambridge edd. print the whole passage in quotation marks, and point out that Q. and FF. punctuate the passage thus: "say, saving your reverence, 'a husband.'" It seems to me that they are quite right in their conjecture that "Margaret means that Hero was so prudish as to think that the mere mention of the word '*husband*' required an apology" (vol. ii. p. 93, note xx.). The sentence should be delivered with an elaborate curtsy, as if apologizing for alluding to such a word as a *husband*. Certainly Margaret has not been over-delicate in her speech, three lines above, in which she alludes to the fact that her young mistress would soon be a bride.

237. Lines 43, 44: *Clay's into LIGHT O' LOVE; that goes without a burden*.—See Two Gent. of Verona, note 20. The air of this song is given in the Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 98.

238. Line 46: *YE LIGHT O' LOVE with your heels!*—So Q. FF.; Rowe altered *Ye* into *Yes*; while Dyce, and other modern editors, read "*Yea, light o' love*." It seems quite clear to me that the old copies are right. My only doubt is whether we should not read "*light o' loves*." The

sense in which this word was used is quite clear from the following passage in Fletcher's *Wild Goose Chase*, iv. 1:

That she's an English whore! a kind of fling-dust,
One of your London *light o' loves*, a right one!
Come over in thin pumps, and half a petticoat.

—Works, vol. i. p. 556.

239. Line 51: *I scorn that with my heels*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, note 122. Margaret evidently refers to the first sentence of Beatrice's last speech.

240. Line 56: *For the letter that begins them all*, H.—This pun on the letter *H* and *ache*, which was pronounced as if spelt *aiche*, seems to have been a rather favourite one; but this pronunciation appears to have been confined to the noun and not to have applied to the verb, which is often spelt *ake*, e.g. in Lilly's *Mydas*, iii. 2: "my teeth *ake*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 28). Heywood's Epigram on the letter *H* is quoted by Steevens and other editors. The Epigram is the 59th of the "fourth hundred of Epigrammes."

H is worst among letters in the crosserow,
For if thou finde him either in thyne elbow,
In thyne arme, or leg, in any degree,
In thy hed, or teeth, in thy toe or knee,
Unto what place so euer *H* may pyke him,
Where euer thou finde *ache*, thou shalt not like him.

Compare also the Epigram (404) on the letter *H* in Wits Recreations:

Nor Hauk, nor Hound, nor Horse, those letters *hhh*,
But *ach* its self, 't is *Brutus* bones attaches.

—Reprint, vol. ii. p. 132.

John Kemble may have been ridiculed for his adherence to the old pronunciation of *ache* in Shakespeare, but he was perfectly justified, as is shown by the well-known passage in *The Tempest*, i. 2. 370:

Fill all thy bones with *aches*, make thee roar.

It is said that one night when the manager had to announce from the stage the fact of Kemble being too ill to appear, a wag in the pit cried out: "Kemble's head *ai-ches*."

241. Line 57: *an you be not TURN'D TURK*.—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 287: "if the rest of my fortunes *turn Turk* with me." Cooke, in his Greene's *Tu Quoque*, uses this expression: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most compleant gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

242. Line 62: *These GLOVES the count sent me; they are an excellent PERFUME*.—*Perfumed gloves* are alluded to in Winter's Tale. Among the articles Autolyceus offers for sale are "*Gloves as sweet as damask roses*" (iv. 4. 222); and below in the same play Mopsa says to the Clown: "you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of *sweet gloves*" (iv. 4. 252, 253). Nares quotes from the continuator of Stow: "The queene [Elizabeth] had a payre of *perfumed gloves*, trimmed onlie with foure tuftes or roses of culler'd silke. The queene took such pleasure in those gloves, that she was pictured with those gloves upon her hands" (p. 868). Elizabeth was very particular about the perfumes for her gloves; the one which she used most being called the "Earl of Oxford's perfume," "because Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, had brought it, with other refinements, from Italy" (Nares, sub. *Gloves*).

243. Line 64: *stuff'd*.—This is the only instance in which Shakespeare uses this word, in the same sense as we use it nowadays, of being *stuffed* with a cold. I cannot find any instance of a similar use of the word in any writer of Shakespeare's time. Probably the word is used here for the sake of the very poor pun which Margaret makes in the next speech.

244. Line 68: *how long have you profess'd APPREHENSION?*—*Apprehension* is used here, apparently, in the sense of "wit." Shakespeare uses it—"the faculty of observation" in Henry V. iii. 7. 145: "If the English had any *apprehension*, they would run away;" and perhaps in the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 319: "in *apprehension* how like a god!" He never uses the word in the modern sense of "fear."

245. Line 73: *Carduus Benedictus*.—This plant, called the *Blessed Thistle*, is a native of the South of Europe. Hunter quotes from Paradisus Terrestris, 1629, p. 471: "the *Carduus Benedictus*, or the Blessed Thistle, is much used in the time of any infection or plague, as also to expel any *evil synptom* from the heart at all other times." He also quotes from Abel Redivivus, 4to, 1651, p. 44: "About the beginning of the year 1527 Luther fell suddenly sick of a congealing of blood about his heart, which almost killed him; but by the drinking of the water of *Carduus Benedictus*, whose virtues then were not so commonly known, he was perfectly helped" (Hunter, vol. i. pp. 253, 254). Certainly these quotations are very appropriate to Margaret's advice: "lay it to your hearts." This plant had the credit of being good for any disease under the sun, from the plague to a toothache.

246. Line 78: *you have some MORAL in this Benedictus*.—Compare Taming of the Shrew, iv. 4. 79: "to expound the meaning or *moral* of his signs and tokens;" and Richard II. iv. 1. 290:

Mark, silent king, the *moral* of this sport;

and Henry V. iii. 6. 35. This use of the word is taken from the *morals* appended to fables and such stories as these in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in which the meaning of the allegory or the hidden *moral* lesson of the story was explained.

247. Line 90: *he eats his meat without GRUDGING*.—Malone explains this, "and yet now, in spite of his resolutions to the contrary, he feeds on love, and likes his food" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 101).

I confess I do not quite see how the passage can be made to bear this meaning. Loss of appetite has always been supposed to be among the signs of love. Johnson thought that it might mean "he is content to live by eating like other mortals, and will be content, notwithstanding his boasts, like other mortals, to have a wife" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 100); that is to say, to marry. If "to eat the leek" had become, at this time, a proverbial expression, which is scarcely probable, *he eats his leek without grudging* would be very appropriate. It is more than likely that we have here another indelicate allusion from Mistress Margaret. Compare the dialogue between the Lady and Welford in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, act v. sc. 4, especially Welford's speech beginning, "He that fares well is" (Works, vol. i. p. 104).

248. Line 100: *Help to dress me.*—As Mr. Daniel points out, in his Time Analysis of this play, this scene is supposed to take place early in the morning of Hero's wedding-day (see Beatrice's speech above, line 52), the night having intervened between this scene and the first scene of the act. Certainly it would seem that five o'clock in the morning (see line 52 above) was rather early to set out for church, even for a wedding.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

249.—The stage-direction at the beginning of this scene in Q. F. 1 is "Enter Leonato and the constable and Headborough." By *Headborough*, evidently, *Verges* is meant. It would seem therefore that the *Headborough* was not the chief constable, but perhaps the next in authority to him, and undoubtedly superior to the *Thirdborough* (see Taming of the Shrew, note 4). Perhaps we get the explanation of the rank of these various guardians of the peace in the Dramatis Personæ to Ben Jonson's Tale of a Tub, among whom we find "Tobie Turfe, high constable of Kentish-town; In-and-In Medlay, of Islington, cooper and head-borough; Rasi' Clench, of Hamstead, farrier and petty constable; To-Pan, tinker, or metal-man of Belsize, third-borough."

250.—To illustrate the confusion which exists both in the Quarto and First Folio of this play as to the prefixes to the speeches of the various characters, it may be noted that in this scene, in Q. and F. 1, are the following prefixes. To the first speech of Dogberry's both Q. F. 1 have *Const Dog*. The prefix to the speech at line 8 is *Headb.* The prefix to the speech beginning line 10 is *Con. Dog.*, &c., till we come to the speech, line 56, which has the prefix *Constable*; but the speech beginning line 62 has again the prefix *Dogb.* The next speech has the prefix *Verges*. The next speech of Dogberry has the full prefix *Dogberry in Q.*, and *Dogb.* in F. 1. In scene 2 of the next act, as we shall see, we have the matter further complicated by the names of the actors being given, in many instances, instead of the names of the characters.

251. Line 13: *honest as the skin between his brows.*—This would seem a proverbial expression, though I cannot find it in Bohn, or in the numerous proverbs of John Heywood. Reed gives two instances of its use in Gammer Gurton's Needle, v. 2 (1575): "I am as true, I would thou knew, as skin betwene thy brows" (Dodsley, vol. iii. p. 244); and in Cartwright's Ordinary, v. 4: "I am as honest as the skin that is between thy brows" (Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 310).

252. Line 18: *Comparisons are odorous.*—Compare in Sir Giles Goosecappe, iv. 2, 1603:

by heaven a most edible *Caparison*;

Ru. Odious thou woodst say, for *Cōparisōs* are odious.

Fowl. So they are indeed, sir *Cut.*, all but my Lords.

Goos. Be *Caparisons* odious, sir *Cut*; what, like flowers?

Rud. O asse they be odorous.

Goos. A botts a that stinking word *odorosus*, I can never hit on 't.

—Bullen's Old Plays, vol. iii. p. 65.

We have here also the original of Mrs. Malaprop's "Comparisons are odious."

253. Line 18: *palabras.*—This is probably elliptical for the Spanish phrase *pocas palabras*, "few words," which is

said to be pretty well the equivalent of our slang phrase "shut up." This expression seems to have been used even among the common people in England, having been imported probably by our sailors from Spain. Compare Taming of Shrew, Induction, l. 5, where Sly uses the corrupt form *paucaas palabrabis*. In the Spanish Tragedy, act iv., *Pocas palabras* occurs in its correct form (Dodsley, vol. v. p. 139). Neuman and Barrett's Spanish Dictionary does not give the phrase at all; but it gives *palabras* as an interjection—"I say, a word with you."

Palabras also meant the superstitious words used by sorcerers. The word still survives in English, in the form of "palaver."

254. Line 22: *we are the poor duke's officers.*—Compare Measure for Measure, ii. l. 47, 48: "I am the *poor* duke's constable."

255. Line 23: *if I were as TEBIOUS as a king.*—It is difficult to follow Dogberry's meaning here. In the other cases his mistakes are quite clear and natural enough; but what he supposes *tebious* or *tebiousness* to mean I cannot imagine. He seems to mistake these two words as somehow connected with wealth.

256. Line 33: *our watch To-NIGHT, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina.*—*To-night* here, as Mr. Daniel points out in his Time Analysis of this play, means the night before, as we should say last night, as it does in several other passages in Shakespeare, e.g. in Merry Wives, iii. 3. 171: "I have dream'd *to-night*;" Merchant of Venice, ii. 5. 18: "I did dream of money-bags *to-night*;" and King John, iv. 2. 85.

257. Line 37: *When the age is in, the wit is out.*—An obvious mistake for the proverb: "when the *ale* is in the wit is out." See Heywood's Epigrams and Proverbs (edn. 1598), O. 4:

ALE AND WIT. 163.

When *ale* is in, *wit* is out;

When *ale* is out, *wit* is in.

The first thou shewest out of doubt,

The last in thee hath not bin.

258. Line 64: *we are now to EXAMINE those men.*—Q. has to *examination*, a mistake Dogberry was not very likely to have made, as just above (line 52) he has used the word *examined* rightly. It was probably a mistake inserted gratuitously by the actor.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

259. Lines 12, 13: *If either of you know any INWARD IMPEDIMENT why you should not be conjoined.*—These words are very much the same as those used in the ceremony of marriage in the liturgy of the English Church. The marriage service in the Church of Rome is different. The sacrament of matrimony in that church commences with the priest asking first of the bridegroom: "Wilt thou take N., here present, for thy lawful wife, according to the rite of our holy Mother the Church?" Then he addresses the same question to the bride, putting the bridegroom's name of course instead of the bride's, and each answers: "I will." Then the bridegroom, "holding her by the right hand with his own right hand, plights

her his troth," and says much the same words as are used in the Anglican ritual: "I, N., take thee, N., to my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, till death us do part, *if holy Church will it permit*; and thereto I plight thee my troth." The words italicized imply that there is no impediment either "of consanguinity, affinity, or spiritual relationship," nor of course any such impediment as being already married, or solemnly pledged to marry another. It will be noticed that Friar Francis uses here the expression, "any *inward* impediment," which probably means any impediment only known to the parties themselves. In Addis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary we have under Impediments of Marriage: "Impediments are of two kinds. They may render marriage unlawful merely, in which case they are called 'mere impedientia'; or they may nullify it, in which case they are known as 'dirimentia.'" It is unnecessary to give here a list of all these impediments. It is sufficient to say that if the story against Hero had been true, and she had been, in any way, pledged to marry her supposed lover, she would have been bound to confess that fact as an impediment to marriage under the law of the old Church. It must be remembered that the Order of Matrimony so called, that is, the conferring of the sacrament of matrimony in the Church of Rome, is partly the old service of Betrothal or Espousal, and has nothing to do with what is called the "Mass for the Bride and Bridegroom," at which the nuptial benediction is generally given. Neither the celebration of Mass nor the bestowal of the benediction is necessary to the sacrament of marriage.

260. Line 21: *not knowing what they do.*—So Q. If. omit these words.

261. Lines 22, 23: *How now! interjections? Why, then, some be of laughing, as, Ha, ha, he!*—This is a quotation from some old English grammar. Compare Lilly's Endimion, iii. 3:

Tophas. Unriddle me. Hey ho!

Epi. What's that?

Tophas. An *interjection*, whereof some are of mourning: as *eho, vah.*
—Works, vol. i. p. 35.

There are other grammatical jokes in the same scene.

262. Line 42: *luxurious*.—Shakespeare uses *luxurious* in this sense="lustful," in Henry V. iv. 4. 20: "*luxurious* mountain goat;" and Macbeth, iv. 3. 68:

Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful;

and, in the canonical sense of "lust," "lasciviousness," *luxury* is used pretty frequently, e.g. Hamlet, i. 5. 82, 83:

Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for *luxury* and damned incest.

Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 55.

263. Lines 44-47:

Leon. *What do you mean, my lord?*

Claud. *Not to be married, not to knit my soul
To an approved wanton.*

Leon. *Dear my lord—*

[He pauses from emotion.] *If you in your own proof, &c.*
These lines are printed thus in Q. Ff.:

Leonato. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be married.

Not to knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Deere my Lord, if you in your owne proofe.

It may be observed that *Not to knit* is the reading of F. 1, while F. 2, E. 3, F. 4 read *Not knit*. Steevens proposed to read:

Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

The arrangement in our text is substantially the same as Walker proposed, but we adopted it independently. The insertion of the stage-direction in line 46 explains why that line is imperfect. It seems natural that Leonato should be somewhat overcome by his emotion when he suggests that his daughter has yielded to the solicitation of Claudio before her marriage; and it gets rid of the very awkward line as it stands in the ordinary arrangement of the text:

Dear my lord, if you in your own proof.

264. Line 57: *Out on THY seeming! I will WRITE AGAINST IT.*—Q. Ff. read *thee* for *thy*. The misprint *thee* for *thy* is common enough. Grant White adheres to the reading of the old copies, and puts a note of exclamation after *thee*. For the expression *write against*, compare Cymbeline, ii. 5. 32: "I'll *write against* them," which appears to be the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses this expression. Schmidt explains it simply=declare; but surely it means something more, and refers to the practice of *writing* pamphlets *against* people.

265. Line 58: *You SEEM to me as Dian in her orb.*—So Q. Ff.; Hammer altered *seem* to *seem'd*; but the change does not seem necessary. Although the past tense might seem more natural, there is a force in the use of the present; it implies that Hero still bore that outward semblance of innocence to which, according to Claudio's belief, her conduct had given the lie.

266. Line 63: *Is my lord well, that he doth speak so WIDE?*—Collier altered *wide* to *wild*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 1. 97: "No, no, no such matter; you are *wide*;" and Lear, iv. 7. 50: "Still, still, far *wide*!" There can be no doubt as to the meaning of the phrase="wide of the mark;" it is here equivalent to "far away from the truth."

267. Line 64: *Sweet prince, why speak not you?*—Q. Ff. give this speech to *Leonato*. It seems more proper that Claudio should call upon the *Prince* to confirm his statement; and, as Dyce points out, the very expression *Sweet prince* has been used by him in addressing Don Pedro above (line 30).

268. Line 69: *This looks not like a NUPTIAL.*—Shakespeare uses this word in the singular as we should use the plural form *nuptials*=marriage. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 222: "the *nuptial* appointed;" and Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 78: "The catastrophe is a *nuptial*."

269. Line 75: *And, by that fatherly and KINDLY power.*
—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 84:

Washing with *kindly* tears his gentle cheeks;

and Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 226:

'Tis lack of *kindly* warmth they are not *kind*.

Compare also the use of *kindless* in Hamlet, ii. 2. 609, as = "contrary to nature," "unnatural:"

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain!

The adverb *kindly* is used in the same way in *Taming of Shrew*, Ind. i. 66:

This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs.

270. Line 77: *I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.*—So Q. F. 2; F. 1 has *I charge thee doe*; and F. 3, F. 4, “*I charge thee to do*,” both omit *so*.

271. Line 83: *Hero ITSELF can blot out Hero's virtue.*—So Q. FF. Rowe substituted *herself* for *itself*, which certainly seems the more natural expression; but it is sometimes applied to persons, e.g. in *Mids. Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 171, 172:

Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees;

where it applies to man or woman. We have one other instance, however, where it appears to apply to women generally, in *Cymbeline*, iii. 4. 160: “*Woman it pretty self.*” Neither of these instances seems to me satisfactory, any more than the explanation that Claudio means by “*Hero itself*” the name of Hero, using it as an abstraction; for surely it is only a *personal* act, on the part of Hero herself, that can blot out her virtue. However, as the sense is clear, we have not altered the text.

272. Lines 93-95:

Who hath indeed, most like a LIBERAL villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.

This use of *liberal* = “licentious” was a natural extension of its original sense of “free,” “frank;” but it is not very common in Shakespeare. Some of the instances quoted by Schmidt are certainly not apposite, e.g. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 743:

The *liberal* opposition of our spirits.

The only other passage where the sense of the word seems almost exactly similar to that which it bears here is in *Hamlet*, iv. 7. 171:

That *liberal* shepherds give a grosser name;

for we might almost paraphrase it, in both these passages, as “gross of speech.”

None of the commentators seem to have noticed that this statement of Don Pedro's is scarcely reconcilable with the facts of the case. When could Borachio have confessed these *vile encounters*? Certainly not when he was talking to Margaret, who was pretending to be Hero; for had they spoken to him then, Claudio would at once have discovered the fraud. As he was arrested almost immediately afterwards by the constables, he could not have had time to make any confession in the interim. Perhaps Don Pedro is speaking on the authority of Don John, to whom one lie more or less was a matter of perfect indifference, and who might, after the discovery of Hero's supposed misconduct, have volunteered the information that Borachio had confessed to him “these *vile encounters*.” Certainly Don Pedro, and Claudio, for whom there is less excuse, accept all the evidence against Hero with the most perfect ingenuousness. As usual, in cases of slander, it is not thought necessary to cross-examine the witness. As long as he or she speaks evil against one of his or her fellow-creatures, we are ready to accept the evidence however weak it may be. It is only when good

is spoken of them that we give way to a spirit of honest scepticism.

273. Lines 96-100.—The assumption of a high moral tone, in this speech of Don John's, is very characteristic. One would have thought that Don Pedro, at least, knew him well enough to be able to detect his hypocrisy. The malice of this scoundrelly liar is well shown in the mocking profession of sympathy for Hero, with which the speech concludes.

274. Line 103: *About the thoughts and counsels of THY heart.*—This is Rowe's emendation. Q. FF. read *the*.

275. Line 106: *For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.*—This excellent resolution of Claudio does not seem to have been persevered in very long. In the first scene of the next act he receives the news of Hero's death with admirable resignation; but scarcely has he discovered the monstrous wrong he has done her, when he is ready to marry another young lady, whom he has never seen before, at the bidding of Leonato. Perhaps this was *his* idea of repentance.

276. Line 109: *And never shall it more be GRACIOUS.*—This sense of *gracious*, as applied to beauty, means that which finds *grace* or favour in one's eyes. Compare *John*, iii. 4. 81, where Constance, speaking of Arthur, says:

There was not such a *gracious* creature born.

277. Lines 112, 113:

These things, come thus to light,
SMOTHER her spirits UP.

Shakespeare does not often use *smother* with *up*, and in a figurative sense only once, in this passage. Compare *I. Henry IV.* i. 2. 221-223:

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To *smother up* his beauty from the world.

278. Line 128: *rearward of reproaches.*—Compare *Sonnet* xc. 5, 6:

Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the *rearward* of a conquer'd woe.

279. Line 130: *Child I for that at frugal nature's FRAME?*—It seems pretty clear that *frame* here has the sense we have given it in the foot-note, that is to say, “order” or “disposition of things.” Schmidt would give to *frame* the extraordinary sense of “a mould for castings,” making the passage mean, “Did I grumble against the niggardness of nature's casting-mould?” i.e. “in giving me one child only;” while Mason thinks that Leonato refers “to the particular formation of himself, or of Hero's mother, rather than to the universal system of things” (*Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 112). Collier's Old Corrector settled the difficulty by calmly substituting *fron*.

280. Line 135: *Who smirched thus and MIR'D with infamy.*—So Q.; FF. have *snear'd*. Shakespeare only uses the verb *mir*e in one other passage, in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 147:

Paint till a horse may *mir*e upon your face;

where it is used in a different sense, that of a horse sinking in the mud.

281. Lines 138-141:

*But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,
And mine that I was proud on; mine so much
That I myself was to myself not mine,
Valuing of her.*

This passage is certainly not over-clear, though it would scarcely be improved by the adoption of Warburton's proposed emendation:

*But mine, as mine I lov'd, as mine I prais'd
As mine that I was proud on.*

The construction is not an unusual one, the relative *that* being understood: "mine that I lov'd," &c. There is a good deal of unnecessary jingle in the whole passage, the latter part of which is even more obscure than the former. Perhaps it is for that reason that the commentators avoid any attempt to explain it. The sentence may perhaps be thus paraphrased: "So much and so dear a possession of mine, that I regarded myself as nothing in comparison with her, so greatly did I value and esteem her." It is a great pity that the sentiment, which is a very beautiful one, could not have been expressed in clearer language.

282. Line 146: *attir'd in wonder*.—Compare Lucrece, 1601:

Why art thou thus *attir'd* in discontent?

Compare also, for a similar expression, Psalm cix. 18: "he clothed himself with cursing like as with his garment."

283. Line 154: *Would the TWO princes lie? and Claudio lie?*—Ff. omit *two*.

284. Lines 157-162:

*Hear me a little;
For I have only silent been so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions start
Into her face.*

In Q. this passage comes at the bottom of page G 1 (r) and is printed as prose; the last line being marked with a comma after *lady*, and after *mark'd* A is the catch letter. The rest of the speech is properly printed as verse. F. 1 prints the passage also in prose, but puts a full stop after *mark'd*. The Cambridge edd. think the type was "accidentally dislocated," and some words lost in the process of resetting; they say the whole passage would therefore stand as follows (vol. ii. p. 93, note xxi.):

*Hear me a little; for I have only been
Silent so long and given way unto
This course of fortune
By noting of the lady I have mark'd, &c.*

The usual punctuation:

*And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady: I have mark'd, &c.,*

makes but indifferent sense.

I have only been silent may mean "I alone have been silent."

We have arranged the passage as it is usually arranged, adopting in line 158 the transposition, first made by Grant White, of *silent been* instead of *been silent*, which is the reading of Q. Ff. If we take *by* to="because of," the meaning will be perfectly clear. The Friar says "I have only been silent *because of* noting, or carefully watching

the lady." This is the sense of *by* described by Schmidt as "the idea of instrumentality passing into that of causality." Though we have no exactly similar instance of its use with the gerund, or present participle, yet the sense of the preposition is quite the same as this in Cymbeline, iii. 4. 56, 57:

All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought, &c.

This course of fortune="this sequence of events," "this chapter of accidents." In line 161 Q. Ff. read "*To start*" making the line an alexandrine:

To start into her face, a thousand shames.

We have followed Reed's arrangement.

285. Line 162: *shames*.—Shakespeare frequently uses the plural of *shame* where we should use the singular. Compare Sonnet cxii. 6:

To know my *shames* and praises from your tongue;

and above, in this very scene, line 127:

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy *shames*.

286. Line 167: *Trust not my reading nor my OBSERVATION*.—Q. Ff. have the plural *observations*; the emendation is Hammer's.

287. Line 170: *My REVERENCE, CALLING, nor divinity*.—Collier, quite unnecessarily, altered this to *reverend calling*, which Dyce adopts; but as instances of *reverence*="the qualities or character entitled to be revered," we have in this play, v. 1. 64:

That I am forc'd to lay my *reverence* by;

and, as applied to a priest, in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 154:

Father, I charge thee, by thy *reverence*.

288. Line 172: *BITING error*.—Here again Collier, quite unnecessarily, alters *biting* to *blighting*. It appears to me that *biting* is the much more expressive epithet of the two, for it exactly expresses the malicious nature of the *error*, or false evidence, on which Hero has been condemned.

289. Line 187: *misprision*.—Shakespeare uses this word, in the sense of "mistake," in five other passages beside this. Compare Sonnet lxxxvii. 11, 12:

So thy great gift, upon *misprision* growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.

Once only he uses it in the sense of "contempt," in All's Well, ii. 3. 159.

290. Line 188: *Two of them have the very BENT of honour*.—Schmidt gives, as the second meaning of *bent*, "inclination," "disposition." It is much the same as the second meaning given in our foot-note; but, in the other passages that he quotes, e.g. Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 143:

If that thy *bent* of love be honourable,

the word seems to have more the sense of "tendency." Johnson explains it: "the bow has its full *bent*, when it is drawn as far as it can be," most probably="the utmost degree;" and comparing the passage in this play, ii. 3. 232: "her affections have their full *bent*," he says that the expression is derived from archery (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 115). Compare, in this sense, the passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 30, 31:

And here give up ourselves, in the full *bent*
To lay our service freely at your feet.

291. Line 190: *The practice of it LIES in John the bastard.*—Q. Ff. have *lives*. The emendation is Walker's.

292. Lines 199, 200:

*But they shall find, awak'd in such a CAUSE,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind.*

The old copies read "in such a *kind*," making a rhymed couplet, which is very awkward here, coming as it does in the middle of a passage of blank verse. Capell first suggested the emendation printed in our text, on which Collier's Old Corrector also hit. Apart from the objection to the rhyme, *kind* seems to have no particular sense. Dyce thinks that the close occurrence of *find* and *mind* in the passage led to the corruption *kind*.

293. Line 204: *Your daughter here the PRINCES left for dead.*—The old copies have *princess*; but Hero is never called by the title *princess*; nor does one quite see how she could be, for her father was not a prince any more than was her intended husband; while Don Pedro and Don John are called *princes*, lines 154 and 165 above.

294. Line 230: *More MOVING, DELICATE, and full of life.*—All the editors, including the Cambridge, hyphen these two adjectives, I cannot tell why, as they are not hyphenated in the old copies, and they seem to be much more expressive when used as separate and independent epithets. For *moving*—"that which excites the emotions," compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 36; "Heaven give thee *moving* graces!" and Richard II. v. 1. 47:

The heavy accent of thy *moving* tongue.

The sense of *delicate* here is probably that of "delicious." Compare above, in this play, i. 1. 305:

Come thronging soft and *delicate* desires.

If the words are hyphenated the meaning must be either "delicately-moving" or "graceful." For the *liber* as the supposed seat of love, see Love's Labour's Lost, note 113.

295. Line 247: *inwardness.*—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word as a substantive; but he uses the adjective *inward*—"familiar," "intimate." Compare Richard III. iii. 4. 8:

Who is most *inward* with the noble duke?

296. Line 251: *Being that I FLOW IN grief.*—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 41: "the numbers that Petrarch *flowed in*," and Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 41: "You *flow* to great distraction."

297. Lines 253-256.—These four lines of rhyme, with a marked alliteration in the second of them, seem rather out of place, and could well be spared.

298. Line 257, &c.—This scene between Benedick and Beatrice, admirable as it is from a dramatic point of view, cannot but seem out of place in a church; and the incongruity of the surroundings is emphasized in modern times, when the resources of the scenic artist are so much more extensive than they were in the Elizabethan era. This incongruity, probably, did not strike Shakespeare, as there would be little or nothing in his time to indicate that the dialogue was taking place in a church, and almost in front of the sacred altar. But there is not the slightest necessity for the scene taking place in front of the *high altar*, as the marriage ceremony was, evidently,

not intended to be what is called a nuptial mass. In the revival of this play at the Lyceum Theatre, a small detail might easily have escaped attention in this scene. The ceremony was supposed to take place before one of the side altars, the lamp belonging to which was *not* alight, as a sign that the sacred Host was supposed not to be on the altar, which to Roman Catholics would make a very great difference.

299. Line 291: *Kill Claudio.*—There are few speeches more dramatic, in the whole of Shakespeare, than these two words. Great actresses have differed as to the mode of speaking them. It seems to me that they ought to be spoken with the utmost passion, in fact almost hissed into Benedick's ears. It is in this scene that the real intensity of Beatrice's character comes out for the first time. Her whole nature revolts against the meanness of Claudio's conduct. With the true instinct of a loyal heart she spurns the lying slander against her cousin, not stopping to inquire into the evidence, such as it was, much less receiving with a greedy ear the foul imputation on another woman's fair fame. True, the night before, almost for the first time, her cousin and she were not bedfellows; therefore the story of these precious princes might possibly not be a lie; but she, with true nobleness of disposition, looks at the great moral fact—greater far than any gobbets of circumstantial evidence that slander could scrape together—that her cousin was, to her knowledge, a pure and loyal girl. What the man who had won her cousin's love, who was bound by every tie of affection, and by every quality of his manhood, to defend her character *should* have done, Beatrice, woman as she is, *does* without one moment's hesitation. At the same time that she, without any effort or self-consciousness, displays the generosity, courage, and greatness of soul that Claudio should have shown, had he been worthy of the name of man, she feels such an overwhelming scorn and loathing for the cowardly wretch who has outraged, with such brutal publicity, her innocent cousin, that she naturally cries for his blood. Death is the only punishment which seems to her adequate for such an outrage. In these two simple words *Kill Claudio* her indignation bursts forth; afterwards she gives her reasons for this indignation, reasons not thought out or laboured, but which flashed upon her mind simultaneously with the events which had occurred in such rapid succession. It is the privilege of such natures as that of Beatrice, undeformed by conventionality, unpoisoned by the lethal drug of worldliness, when any great question of right or wrong arises, not to have to reason out, with well-balanced arguments *pro* and *con*, the course they adopt, but to spring naturally to their conclusion.

300. Line 295: [She is going, he holds her by the arm.] *I am gone, though I am here.*—[Struggling to free herself].—The stage-direction we have inserted will explain the meaning of this sentence, to which some commentators have given a very strained interpretation. All that Beatrice means is that, although Benedick does detain her by force, she is, in spirit, *gone*. After his refusing her request she does not wish to have anything more to say to him.

301. Line 303: *Is he not approved in the height a villain?*

—Compare Henry VIII. i. 2. 214: "He's traitor to the height," and Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 200:

Even in the strength and *height* of injury.

Compare also the expression in Hamlet, i. 4. 21: "our achievements, though perform'd at height."

302. Line 306: *bear her in hand*.—Compare Measure for Measure, i. 4. 51, 52:

Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,
In hand and hope of action;

and see Taming of Shrew, note 146.

303. Line 309: *I would EAT HIS HEART in the market-place*.—Steevens quotes from Chapman's Iliad, book 22nd:

Hunger for slaughter, and a hate that eates thy heart, to *eat*
Thy foe's heart.

Ferocious as this sentiment of Beatrice may seem, it is not unnatural by the light of what I have suggested above in note 299. The very lack of all manliness in Claudio makes *her* more than virile in her ferocity.

304. Line 316: Bene. *Beat*—.—This is as Theobald printed it. Q. F. 1 have *Beat*? F. 2, F. 3 *Bett*? F. 4 *But*? Steevens conjectured *But Beatrice*. We prefer, however, to leave the mere fragment of a word, as the storm of Beatrice's indignation must sweep down everything before it.

305. Line 317: *a goodly count, count confect*.—So Q. substantially; F. 1 has a *goodly count, confect*. Some modern editors hyphen the two words *count confect*, unnecessarily I think. Beatrice uses the expression in supreme contempt—"count sugar-plum." Grant White would see a play upon the words *count* and the French word *conte*, in the sense of a story made up. He explains this sense of the passage as being "further evident from the inter-dependence of the whole exclamation, 'Surely a princely *testimony*, a goodly count,'—the first part of which would be strangely out of place if there were no pun in the second. In Shakespeare's time the French title *Comte* was pronounced like *conte* or *compte*, meaning a fictitious story, a word which was then in common use." It is quite possible that Grant White is right, as the words which follow *sweet gallant* certainly seem to show that Beatrice is playing upon words.

306. Line 323: *men are only TURNED into tongue*.—The non-elision in F. 1 of the final *ed* in *turned* is here, I am convinced, intentional. The unpleasant alliteration of *turn'd into tongue* is very much modified by pronouncing the final syllable of *turned*.

307. Line 335.—Benedick is at last convinced; but mark, it has taken all Beatrice's wonderful energy, all the shock caused by the noble fury of her indignation, to bring this result about. To Benedick, with his opinion of women,—such as is, it must be confessed, held by many men, who, as they pass the best part of their lives in trying to corrupt the other sex, console themselves for any failure by thinking that nature has done their work for them,—the idea of Hero's having carried on a low intrigue up to the very night before her marriage presents no difficulty, and makes no demand upon his credulity. It is one of the many subtle touches in this scene, the way in which his newly-born love of Beatrice causes him to

detain her, but for which detention he would never have heard her eloquent vindication of her cousin. The nobler part of Benedick's nature is now awakened, and the viler part of it paralysed. Henceforth he is not only ready to challenge Claudio, but he firmly believes that he is challenging him in the cause of truth and justice. But a little before this, when unredeemed by love, he would have cracked his coarse jests over Hero's supposed unchastity, and laughed at the very idea of challenging anyone, much less his friend, in such a quarrel.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

308.—In this scene the prefixes to the speeches afford ample proof how careless was the editing of this play in the First Folio. Instead of the names of the characters the names of the actors are prefixed, and, in one or two cases, even these are wrong. There are in all thirty-nine speeches in this scene, counting line 19, which is given both to Conrad and Borachio, as one speech. It will be more convenient to refer to the speeches rather than to the lines. The prefix to speech 1, Dogberry's, is both in Q. and Ff. *Keeper*, generally supposed to be a misprint for *Kemp*. The prefix to speech 2 is *Cowley*; to speech 3, *Sexton*; to speech 4, *Andrew*. This has been supposed to be another name, perhaps a nickname, given to Kemp on account of his playing so often the Merry Andrew. This explanation seems to be a little far-fetched; Kemp's Christian name was *William*; and there is no actor among those mentioned in F. 1 whose Christian name is *Andrew*. The prefix to the next speech, the 5th, is *Cowley*; to the 6th speech, *Sexton*; to the 7th speech, *Kemp*; to the 8th, *Bor.*; to the 9th, *Ke.* in Q., *Kemp* in F. 1; to the 10th, *Con.*; to the 11th, *Ke.* in Q., *Kee* in F. 1; to the 12th, omitted in F. 1, *both*; to the 13th, omitted in F. 1, *Kem.*; to the 14th, *Con.*; to the 15th, *Kemp*; to the 16th, *Bor.*; to the 17th, *Kemp*; to the 18th, *Sexton* in Q., *Sext.* in F. 1; to the 19th, *Kemp*; to the 20th, *Watch 1*; to the 21st, *Kemp*; to the 22nd, *Borachio* in Q., *Bora.* in F. 1; to the 23rd, *Kemp*; to the 24th, *Sexton*; to the 25th, *Watch 2*; to the 26th, *Kemp*; to the 27th, *Const.*; to the 28th, *Sexton*; to the 29th, *Watch 1*; to the 30th, *Kemp*; to the 31st, *Sexton*; to the 32nd, *Watch*; to the 33rd, *Sexton*; to the 34th, *Constable* in Q., *Const.* in F. 1; the next two speeches, 35th and 36th, are made one by mistake both in Q. and F. 1, Q. gives the speech to *Cowley*, F. 1 to *Sexton*; to the 37th, *Kem.*; to the 38th, *Cowley*; to the 39th, *Kemp*.

I think it better to give the full details of this scene, because they may help us to settle two questions: the first, whether F. 1 was not simply transcribed from a printed copy of the Quarto, with a few cuts; the second, how the names of the actors came to be prefixed to the speeches in this scene, and not in any other part of the play. With regard to the first question, it will be noted that, with one or two slight exceptions, the prefixes given to the speeches are substantially the same both in Q. and F. 1, the only important exception being that of the two speeches, 35th and 36th, lines 70, 71, which, being hopelessly bungled together in both Q. and F. 1, are given in the former to *Cowley*, i.e. Verges, and in the latter to *Sext.* or *Sexton*, who has just left the stage. In fact, except in the omission in F. 1 of speech 12 and part of

speech 13 (an omission evidently due to the frequent mention of the name of God), Q. F. 1 are substantially the same in this scene; and it is a powerful argument in favour of the theory that F. 1 is but a transcription of the Quarto that these prefixes should be retained in both. There is no other way to account for such a strange similarity in error, unless we suppose that both were transcribed from the same stage copy.

As to the second question, how it is that the names of the actors are found prefixed to the speeches in this scene and not elsewhere in the play, this is a difficult question to answer. There is an instance in *The Taming of the Shrew*, in Induction i. (see note 9 on that play), where the name *Sinklo* is prefixed to a speech, the speech of one of the characters who has no other designation but a *Player*. *Sinklo* also figures in a stage-direction in III. Henry VI. iii. 1, as one of the Two Keepers; and in II. Henry IV. v. 4 as a *Beadle*. This actor's name does not appear in the list of the principal actors given in F. 1. He was probably an unimportant member of the company who took only very small parts. It will be seen that in all these three cases, where *Sinklo*'s name appears, it was substituted for a character such as a *Player*, a *Keeper*, a *Beadle*, to which there were assigned no specific names; but in the case of the scene before us it is quite different. Both Kemp and Cowley were important members of the company, and the proper prefixes of their respective characters are given to almost all their speeches. But it is to be noted that in act iii. scene 5 they are called in the stage-direction, prefixed to the scene, *Constable* and *Headborough*; and in the stage-direction at the beginning of act iii. scene 3, Verges's name does not appear, only *Dogberry* and *his compartner*, although in that scene Verges's name is prefixed to all his speeches. It seems to me that the most probable explanation of this confusion as to the prefixes is, that when first the play was written and the parts distributed to the actors, Shakespeare had not yet decided upon the names which he would give to Dogberry and Verges; and in the copy used by the prompter it is possible that, in order to prevent any confusion in some scenes—in this one, for instance—he had written the names of the actors instead of such vague titles as *Constable*, *Headborough*, &c. When the names Dogberry and Verges were decided upon, they were prefixed to the speeches belonging to these characters in part of the MS. but not throughout. It may be noted that it would be much easier for the prompter, who had to see that the various actors were "called," as the technical expression is, in time for their various entrances, if he wrote down in his MS. the names of the actors of small parts such as *Keepers*, *Beadles*, *Officers*, and *Constables*, because then he could scarcely make any mistake as to the actor whom he had to call, and this may account for such things as the occurrence of the name *Sinklo* in the stage-directions already alluded to. Again, it is possible that this portion of the MS. had got torn or otherwise defaced; perhaps the margin containing the names of the speakers had been torn away, and it had been re-copied by the prompter or some other member of the company, who put the name of the actor instead of the name of the character which he represented. Unfortunately we know so very little about the interior life of the theatre in Shakespeare's time, that

we are almost ignorant how rehearsals were conducted, whether pieces were read to the company or not, and how parts were distributed. It is possible, in the case of actors who were regularly cast for a certain line of business, like Kemp, who always played the clown or comic character, that their own names were written on the part instead of the names of the characters they played. In such a case, a copyist supplying any deficiencies in the MS. prepared for the press from the actors' "parts"—which he would do, probably, in case of the stage copy being injured—would naturally write the name of the actor and not the name of the character.

309. Enter Dogberry, &c.—The stage-direction in Q. F. 1 is *Enter the Constables, Borachio, and the Town Clerk; in gowns*. Here we have another proof of the confusion as to the designation of the characters in this piece; by the *Town Clerk* is evidently meant the *Sexton*, who takes down the examination of the prisoners. The stage-direction from Lady Alimony (1659) has already been quoted above (note 210) which says "Enter &c. in their *rug gowns*." According to a passage quoted by Malone from the Black Book, 4to, 1604:—"when they mist their *constable*, and sawe the *black gowne* of his office lye full in a puddle—" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 122), the constables wore a *black gown* of office. Probably it was these *gowns*, and not the *rug gowns* which they wore when on their active duties, that were intended to be worn in this scene. The slovenly nature of the stage-direction will be noticed, as according to its wording Borachio, as well as the *Constable* and *Town Clerk*, would be in a gown; and all mention of Conrade is omitted.

310. Line 2: *O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton*.—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 122) points out that here perhaps was another cut at that favourite butt of all the Elizabethan dramatists, The Spanish Tragedy (act iv.):

Hieron. What are you ready? *Balthazar*
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

—Dodsley, vol. v. p. 157.

It is worth noting that Malone misquotes this passage, making, by a curious mistake, *Balthazar* the name of the speaker of the second line quoted, whereas it is clear that the whole speech is addressed to Balthazar by Hieronimo.

311. Lines 3, 4:

Sex. Which be the malefactors?

Dog. Marry, that am I and my partner.

This looks suspiciously like what is technically termed a piece of *gag*. It is difficult to understand for what word Dogberry can have mistaken *malefactors*. If this line was not introduced by the actor, Shakespeare may have intended Dogberry to claim the title of *malefactor*, because it was a long word which he did not understand, but which he thought from its very length would add to his and his fellow constable's dignity.

312. Line 6: *we have the EXHIBITION to examine*.—Steevens explains this as a blunder for *examination to exhibit*, and refers to Leonato's words in iii. 5. 53: "Take their *examination* yourself." He might also have referred to the words of the Sexton below, line 68: "I will go before and show him their *examination*." But is it not rather doubtful whether Verges would have known

the legal sense of the phrase *to exhibit*? It seems to me more probable that he is using *exhibition* in the sense of "allowance," or "permission," knowing that *exhibition* was used in the sense of "a money allowance," as we have it in *The Two Gent. of Verona*. See note 33 on that play.

313. Lines 19-23.—This passage, as has already been observed, is omitted in Fl. (see above, note 308) on account of the act, so often alluded to, passed in 3rd James i. chap. 21; but when the cut was made, by some mistake the sentence above was retained in Dogberry's part, probably because the person who had charge of the play-house copy was misled by the *Masters* in the second sentence commencing *Masters*, *it is proved already*. This mistake occasioned the absurdity noticed by Theobald, through which Dogberry asks a question without waiting for the answer. If we omit all between the word *Conrade*, line 16, and the sentence beginning *Masters it is proved*, line 23, the speech will read all right; and the omission of the passage, which contains the name of the Deity no less than five times, is certainly an improvement, at least as far as the reading aloud of the play, or its performance on the stage, is concerned.

314. Line 28: *but I will go about with him*.—This expression *to go about* is generally applied in such a phrase as "*to go about your business*," i.e. "*to occupy one's self*," "*to undertake anything*," so we have it in *Venus and Adonis*, line 319:

His testy master *goeth about* to take him;

and in this very play above, iv. 1. 65, 66:

I stand dishonour'd, that have *gone about*

To link my dear friend to a common stale;

where it almost has the meaning of "have taken pains," "have laboured." Hamlet uses it, in a rather peculiar sense, in the scene between Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, iii. 2. 361, 362: "why do you *go about* to recover the wind of me?" where it seems to imply a circuitous method of attaining an object. The passage in our text is the only instance, as far as I can find, of this expression being used "*to go about with a person*." It would probably be best translated into our modern vernacular by "I'll tackle you."

315. Line 37: *that's the EFTEST way*.—Rowe suggested *easiest* for *eftest*. Theobald supposed that it was a blunder for *deftest*; but it is more probable that Dogberry is intended here to use the old word (of A. Sax. origin) *eft*. *Eft* has the sense of "quickly," and is frequently so used by Spenser, although its more proper meaning was "afterwards."

316. Lines 70, 71:

Verg. *Let them be in the hands—*

Con. *Off, coxcomb!*

These two lines, as has already been stated, are printed as one speech in Q. and F. 1; Q. gives them to Cowley, the actor who played Verges; while F. 1 gives them to the Sexton, who has just gone off. The line is thus printed in the old copies; Q. has "Let them be in the hands of coxcomb"; F. 1 has "Let them be in the hands of *Coxcombe*." Probably there is some corruption here, besides

the mistake of making the two speeches one. Several emendations have been proposed: "*Ver. Let them be in the hands of—Con. Coxcomb!*" (Malone); "*Ver. Let them be in bands. Con. Off, coxcomb!*" (Capell); "Let them *bind their hands*;" afterwards withdrawn (Tyrwhitt). "*Ver. Let them be bound. Con. Hands off, Coxcomb!*" (Collier MS.). Shakespeare never uses the expression *Hands off*. It may be that, originally, Verges was going to say, "Let them be *in the hands of the law*;" but that when he got as far as *of*, Conrade interrupted him with "*Off, coxcomb!*" or "*Of a coxcomb*." But *off* and *of* are very often confounded, and the usually accepted reading we have given in our text is as satisfactory as any.

317. Line 85: *as pretty a piece of flesh as any in Messina*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 30, 31: "thou wert as witty *a piece of Eve's flesh* as any in Illyria."

318. Line 87: *a fellow that hath had LOSSES*.—It is scarcely conceivable that the Old Corrector absolutely changed *losses* to *leases*. He did not add "copyholds" and "freeholds," which he might as well have done, when he tried to rob us of one of the most delightful bits of Shakespeare's humour. Human nature is much the same, nowadays, as it was in Shakespeare's time; and the pride which people take in referring to "better days" is but a piece of the same kind of vanity as that which Dogberry here exhibits. Indeed some people take such a delight in recounting their losses that one cannot grudge them the pleasure, since it seems a sort of compensation for their misfortunes.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

319.—In both Q. and F. 1 the stage-direction, at the beginning of this scene, is *Enter Leonato and his brother*. There are altogether ten speeches assigned to Antonio before he and Leonato "go off." The prefix to these ten speeches in Q. is *Brother*, with the exception of the last speech (line 109), which has the abbreviation *Bro.* prefixed to it. In F. 1 the 1st and 3rd have the prefix *Brother* in full, the 2nd, *Broth.*; the 4th and 5th, *Brot.*; the 6th, *Bro.*; the 7th, and 8th, *Brot.*; the 9th—and here is a difference worth recording—has the prefix *Ant.*; the 10th has the same prefix as the Q., *Bro.* I have thought it worth while to point out the discrepancies between Q. and F. 1 in Antonio's speeches, trifling as they may appear to be, because we may possibly find in them some indirect evidence as to the question whether F. 1 was simply printed from a copy of the Q., or from a separate MS. (See above, note 308.) The only really important difference between the Q. and F. 1, which would seem to show that F. 1 was printed at least from a corrected copy of the Q., is the fact of the prefix in line 100, in F. 1, being *Ant.*, i.e. an abbreviation of Antonio's name, while to the other many speeches the prefix is practically identical in both editions.

It is possible that the copy of the Q. from which F. 1 was printed had a few corrections made on it, and that this prefix *Ant.*, instead of *Brother*, to the speech referred to above, was one of those corrections, it having been obviously suggested by the fact that Leonato calls him there by his name; but still this is not a very satisfactory explanation, for Leonato also calls his brother by

his name above (line 91). On the other hand, we may note that in both Q. and F. 1 there is the same variation in the spelling of the name *Antonio*, which in line 91 is spelt *Anthony*, and in line 100 *Antonie*, in both copies. The use of the form *Anthony* is rather out of place, and may be compared with the obvious mistake in i. 1. 9 and 10, where *Don Pedro* is called *Don Peter*.

It would certainly seem that *Antonio* was one of the characters in this play to whom the author had not assigned any name when he commenced this comedy. (See above, note 308.) In act i. scene 2, Q. F. 1 have *Enter Leonato and an old man brother to Leonato*; and the prefix to Antonio's speeches is simply *Old*. In act ii. scene 1 the stage-direction is *Enter Leonato his Brother, &c.*, and the prefix to his speeches throughout is *Brother* in both Q. and F. 1. In line 116 he is, for the first time, named *Anthony* by Ursula, and the prefix to his speeches with Ursula, lines 119, 121, 125, is *Antho.* in Q.; *Anth.* in F. 1.

320. Lines 3-32.—For a comparison between portions of this speech of Leonato's with the speech of Adriana in the Comedy of Errors, see note 27 on that play.

321. Line 6: *Nor let no COMFORTER delight mine ear.*—So Q.; F. 1 has *comfort*; F. 2 *comfort else*; F. 3, F. 4 *comfort else*.—It is rather remarkable that the editors of F. 2, when trying to correct the faulty line in F. 1, should not have resorted to the Q. rather than have accepted the reading of F. 1; or was the addition of the *else* made by the actors, and taken by the editors of F. 2 from the then theatre copy?

322. Line 10: *And bid him speak of patience.*—So Q. Ff.; most editors adopt the emendation of Hammer, who added the words *to me* after *speak* in order to make the line metrically complete. With all due deference to Dyce, and other commentators, who have adopted this supposed improvement without any question, I must beg to differ from them as to there being either any necessity for an addition to the line, or as to such an addition being, in any way, an improvement on the text of the old copies. We have had a great many *mine's* and *me's* already in this passage; e.g. line 5, *me*; line 6, *mine*; again, line 7, *mine*; line 8, *me*; line 9, *mine*; and, in the next line, we have *mine*; so that unless there were any necessity for it, I do not think the poet would have wished to add the words *to me* in this line. There is another reason for the omission of these words, and that is, that we require the emphasis to be put on the *him* in this line. Anyone who will read the whole sentence beginning with *Bring me a father*, will see, if he has any ear for rhythm, that by omitting the words *to me*, the conclusion of the sentence is both more forcible and more rhythmical. The *to me* is really unnecessary. We must remember that the slurring slovenly style of pronouncing our beautiful native tongue, which prevails nowadays, was not prevalent in Shakespeare's time, when *patience* was not pronounced *pay-shense*, but distinctly as a trisyllable.

323. Line 12: *And let it answer every STRAIN for STRAIN.*—The sense of *strain* in this line is, perhaps, rendered as nearly as possible by the word given in our foot-note, viz.

"feeling." *Strain*, in this sense, is by no means uncommon in Shakespeare, e.g. in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 171:

Or swell my thoughts to any *strain* of pride;

and Coriolanus, v. 3. 149:

Thou hast affected the fine *strains* of honour.

This sense of the word is not connected with its peculiar sense—"note" or "tune," but with the original meaning of an "effort." We have had the word used above in this play, ii. 1. 394, in the sense of "natural" or "inherited disposition," where Don Pedro, speaking of Benedick, says "he is of a noble *strain*."

324. Lines 15-18:

*If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,
And, SORRY wag, cry "hem" when he should groan,
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
With CANDLE-WASTERS.*

This very difficult passage, which has, with some reason, puzzled all the commentators, can only be understood by a careful consideration of the context. What does Leonato intend to say? He may express himself obscurely, but his meaning is obvious enough. We may thus paraphrase his speech. "I do not want sententious comfort. I want some one who has suffered what I have suffered to come and talk to me. If you can find anyone who has loved his child as I have loved mine, and whose joy and pride in her has been overwhelmed by such a catastrophe as that which has overtaken my daughter; and if this man will talk to me of patience—if this man will be calm and sententious, and will attempt to mend my grief with proverbial sayings, and to drug my sense of unhappiness with essays upon resignation—the work of those who waste candles in sitting up to labour out such dull and tedious performances—if such a one will attempt to console me thus, and preach to me patience, I will listen to him; but you cannot find such a man, for it is only those who have not to bear sorrow that can preach patience; directly we have to endure sorrow ourselves our patience goes to the winds." To come to the special difficulties in this passage: first, as to the well-known crux in line 16, the reading of Q., F. 1, F. 2 is as follows:

And sorrow, wagge, crie hem when he should groan.

The correction of F. 3, F. 4 seems, at first sight, scarcely worth notice. The former reads: "And hallow, wag, cry hem;" the latter reads the same, except that it has *hollow* instead of *hallow*. This attempt at an emendation may be interpreted in two ways: "And hallow wag," i.e. "and cry out wag (=go your way);" or it may be meant for "And hollow wag," *hollow* being used, as it frequently is by Shakespeare, in the sense of "insincere." It is possible that the alteration in F. 3 was originally made by one of the actors. Of the many—far too many—proposed emendations emanating from various commentators, it will be sufficient to say that they will be found duly recorded in the Cambridge edn. The one we have adopted in the text, which occurred to me, independently, many years ago, is the same as a conjecture by Steevens, which, for some mysterious reason or other, he subsequently abandoned. The other emendation, which is most generally accepted, is that of Capell, "BID sorrow wag, cry

hem; and the next most received one is that of Johnson, which Steevens adopted: "CRY, *sorrow wag!* and *hem*." Johnson, before adopting this arrangement of the words had pointed out that the text, as it stands in the old copies, would make sense if we read, *And sorrow wag! cry; hem*; but on account of the harshness of the order in which the words *and* and *cry* are placed he adopted the arrangement given above, which Steevens thoroughly approved of and followed. The meaning of the sentence is: "And cry 'away with sorrow!'" or "sorrow away!" Steevens supports this reading by quoting the use of the phrase *care away*, from Acolastus, comedy, 1540: "I may now say, *Care away!*" and "Now grievous *sorrowe and care away!*" also from Barnaby Googe's "third Eglog:"

Some chestnuts have I there in store,
With cheese and pleasant whaye;
God sends me vittayles for my need,
And I syng *Care away!*

Steevens tells us also he was assured that *Sorrow go by!* is "a common exclamation of hilarity even at this time, in Scotland" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 129). There does not seem to me to be much force in the comparison between the expression *sorrow wag!* and such a very natural expression as "care away!" or "sorrow away!" or "away with sorrow!" or in the more common form, "away with melancholy!" With regard to the word *wag*, in the sense of "to go one's way," it is remarkable that it is used no less than four times in The Merry Wives (always by the Host of the Garter), i. 3. 7: "let them *wag*; trot, trot;" ii. 1. 238: "Here, boys, here, here! shall we *wag?*" and also ii. 3. 74, 101. We have it once in As You Like It, ii. 7. 23, in the proverbial expression: "how the world *wags*," where I do not think it has the same meaning exactly that it has in Merry Wives. However, it is worth remarking that Shakespeare only uses *wag*, in this sense, in the four passages cited; and, from his putting the expression into the mouth of the Host, it would seem that he considered it rather an affected one. As to the imaginary comforter that Leonato is describing, he might perhaps be termed an affected prig; and the use of the verb *wag*, in this rather unusual sense, would not be out of place. Both because it involves very little alteration in the text, and also makes very fair sense, Johnson's emendation is a very plausible one. The reason why we have preferred the one printed in the text is, that it involves even less alteration of the reading of the old copies, and because the misprint of *sorrow* for *sorry* is a very probable one, although no other instance of such a misprint seems to occur in Shakespeare. In Dymock's translation of Il Pastor Fido (1602) *shadow* appears to be used in two passages=*shady*: in act ii. scene 5:

About noone time among these *shadow* trees
Come you without your nymphs.

(F. 3, back, F. 4.)

Again, in act iii. scene 5:

unto my garden there
Where a *shadow* hedge doth close it in.

(I. 1.)

It is possible that in those two passages *shadow* may be used as an adjective; but it looks more like a misprint. We must remember that all words like pretty, heavy, sorry, were formerly spelt *prettie*, *heavie*, *sorrie* (we have an instance in F. 1. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 726); and if

anyone will compare the two words *sorrie* and *sorrow*, in the handwriting of any MS. of Shakespeare's time, he will see how easily they might be mistaken for one another. The expression *sorry wag* seems to me very applicable to the type of character that Leonato is describing: one utterly devoid of sympathy, unable to enter into the griefs, or indeed into any of the higher feelings of the sufferer. Such a man *smiles*, *strokes his beard*, *cries hem*, offers for consolation stale proverbs and conventional exhortations to patience, gathered from the laborious writings of scholars who consume the midnight oil, and are learned in everything but human nature.

The second difficulty, which I am inclined to think almost greater than the first, is as to the meaning of *candle-wasters* in this passage—in fact as to the meaning of the last sentence altogether. In the paraphrase of the speech given above I have taken *candle-wasters* to mean "students" or "book-worms;" in fact those who sit up late at night reading or writing. On account of the occurrence of the word *drunk* in the sentence, the meaning generally accepted for *candle-wasters* is, as Malone says, "men who waste candles while they pass the night in drinking" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 130); that is to say, "drunkards" or "revellers;" but we have no instance of the use of *candle-wasters* in such a case, while we have a very striking instance of its use in the sense of "one who burns the midnight oil," as we say. Thus we have in Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels, iii. 2: "spoiled by a whoreson book-worm, a *candle-waster*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 277); and in The Antiquary, act iii. 1: "he should catch more delicate court-ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, *lamp-wasters* of them all" (Dodsley, vol. xiii. p. 469). Both the above passages are quoted by Whalley (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 130); but we may add the following expression from the Prologue to Wily Beguiled: "*cotton-candle eloquence*" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 221). It has been suggested in connection with the word *drunk* that Shakespeare might have been thinking of one of the practices of extravagant lovers, namely that of drinking off flap-dragons (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 152), which is alluded to in II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 267: "and drinks off *candles' ends* for *flap-dragons*." In a passage, however, in The Return from Parnassus (iv. 3), students are described as:

Drinking a long lank watching candle's smoke,
Spending the marrow of their flowing age
In fruitless poring on some worm-eat leaf.

—Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 200.

This passage confirms one in the opinion that *candle-wasters* here should be interpreted in some such sense as we have given to the word, in the paraphrase of Leonato's speech above.

325. Line 28: WRING *under the load of sorrow*.—This intransitive use of the verb *to wring*= "to writhe," or, perhaps, "to be wrung," is found in two other passages in Shakespeare; in Henry V. iv. 1. 252, 253:

Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own *wringing*;

and, more appositely, in Cymbeline, iii. 6. 79: "He *wrings* at some distress." This elliptical use of the verb is one of which Shakespeare and the writers of his time were rather fond.

326. Line 30: *moral*="moralizing."—Compare Lear, iv. 2. 58: "a *moral* fool." Schmidt also takes the passage in As You Like It, ii. 7. 23, 29:

When I did hear

The motley fool thus *moral* on the time,

to be another instance of the use of the adjective in this sense, though generally *moral*, in that passage, is considered to be a verb. I have not been able to find a similar use of the word in any other author.

327. Line 32: *My griefs cry louder than* ADVERTISEMENT.

—This use of *advertisement*="exhortation" is given by Baret in his *Alvearie* (1573), *sub voce*: "A warning: an admonition: an *advertisemēt*." The vulgarized use of the word has become so common in this, which may be considered, emphatically, "the age of *advertisements*," that the original meaning of the word has been almost, if not entirely, lost. In Sherwood's dictionary, which is bound up with Cotgrave (1650), *monition* is given as one of the French equivalents to *advertisement*. But the verb, to *advertise* would seem by that time to have nearly lost all connection with the idea of moral advice, and only to have retained the sense of "to give notice" or "information," "to notify," through which sense it came to have its modern meaning. The only explanation of this line is given by Seymour, who explains it "my griefs are too violent to be expressed in words." Seymour's explanation is plausible enough; but it would seem from the answer of Antonio, in the next line,

Therein do men from children nothing differ,

that the meaning is "My griefs cry louder than your moral exhortations;" that is to say, "The voice of my grief makes itself heard so loudly in my own breast, that I cannot hear the moral consolations that you offer;" but Antonio takes the more literal sense of the word *cries*, and endeavours to ridicule his brother out of his excessive dwelling on his unhappiness, by comparing him to a child who *cries* so loudly that it cannot hear the remonstrances, or good advice, of its instructor.

328. Lines 37, 38:

However they have writ the STYLE OF GODS,
And made a PUSH at chance and sufferance.

Warburton thought this referred to the extravagant titles the Stoics gave their wise men (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 131). Steevens, more probably, explains it "in the style of gods," i.e. "in exalted language," as if they were divine beings above the level of ordinary men (*ut supra*).

The phrase *made a push* at seems to have given the commentators some trouble. Pope altered *push* to *push*, which, with due deference to him, is an alteration for the worse. The meaning undoubtedly is the one we have given in the foot-note. Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 66, 67:

stand the *push*

Of every beardless vain comparative;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 137;

To stand the *push* and enmity of those;

from which it is evident that the expression *make a push* at means here "attack," "defy."

329. Line 52:

Who wrongs him?

Leon.

Who!

We have followed Dyce in adopting Walker's addition of the word *Who!* at the end of this line in order to complete it. Hamner printed "*wrongeth* him," and Capell, "Who wrongs him, *sir?*" but Walker's emendation seems to us much the best, as it is very natural Leonato should repeat the word *Who!*

330. Line 57: *my hand meant nothing to my sword*.—

None of the commentators notice this phrase, though it is rather an obscure one. It may either mean "I had no intention of drawing my sword in touching it;" that is to say, it was a mere mechanical action; or, perhaps, the meaning is, "My hand laid to my sword meant nothing."

331. Line 65: *And, with grey hairs and* BRUISE *of many days*.—This is a very expressive phrase. It would be difficult to express more forcibly the effect of old age, which makes us feel, both in mind and body, as if we had been sorely *bruised*. Shakespeare only uses the word *bruise* in two other passages: II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 100:

That feel the *bruises* of the days before,

where it is also used figuratively, though not in precisely the same sense as in the text; and (in the literal sense) in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 57, 58:

the sovereign'st thing on earth

Was parmaceti for an inward *bruise*.

Compare with this passage II. Henry VI. v. 3. 3, and see note 338 on that play.

332. Line 66: *Do challenge thee to* TRIAL *of a man*.—Compare Richard II. i. 1. 81:

Or chivalrous design of knightly *trial*.

333. Line 75: *Despite his nice fence and his active* PRACTICE.—*Practice* is explained by some commentators as="experience." Surely the sense we have given it in the foot-note is the right one. Leonato would have had more experience than Claudio; but he could not have had such active habits, and he could not have exercised his skill in fencing very much of late. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 220, 221, where Hamlet says, apropos of his approaching combat with Laertes: "since he went into France, I have been in continual *practice*."

334. Line 76: *His May of youth and bloom of* LUSTYHOOD.—Shakespeare only uses this word in one other passage, in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 40, 50:

reason and respect

Make lovers pale, and *lustihood* defect.

335. Line 78: *Canst thou so* DAFF *me?*—See above, note 157.

336. Lines 80–101.—The sudden anger of Antonio at this point is one of the cleverest touches in the whole of this charming comedy. Leonato has been working himself up into a towering passion, and his brother, who, during the first part of the scene, has been endeavouring to argue him into patience, not only abandons that useless endeavour, but, taking up the cudgels for his slandered niece, works himself into a genuine passion. The contempt of the brave old man for the boy Claudio, and the fearless scorn which the representative of the old school pours upon the head of the representative of the new school, are admirably expressed; but what is best of all, in this outburst of Antonio, is the true knowledge of

human nature shown by the poet. Whenever any good-hearted but quick-tempered man gets into a passion, there is only one sure way of calming him; and that is either really to be angry one's self, or to make believe to be angry as naturally as possible. Brother Antony knew this; and sure enough, directly he begins to rave against Claudio, Leonato recovers his temper and begins to try and soothe him. How much can be done with a very small part by a good actor; was seen when Mr. Howe played the part of Antonio at the revival of this play at the Lyceum in 1882.

337. Line 83: *Come, follow me, boy! come*, SIR BOY, FOLLOW *me*.—Q. Ff. read *come, sir boy, come follow me*. Capell, whose emendation we have followed, omitted the second *come*. Pope reads, *come boy follow me*. There would seem to be something especially irritating in the application of the term *boy* to grown-up men. Antonio, doubtless, repeats advisedly the phrase *sir boy* here and in the next line. Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 101, where Aufidius in his quarrel with Coriolanus says:

Name not the god (i.e. Mars), thou boy of tears;
and Coriolanus answers, line 104: "*Boy! O slave!*" and again, line 113: "*Boy! false hound!*"

338. Line 84: *I'll whip you from your FOINING fence*.—Baret gives under "to *Foine*, to pricke, to stinge," and gives as the Latin equivalent "*Pungo. & Cōpungo*." It seems to have been used in fencing, as meaning "to thrust." Cotgrave gives under "*Coup d'estoc*, A thrust, *foine*, stab." Compare Lear, iv. 6. 251: "no matter vor your *foins*." The verb is used in three other passages: in Merry Wives, ii. 3. 24; II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 17; ii. 4. 252. In the latter passage it is used in a very equivocal sense.

339. Line 89: *That dare as well answer a man indeed*.—We have adopted Warburton's suggestion of placing a comma after *indeed* here, giving to the words *a man indeed* the sense of "one who is *indeed* a man." In Hamlet, iii. 4. 60:

A combination and a forin *indeed*,

the word is used in the same emphatic or intensive sense.

340. Line 91: *Boys, apes, JACKS, braggarts, milksops!*—This word is often used as a term of contempt. Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 77:

A thousand raw tricks of these bragging *Facks*;

and our modern *Jack-in-office*. We have followed Hammer in transposing the position of *braggarts* and *Jacks*. Q. Ff. read *apes, braggarts, Jacks*. Dyce puts an accent on the last syllable of *braggarts* in order to make the rhythm of the verse correct; but surely this is not allowable, as the word *braggart* occurs nine times in verse in Shakespeare, and on every occasion it is accented on the first syllable, e.g. in All's Well, iv. iii. 370, 372.

341. Line 94: SCAMBLING, OUT-FACING, FASHION-MONGING *boys*.—For *scambling* see King John, note 252; for *out-facing* compare As You Like It, i. 3. 123, 124:

As many other mannish cowards have
That do *outface* it with their semblances.

Fashion-monging is the reading of Q. F. 1; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 read "*fashion-mongring*." Dyce (note 72) quotes Mr. Arrowsmith, Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators,

p. 34: "*monging* is the present participle regularly inflected from the Anglo-Saxon verb 'mangian,' to traffick." From this verb comes the noun *monger* found in such words as *fishmonger*. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 34: *fashion-mongers*.

342. Line 95: *That lie, and cog, and flout*, DEPRAYE, and *slander*.—Schmidt defines to *cog* = "to cheat, to deceive, especially by smooth lies;" and compare the passage in Merry Wives, iii. 3. 76: "Come, I cannot *cog*, and say thou art this and that," &c. The word seems to come nearest, in sense, to our modern word "to gammon." Afterwards to *cog* came especially to be applied to loading, or otherwise falsifying dice. The verb to *deprave* is used in only one other passage in Shakespeare, in Timon, i. 2. 145:

Who lives that's not *depraved* or *depraves*!

343. Line 96: *Go anticly, show outward hideousness*.—Q. Ff. read "*and show*." We have adopted Spedding's emendation in omitting *and*, which is clearly unnecessary, and spoils the line. Steevens quotes an expression in Gower's speech in Henry V. iii. 6. 81: "a *horrid* suit of the camp;" the whole passage being: "and what a beard of the general's cut and a *horrid* suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on." There is no doubt it was the practice of these braggarts to assume the most warlike dress and accoutrements they could.

344. Line 101: *Do not you meddle; let me DEAL IN this*.—Compare above in this play, iv. 1. 249, 250. *With* is the preposition generally used with *deal*; but we have the same expression = "have to do with," in I. Henry VI. v. 5. 56: "*dealt in* by attorneyship;" and again in The Tempest, v. 1. 270, 271:

That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And *deal in* her command without her power.

345. Line 102: *we will not WAKE your patience*.—There have been several proposed emendations for *wake*, which certainly does not seem to be quite the right word here. Warburton proposed *wrack*; Hammer *rack*; Talbot conjectured *waste*. Johnson explained it: "will not longer force them to *endure* the presence of those whom, though they look on them as enemies, they cannot resist" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 135). Henley explains it thus: "The ferocity of wild beasts is overcome by not suffering them to sleep;" and therefore the sentence means "we will forbear any further provocation" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 135). I confess I do not quite understand this explanation. Steevens compares the well-known passage in Othello, iii. 3. 362, 363:

Thou hadst been better have been born a dog
Than answer my *wak'd* wrath!

But surely there is a good deal of difference between *wrath* and *patience*. One naturally speaks of *waking* a person's wrath, but not of *waking* his patience. There can hardly be two things more opposite than *wrath* and *patience*; but we find somewhat similar expressions elsewhere in Shakespeare; for instance, in Richard II. i. 3. 181-183:

set on you
To *wake* our peace, which in our country's cradle
Draws the sweet infant breath of gentle sleep;

Richard III. i. 3. 288, where Margaret is speaking of the effect of curses:

And there *awake* God's gentle-sleeping peace;

and Coriolanus, iii. 1. 98, 99:

awake

Your dangerous lenity;

which last passage bears a very strong resemblance to the one in our text, because there is no mention in the other two passages, as quoted, of sleep; but the idea is essentially the same as here, viz. that by provocation the *passive* quality of non-resistance is turned into the *active* quality of resistance.

346. Lines 106-109:

Leon. *My lord, my lord,—*

D. Pedro. *I will not hear you.*

Leon. *No?—Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.*

Ant. *And shall, or some of us will smart for it.*

Hammer, whom Dyce follows, arranges these lines as follows:—

Leon. *My lord, my lord,—*

D. Pedro. *I will not hear you.*

Leon. *No?—*

Come, brother, away.—I will be heard.

Ant. *And shall.*

Or some of us will smart for't.

The one objection to this arrangement is that line 109 is left imperfect, while line 108 is not very rhythmical. The arrangement of the old copies, it seems to me, better suits the sense of the words.

347. Line 109: [Exeunt Leonato and Antonio.—The stage-direction in F. 1 is "*Exeunt ambo*" after Leonato's speech, "I will be heard," and "*Enter Benedick*" after line 107; in Q. "*Enter Benedick*" comes before line 110. It is pretty clear that F. 1 was printed from the theatre copy, for nearly all the entrances are marked too early.

348. Line 114: *you are ALMOST come to part ALMOST a fray*.—Is not the first *almost* here a printer's error, or is the repetition intentional? Most commentators seem to think that the second *almost* ought to be omitted; but I cannot help thinking that it is the first which is redundant. The phrase *almost* is used by Don Pedro in a somewhat contemptuous sense, which is quite consistent with the tone adopted by him and Claudio. Another objection to the repetition of *almost* is that the sentence makes a blank verse, which, as it occurs in prose, is objectionable.

349. Line 120: *In a false quarrel there is no true valour*.—Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 233-235:

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just,
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

350. Lines 128, 129: *I will bid thee DRAW, as we do the minstrels; DRAW, to pleasure us*.—There seems to be a difference of opinion here, among the commentators, as to whether *draw* means to *draw* an instrument out of its case, or to *draw* the bow along the strings of the viol. Douce suggests that there is an allusion to the itinerant sword-dancers. It will be easier to decide the exact meaning of *draw* here, when we can find any passage in which the direction is used to *minstrels* to *draw* either their instruments out of the case, or their bows.

351. Line 132: *care kill'd a cat*.—This seems to have been a common proverb. In his *Complete Alphabet of Proverbs* (p. 335) Bohn gives it in the form "Care will kill a cat; yet there's no living without it;" but at page 76 of the same work it is given in the simple form: "Care will kill a cat." The proverb is alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*, i. 3: "hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat" (Works, vol. i. p. 33).

352. Line 135: *I shall MEET your wit IN THE CAREER, an you charge it against me*.—The allusions in this and the following speech are to tilting. *To meet in the career* is to meet in the full charge.

353. Line 139: *give him another staff: this last was broke cross*.—Claudio keeps up the metaphor from the tilting-field. It was considered a disgrace when the spear, used in tilting, was broken across the body of the adversary instead of being snapped by the force of the charge, after having struck him full.

354. Line 142: *he knows how to turn his girdle*.—There seems to be no doubt that the reference here is to the practice of turning the large *buckle* of the *girdle* behind one, previously to challenging anyone to a personal encounter; but for what reason the *girdle* was turned does not seem quite clear. Holt White explains it: "Large belts were worn with the buckle before, but for wrestling the buckle was turned behind, to give the adversary a fairer grasp at the girdle. To turn the buckle behind, therefore, was a challenge" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 138). I confess I do not understand this explanation. In wrestling the object is to try and get a good hold on one's adversary, which is done by putting the arms round him and trying to join your hands in the middle of his back. How it would help matters to have a great *buckle* there I do not know; surely it would render it more difficult to get a good hold, and perhaps that may be the real explanation of the practice, if such a practice existed among wrestlers. In the case of combatants going to fight with fists, one could understand the turning round of the *buckle*, in order that it might not cut one's opponent's hands, though he would have to hit rather low down to come in contact with it, but still it would not be hitting "below the belt," and we must remember that these large *buckles* came quite as high as what I believe in sporting parlance is called the "bread-basket." Halliwell explains the passage "you may change your temper or humour, alter it to the opposite side;" but Grant White and Hunter think that the *girdle* was turned round in order to get at the sword hilt.

355. Line 156: *he hath bid me to a CALF'S-HEAD and a CAPON*.—Schmidt thinks that there is a pun intended here in *capon*, as= "cap on," i.e. coxcomb, and that Claudio means to say a *calf's head* with a fool's cap on; but *capon* was frequently used as a term of contempt, and figures among the humorous terms of abuse used by Dromio of Syracuse, in *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 1. 32.

356. Line 172: *trans-shape thy particular virtues*.—Compare Webster's Cure for a Cuckold: "O to what a monster would this *trans-shape* me" (Works, vol. iv. p. 17).

357. Lines 181, 182: *God saw him when he was hid in the*

garden.—This is of course a reference to ii. 3, where Benedick is hid in the arbour, and it is also a rather profane allusion to the story of Adam and Eve.

358. Line 184: *the savage bull's horns on the sensible Benedick's head*.—An allusion to Benedick's speech above, in i. 1. 264–266.

359. Line 203: *when he goes in his doublet and hose*.—It is pretty certain that the meaning here is simply “without his cloak;” it being the custom to take off the cloak before fighting a duel. Compare *Merry Wives*, iii. 1. 46, where Page says to Sir Hugh Evans, who is awaiting the arrival of Doctor Caius with hostile intent: “in your *doublet and hose* this raw rheumatic day!” This seems to be the more probable meaning of the phrase than to suppose that it refers to the negligence in the matter of dress which is said to characterize lovers, and of which Rosalind makes such fun in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 392–403.

360. Line 207: *soft you, LET ME BE: pluck up, my heart, and be sad!*—Hammer proposed to read *let be*, a phrase which occurs in Winter's Tale, v. 3. 61: *Let be, let be*, used in a deprecatory sense and=“Forbear speaking to me; leave me alone.” The same phrase, with the same meaning, occurs in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 4. 6, and is applied by Antony to Cleopatra when she attempts to help him on with his armour. Compare also Matthew xxvii. 49: “*Let be*, let us see whether Elias will come to save him.”

As to *pluck up, my heart*, compare Taming of Shrew, iv. 3. 38: “*Pluck up thy spirits*.”

361. Line 211: *she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance*.—Some commentators think that there may be a pun here on *reasons* and *raisins*, as in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 264–266: “Give you a *reason* on compulsion! if *reasons* were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a *reason* upon compulsion, I.” It seems that *reason* was in Shakespeare's time pronounced *rayson*, as if it were an anglicized form of the French *raison*; in fact, the word was often spelt so, e.g. in *Tragic Discourses* (fol. 56): “wherin certainly she had *raison*,” ten lines lower down the word is spelt *reason*.

362. Line 242: *Don John your brother INCENSED me to slander the Lady Hero*.—For a similar use of the verb *incense* compare *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 109: “I will *incense* Page to deal with poison;” Winter's Tale, v. 1. 61, 62:

and would *incense* me

To murder her I married.

Nares supposes that the word has the same sense here as in Henry VIII. v. 1. 43, 45:

Incens'd the lords of the council, that he is

A most arch heretic,

in which passage, and in Richard III. iii. 1. 152, where Buckingham suggests that the young prince, York, was “*incensed* by his subtle mother” to taunt his uncle, the meaning is “to instruct,” “to inform,” a sense which it still bears in Staffordshire.

363. Lines 293, 294:

*Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones.*

Blakeway gives an extract from “*La Monnoie en Bayle, au mot Aretin (Pierre)*, note G:” referring to this practice: “*C'est la coutume parmi les Catholiques d'attacher a quelque colonne, ou ailleurs, près du tombeau des morts, et surtout des morts de reputation, des inscriptions funebres en papier*” (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 144); i.e. “It is the custom among the Catholics to attach to some column, or elsewhere, near the tomb of the dead, and especially of dead celebrities, funeral inscriptions on paper.” An instance of this practice is exemplified in Ben Jonson's well-known lines on the Countess of Pembroke, commencing “*Underneath this sable hearse*,” which were intended to be hung as an epitaph on her tomb.

364. Line 299: *And she alone is heir to both of us*.—This is one among the many proofs of the carelessness with which this play was written. The author forgot that already, in i. 2. 1, Leonato, speaking to Antonio, says: “Where is my cousin, your son?”

365. Lines 301–304.—Nothing perhaps makes the character of Claudio more contemptible than the prompt fickleness with which he transfers his affections to order, even at the very moment when he has just discovered how cruelly he had wronged his first love, whom he supposed to be dead.

366. Line 308: *Who, I believe, was PACK'D in all this wrong*.—Compare *Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 219, 220:

That goldsmith there, were he not *pack'd* with her,
Could witness it;

i.e. “if he were not in conspiracy with her.” Compare the passage in the Taming of the Shrew, v. 1. 121 and note 202 on that play. The noun *pack* is used for “a gang of conspirators” in *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 4. 105:

367. Lines 309–312.—As if Shakespeare was determined to heap contempt upon the head of Claudio he makes Borachio, villain as he is, a striking contrast to the young count in generosity of character. He will not allow, hardened ruffian though he be, the woman who unconsciously aided him in his conspiracy to suffer any unjust blame.

368. Line 318: *he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it*.—This looks very suspiciously like a piece of gag on the part of Master Kemp. In iii. 3. 182 Seacoal has already spoken about this Deformed wearing a *lock* (see note 229). The *key in the ear* may be a satire on the fashion of wearing roses in the ears, alluded to in King John. (See note 43 on that play.) But the joke on the *lock* and the *key* is very much on a par with some of those attributed to Kemp.

369. Line 319: *borrowes money in GOD'S NAME*; i.e. “he is a common beggar;” to ask for money *in God's name*, or for *God's sake*, being the usual adjuration of beggars when begging for alms. Minshew (1599) has under *Por-dioseros*: “men that ask for God's sake, beggars.” Halliwell says that “this phrase was used in the counterfeit passports of the beggars, as appears from Dekker's English Villanies.

370. Line 327: *God save the foundation!*—This was the recognized mode of thanksgiving employed by those who received alms at the gates of religious houses.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

371. Line 2: *deserve well at my hands* by HELPING ME TO THE SPEECH OF *Beatrice*.—We have a similar phrase in another passage in Shakespeare, in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 786: "if I may come to the speech of him."

It seems rather doubtful where this scene is supposed to take place. In Mr. Irving's arrangement of the play it formed part of scene 1, which seems the most sensible plan, as it would certainly seem to be intended to take place out of doors and near Leonato's house. Pope was the first to assign any locality to the last scene (v. 1), which he described as "before Leonato's house." He placed this scene "In Leonato's house." Reed rightly placed it "In Leonato's garden;" for it is clear from line 98 below, where Ursula says "Yonder's old coil at home," that the scene did not take place in the house. At the same time there is an objection to placing it in the same part of the garden as the previous scene, namely, that Benedick, after the angry leave he had taken of Claudio and Don Pedro, would hardly risk meeting them again; but this objection is of very little force where there is what is called a "full set scene" to represent the garden, occupying the whole of the stage. We have, however, in order not to interfere with the usual division into scenes of this act, placed this scene as in another part of Leonato's garden.

372. Lines 9, 10: *To have no man come over me! why, shall I always KEEP BELOW STAIRS?*—The meaning of this latter phrase is not very clear. The conversation between Margaret and Benedick is not very edifying at this point; still, it is as well to try and make some sense of it. Theobald simply altered it to "keep above stairs." Steevens proposed to read "keep men below stairs," i.e. "never suffer them to come into her bed-chamber." Singer made a very similar conjecture: "keep them below stairs." Schmidt explains the phrase, "in the servants' room," and so presumably "never get married." This conjecture seems rather founded on the arrangement in modern houses, by which servants' rooms are in the basement; but that portion of the house, if it existed at all in Elizabethan times, was used for cellarage only, the servants' rooms being on the ground floor. Probably the meaning is: "Shall I never get up to the bridal-chamber?" There is possibly also some double meaning in the expression to which the clue is wanting.

373. Lines 28-29: *The god of love, &c.*—This is (according to Ritson) the beginning of an old song by "W. E." (William Elderton).

374. Line 33: *carpet-mongers*.—The same as *carpet-knights*, the title given to those knights who received their knighthood at court and not on the battle-field, and for accomplishments which could be better displayed in the lists of Cupid than in tournaments or in battle. In Fenton's *Tragical Discourses* (1567) we have "a crew of Vene-syan and *carpet knights*" (fol. 89. b.). It appears to have been used generally as a term of contempt. Cotgrave gives under *Muguet*, "an effeminate youngster, a spruce *Carpet-knight*." Shakespeare does not use this term anywhere; but he describes such a person very well in Twelfth

Night, iii. 4. 257, 258: "He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on *carpet* consideration." Shakespeare uses many compounds of the word *monger*, such as *ballad-monger*, I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 130; *barber-monger*, Lear, ii. 2. 36, &c.; and compare *fashion-monging* above, in the last scene, line 94. A *carpet-monger* is well described in Richard III. i. 1. 12, 13:

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.

375. Line 41: *I cannot woo in FESTIVAL terms*.—Compare Merry Wives, iii. 2. 69: "he speaks *holiday*;" and I. Henry IV. i. 3. 46, 47:

With many *holiday* and lady terms
He question'd me.

376. Line 47: *let me go with that I came FOR*.—Q. FF. omit *for*; but it seems necessary for the sense. Pope was the first to add this word, an emendation which most editors have adopted. The Cambridge edd. adhere to the reading of the old copies. They give in a note (xxvi.), as an instance of the same construction, "i.e. the non-repetition of the preposition," a line from the following passage in Marston's *Fawne*, i. 2:

I will revenge us all upon you all
With the same stratagem we still are caught,
Flatterie it selfe. —Works, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.

But the preposition there to be repeated is the same. Here it is a different one; for "with that I came with" would make no sense at all. Their instance would very well apply if the preposition *with* was omitted in the following sentence.

377. Line 57: *Claudio UNDERGOES my challenge*.—Schmidt explains *undergoes* here "in a bad sense, = to suffer, to bear;" but it seems rather to have the sense of "is under = has received," which we have given it in our foot-note; that is to say, "he goes, or is under my challenge to which he has not yet replied;" for no hostile meeting had absolutely been arranged between Benedick and Claudio. We may compare, generally, King John, v. 2. 99, 100.

Is't not I

That *undergo* this charge?

378. Line 77: *an old INSTANCE*.—For this sense of *instance*, compare As You Like It, ii. 7. 156:

Full of wise saws and modern *instances*;

and Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 40, 41: "what verse for it? what *instance* for it?"

379. Lines 79-82: *If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in MONUMENT than the BELL RINGS and the widow weeps*.—So Q. FF. read *monuments* and *bells ring*. In *monument* is almost equivalent here to "in men's memory;" *monument* being that which is erected to preserve one's memory in the minds of men. We may, perhaps, compare the well-known line in Horace, Ode xxx. bk. iii. line 1:

Exegi *monumentum* ere perennius.

380. Line 85: *an hour in clamour, and a quarter in RHEUM*.—Shakespeare uses *rheum* for tears in two or three other places. Compare especially Coriolanus, v. 6. 46: "a few drops of women's *rheum*."

381. Line 86: *Don WORM, his conscience*.—Compare

Richard III. i. 3. 222: "The *worm* of conscience." Some theologians interpret "the *worm* that dieth not" as meaning the human conscience, which shall reproach us for ever, in a future state, if we do not listen to its voice here.

382. Line 98: *Yonder's OLD COIL at home*.—Perhaps the colloquial expression we have given in the foot-note, "The devil to pay," is the nearest rendering of the expression *old coil*. Cotgrave has under *Faire le diable de l'auvert*, "To keep an *old coyle*, horrible stirre." *Old* is often used as a colloquial intensive. Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 2. 15: "We shall have *old* swearing;" and see Comedy of Errors, note 64, and Two Gent. of Verona, note 23.

383. Line 106: *I will go with thee to thy UNCLES*.—So Q. Ff. Modern editors generally print the word *uncle's*, and Rowe altered it to *uncle*, a slight alteration very frequently adopted, and in support of which we may refer to line 97 above, where Ursula says: "you must go to your *uncle*." But as it is generally agreed that this scene takes place in the garden of Leonato's house, if not within the precincts of the house itself, there does not seem to be much sense in Benedick's saying "I will go . . . to thy *uncle's*." On the other hand some may think that the expression of Ursula just above, in line 98, "*Yonder's old coil at home*," may seem to imply that they were not in the grounds of the house itself; but this may be explained by comparing it to our common form of expression "up at the house," which we use under exactly similar circumstances. For instance, if a message is brought to anyone who is in the grounds belonging to a country house, it is very common to say "You are wanted *up at the house*." We have adopted the reading of the old copies without printing it *uncle's*, and I think that the explanation given in the foot-note is probably the right one. Benedick would be very likely to know that the two brothers, Leonato and Antonio, were together. At any rate that fact was present in the dramatist's mind, and would account for his writing *uncles* instead of *uncle*.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

384. Line 3: *Done to death*.—This expression is now obsolete, but was common enough in the sixteenth century. Shakespeare uses it in only one other passage, II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 179: "who should *do the duke to death*?" Chapman has it in the Argument to the 22nd Book of the Iliad:

Hector (in Chl) *to death is done*
By pow'r of Pelus angry sonne.

—Vol. i. p. 208.

Steevens says that *to do to death* is merely an old translation of the French *Faire mourir*. Surely the literal translation of that would be "to make to die." The fact is that the verb *to do* had many more senses in Shakespeare's time even than it has now. We have in III. Henry VI. i. 4. 108 the peculiar expression: "take time *to do him dead*."

385. Line 10: *Praising her when I am DUMB*.—So Ff.; Q. has "when I am *dead*;" a reading which, but for the necessity of a rhymed or quasi-rhymed line here, we

might prefer. It may be supposed that *dumb* was pronounced, as it is now in the North, "*doom*."

386. Line 13: *Those that slew thy virgin knight*.—Steevens has expended a great deal of unnecessary erudition in a note on this passage, in which he seeks to make out that *virgin knight* means *virgin hero* without any intention of a pun; the expression being taken from that of a *virgin* or *maiden knight*, applied to a *knight* who had not yet achieved any adventure; and he goes further in seeking to prove from certain lines in Spenser that "an ideal order," called Knights of Maidenhead, "was supposed as a compliment to Queen Elizabeth's virginity" (Var. Ed. vol. ii. 154). Many ideal compliments have been offered up at the same durable shrine; but it may be doubted if this was one. *Knight* originally meant "servant," and *virgin knights* means nothing more than "virgin servants of Diana." Compare All's Well, i. 3. 120: "Dian no queen of *virgins*, that would suffer her poor *knight* surprised."

387. Lines 20, 21:

*Till death be uttered,
Heavily, heavily.*

So Q. Ff. read here *Heavenly, heavenly*, a reading which Knight, Staunton, and Grant White all adopt. The last-named editor gives a singular interpretation to the passage; viz. "that death is to be uttered (*i.e.* expelled, outer-ed) by the power of Heaven." So far from the sense demanding the reading of Ff., that of Q. is infinitely preferable, the meaning being "till death be expressed, commemorated in song;" but Schmidt takes it to mean, "the cry '*graves, yawn*,' etc. shall be raised till death." But, in any case, *heavenly* can have little meaning, while, for the use of *heavily* in this passage, we may compare the well-known passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 309: "and indeed it goes so *heavily* with my disposition," where F. 1 misprints *heavenly* for *heavily*; and also Sonnet xxx. 10:

And *heavily* from woe to woe tell o'er,
and again, Sonnet, l. 11:
Which *heavily* he answers with a groan.

388. Lines 30–33:

D. Pedro. *Come, let us hence, and put on other WEED;
And then to Leonato's we will go.*

Claud. *And Hymen now with luckier issue SPEED
Than this for whom we render'd up this woe!*

F. 1 read *weedes and speeds*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *speed*. Theobald adopted the conjecture of Thirlby, *speed's*, *i.e.* *speed us*, on the ground that Claudio could not know what the issue of his coming marriage was to be, and that therefore the verb should be in the subjunctive. Many editors, including the Cambridge, have adopted this emendation; but though it is a very plausible one, I cannot help agreeing with Malone in his objection to it, though not on the same ground that "it is so extremely harsh" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 155); but rather that it must be perfectly valueless, as a guide to the sense or construction, when the line is spoken; for, unless the actor says *speed us* in full, it is impossible to make any clear distinction between *speeds* and *speed's*. I have therefore ventured to alter *weed* to the singular, and to adopt the reading

speed, feeling that Claudio's wish should be in the optative. *Weed* is used, apparently as a plural noun, in a passage in *Pericles*, iv. 1. 14:

No, I will rob Tellus of her *weed*;

where it certainly might be paraphrased as "clothing," which is the sense that we require here. But more instances of this use of the word are to be found given under "Weeds," in Richardson's Dictionary, *e.g.* from Robert of Gloucester:

Hiy sende her feble messagers in pouere monne *weeds*;

from Chaucer, A Ballade in Com. of our Lady:

Thy mantel of mercy on our misery sprede

And er we awake wrap vs vnder thy *weede*;

and from Spenser, Fairy Queen, bk. ii. c. 8. st. 16:

To spoyle the dead of *weeds*

Is sacrilege, and doth all sinnes exceed.

It may be that Shakespeare intended *speeds* to be in the indicative mood, because Claudio knew that there was not likely to be any such interruption to his marriage, on this occasion, as there was before. But the *And*, at the beginning of the line, certainly makes one think that the sentence is meant to express a wish.

In the last line there seems to me a fault that none of the commentators have pointed out; and that is the first *this*, which is certainly very weak, and coming immediately after *than* is extremely cacophonous; the repetition of the word again, in the same line, being, to say the least, very clumsy. Might not we read *hers*, that is, "her marriage," referring, of course, to Hero?

ACT V. SCENE 4.

389.—Enter Leonato, &c., Margaret, &c.—Most of the modern editors omit Margaret's name, though it occurs both in Q. and Ff. here, and also when Antonio re-enters, with the ladies masked, after line 52 below. There is no reason for the omission of her name here; for, as Dyce pertinently observes, there is nothing said of her at the beginning of this scene which would prevent her being present. Leonato lets her off with a very slight rebuke (lines 4, 5 below), which he might well emphasize by turning towards her. Her presence later on in the scene seems to us to be implied by Beatrice's speech (line 78).

390. Line 6: *In the true course of all the QUESTION*.—There is no doubt that *question* here means "investigation;" though Schmidt, curiously enough, gives it as "subject, matter, cause."

391. Lines 22, 23:

Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Leon. *That eye my daughter lent her: 't is most true.*

Leonato means to say that by means of the harmless plot carried out against Beatrice by his daughter, Hero, and her waiting-women, Beatrice has been brought to regard Benedick with favour, just as he had been brought to love her through the plot conducted by Don Pedro, Claudio, and Leonato himself. So Leonato says (line 25) to Benedick:

The sight whereof I think you had from me;

that is, "The sight of an eye of love I think you had from me." It is noticeable that in his answer, line 27, Benedick overlooks this suggestion with the most dignified blindness:

Your answer, sir, is enigmatical.

392. Lines 41, 42:

*such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness.*

It is needless to explain this expression to anyone who has experienced the delights of February, 1888. It may be some satisfaction, to those who have suffered from the amenities of that month and its successor, to recollect that, in Shakespeare's time, matters do not seem to have been much better.

393. Lines 43, 44:

I think he thinks upon the savage bull.—

Tush, fear not, man; we'll tip thy horns with gold.

This is another reference to i. 1. 233-236 above.

394. Line 45: *And all EUROPA shall rejoice at thee*.—For some reason, best known to himself, Steevens wanted to amend this passage by printing "And all our Europe, &c." in support of which utterly unnecessary alteration he brought forward the line in Richard II. i. 4. 35:

As were our England in reversion his.

But the meaning of the passage would be destroyed by Steevens's proposed emendation, as it is, evidently, the author's desire to mark the reference to the story of Jupiter and *Europa*.

395. Lines 48-51.—It is plain Benedick is not quite reconciled yet to Claudio. The facility with which that plausible young gentleman transfers his affections, at the bidding of his father-in-law that was to be, does not quite satisfy Benedick's notions of honour. His answer to Claudio's chaff here is certainly not polite, and it was probably written by the author, deliberately, in rhyme, in order that it might be robbed of some of its offensiveness by being put into the same form as the rhymed epigrams, such as those of Heywood, which were great favourites in Shakespeare's day.

396. Line 54: *This same is she, and I do give you her*.—

In Q. Ff. this line is given by evident mistake, though the mistake may have been that of the author, to *Leonato*. It is plain from lines 14-16 above in Leonato's own speech that this line should belong to *Antonio*; as it was he, and not *Leonato*, that was to give the veiled Hero to Claudio.

It is worth while remarking here the extreme levity of Claudio's behaviour. Having hung up his rhymed epitaph on the grave of the woman whom he believed he had helped to kill, he does not seem, at this point, to have the slightest thought or memory of his dead love.

397. Line 59: *I am your husband, if you like of me*.—

This construction is pretty frequent in Shakespeare. Compare *Tempest*, iii. 1. 57: "Besides yourself, to like of;" and *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 107:

But like of each thing that in season grows.

398. Line 63: *One Hero died DEFILED; but I do live*.—Ff. omit *defil'd*, and Collier substituted *belied*. It is pretty evident from the next line that the word *defil'd* must have been omitted accidentally from F. 1.

399. Lines 75, 76: *Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio have been deceiv'd; they swore you did*.—So Ff. (except that the final *ed* in *deceiv'd* is not elided; Q. prints the passage as verse:

Why, then your uncle and the prince and Claudio
Have been deceived, they swore you did.

In order to make the verse complete Capell inserted the word *for* before *they swore you did*; while Hammer printed the line *for they did swear you did*, making it correspond with line 79 below. If there is to be any emendation, this is much the more plausible one; but I think that F. 1 is quite right in printing the passage as prose. It is most likely that Benedick, after the words, *have been deceiv'd*, would turn round to Claudio, the Prince, and Leonato for confirmation of his words; he would be met, on their part, by an explosion of smothered laughter, upon which he would turn away and say with emphasis, and rather in a tone of vexation, "*they swore you did.*"

400. Lines 80-82:

Bene. *They swore THAT you were almost sick for me.*
Beat. *They swore THAT you were well-nigh dead for me.*
Bene. *'T is no SUCH matter.—Then you do not love me!*

So Q. & Ff. omit that in lines 80, 81, and *such* in line 82. I am not at all certain, although nearly all editors adopt the reading of Q., that F. 1 is not right here. It looks very much as if *that* in the first two lines, and *such* in the last line, had been put in to make the verse complete. It must be remembered that Benedick and Beatrice find out now, for the first time, the trick that has been played upon them; and the fun of the scene is that this discovery very nearly leads to a quarrel between them. Beatrice, who has really learned to love Benedick, is at heart less annoyed than he is, because her love is much stronger than her vanity; but in Benedick's case, he being a man, the wound to his vanity, or self-love, is more acutely felt. In this frame of mind,—he, in real vexation, and she, in vexation more or less assumed,—the sharper the sentences they speak the better; and the omissions in Ff. certainly seem to improve the lines, which are then easier to speak in a petulant tone than if they were verses, made complete by the addition of the word *that*.

As for line 82 the reading of Q. makes the sense different to that in F. 1. Benedick (according to Ff.) says: "*'T is no matter, i.e. "It is not a matter of the slightest importance what they swear."* According to Q. he says: "*The statement that I was well-nigh dead for love of Beatrice is not true in any sense.*" In either case the point is, "*you do not love me;*" and that point he is eager to reach; but according to the reading of the Q. he stops

to deny the statement that he was *well-nigh dead* with love for Beatrice. Here again it seems to me that the reading of Ff. is the better one.

401. Line 98: *Peace! I will stop your mouth.* [Kissing her.—This line, in Q. Ff., is given to Leonato. Theobald was the first to make the obvious suggestion that it should be given to Benedick, and he added at the same time the stage-direction [Kissing her].

402. Line 116: *double-dealer*.—There is an obvious play upon the word here, which Shakespeare only uses in one other passage, in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 37, 38: "*I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer;*" said by the Duke to the Clown when asked to give the latter another gold coin.

403. Lines 125, 126: *there is no staff more reverend than one tipp'd with HORN*.—Malone thinks that there was some allusion here to the ancient trial by Wager of Battle or Combat. Stow gives an account in his Annals, under the thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth, of the ceremonies observed at a trial of this kind (in a civil action) which was to have taken place, but which was stopped before the two champions, chosen by the plaintiffs and defendants, actually came to blows; he says: "*The names of these two champions were, Henry Nailor for the plaintiff, George Thorne for the defendant. The combat was to have been fought in Tuthill Fields, Westminster.*" Stow says: "*the gauntlet that was cast downe by George Thorne was borne before the sayd Nailor upon a sword's poynt, and his baston (a staffe of an elle long, made Taper-wise, tipp't with horne,) with his shield of hard leather, was borne after him by Askam a yeoman of the Queenes gard.*" Minsheu, under the word *Combat*, gives a more elaborate account of this ceremony.

Reed quotes "*Britton, Pleas of the Crown, c. xxvii. f. 18: 'Next let them go to combat . . . with two bastons tipp'd with horn of equal length'*" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 163). The probability is that there is no special reference here to the combat between Nailor and Thorne, nor to any other instance of the Wager of Battle, but to the simple fact that horn was commonly used to tip staves with in the place of what is now called the ferrule. Of course there is an obvious play on the word *horn*, in the sense of a cuckold's *horn*.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Accordant.....	Act Sc. Line	i. 2 15	Brothel-house.	i. 1 256	*Church-bench	iii. 3 95	Continuer.....	i. 1 143
Achiever.....	i. 1 9		Bugle ²	i. 2 244	Clapper.....	iii. 2 13	Conveyance ⁶ ..	ii. 1 253
Anticly.....	v. 1 96		Burglary ³	iv. 2 52	Claw ⁴ (verb)...	i. 3 18	Covertly.....	ii. 2 9
Baldrick.....	i. 1 244		Candle-wasters	v. 1 18	Cloudiness....	v. 4 42	Cross ⁷ (adv.)..	v. 1 139
Blazon ¹ (sub.)..	ii. 1 307		Carpet-mongers	v. 2 33	Contemptible ⁵ .	ii. 3 189	Crossness.....	ii. 3 186
Bleat (sub.)....	v. 4 51		2 = a hunting horn.		4 = to flatter.		6 = skill of a juggler; frequently used in other senses.	
Bluish.....	iii. 4 22		3 Dogberry's blunder for perjury.		5 = scornful; used in modern sense of <i>despicable</i> in I. Henry VI. i. 2. 75.		7 = athwart.	

1 = explanation. See note 128.

WORDS PECULIAR TO MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Dearness.....	iii. 2 101	Huddling ¹¹ (trans.)	ii. 1 252	*Parrot-teacher	i. 1 138	Tartly.....	ii. 1 3
Desartless ¹	iii. 3 9	*Ill-headed....	iii. 1 64	Perfumer.....	i. 3 61	Tax ²⁵ (verb)...	ii. 3 46
Despite (verb)..	ii. 2 31	*Ill-well.....	ii. 2 122	Pipers.....	v. 4 132	Terminations..	ii. 1 257
Drover.....	ii. 1 202	Interjections..	iv. 1 22	Pitiful (adverbially)	v. 2 29	*Thick-pleached	i. 2 10
Effest.....	iv. 2 38	Inwardness....	iv. 1 247	*Pleasant-spirited	ii. 1 355	Thirdly.....	v. 1 223
Employer.....	v. 2 31	Kid-fox.....	ii. 3 44	Praiseworthy..	v. 2 90	Tinsel.....	iii. 4 22
Endings ²	v. 2 39	Kind ¹² (adj.)..	i. 1 26	Preceptial....	v. 1 24	Toothpicker....	ii. 1 275
Enigmatical....	v. 4 27	Lackbeard....	v. 1 195	Predestinate (adj.)	i. 1 135	Trans-shape....	v. 1 172
Epigram.....	v. 4 104	Largely ¹³	v. 4 69	Prohibit.....	v. 1 335	Trencher-man..	i. 1 51
Excommunication ³	iii. 5 69	Leaped ¹⁴	v. 4 49	Quiver (sub.)..	i. 1 274	Tuition.....	i. 1 283
Experimental..	iv. 1 168	Love-god ¹⁵	ii. 2 403	Rabato.....	iii. 4 6	Twine (sub.)..	iv. 1 252
Fashion-monging	v. 1 94	Low (sub.)....	v. 4 48	Recheat.....	i. 1 243	Underborne ²⁶ ..	iii. 4 21
Featured ⁴	iii. 1 60	Lute-string....	iii. 2 59	Reclusive.....	iv. 1 244	Underneath ²⁷ (adv.)	v. 1 185
February (adj.)	v. 4 41	March-chick..	i. 3 50	Reportingly...	iii. 1 116	Unhopefullest	ii. 1 392
Flight ⁵	i. 1 89	Marl.....	ii. 1 66	Secondarily... v.	1 222	Unkissed.....	v. 2 53
Frame (sub.)..	iv. 1 191	Meet ¹⁶ (adv.)..	i. 1 47	*Self-endearcd.	iii. 1 56	Unmitigated... v.	1 308
Giddily ⁷	iii. 3 140	Mired ¹⁷ (verb).	iv. 1 135	Side ²⁰ (adj.)... iii.	4 21	Untowardly....	iii. 2 184
Gossip-like (adj.)	v. 1 183	Misgovernment	iv. 1 100	Snapped (verb tr.)	v. 1 116	Upwards (adv.)	iii. 2 71
Greedily.....	iii. 1 28	Misuse ¹⁸ (verb)	ii. 2 28	Sole ²¹	iii. 2 10	Vagrom.....	iii. 3 25
Gull ⁸ (sub.)... ii.	3 123	Necessarily....	ii. 3 201	Squarer.....	i. 1 82	Vice ²⁸	v. 2 21
Hare-finder....	i. 1 186	*New-trothed .	iii. 1 38	Stalk ²² (verb)..	ii. 3 95	Wagging.....	ii. 1 119
Hearsay ⁹	iii. 1 23	Night-raven... ii.	3 85	Start-up.....	i. 3 68	Warren.....	ii. 1 232
Hideousness... v.	1 96	Orange.....	{ ii. 1 305	Stuffing (sub.)..	i. 1 59	War-thoughts..	i. 1 303
*High-proof (adj.)	v. 1 123	Orthography ¹⁹	ii. 3 22	Style ²³	{ v. 1 37	Watchings (sub.)	ii. 1 387
*Holy-thistle.. iii.	4 80	Over-kindness. v.	1 302	Taker ²⁴	{ v. 2 6	Winded ²⁹ (verb)	i. 1 243
Householder ¹⁰	iv. 2 84				i. 1 88	Wit-crackers... v.	4 102
						Woollen (sub.)	ii. 1 33

¹ Dogberry's form of *desertless*.

² Of words.

³ Dogberry's blunder for *examination*.

⁴ Sonn. xxix. 6.

⁵ = a kind of light arrow.

⁶ = contrivance. Compare iv. 1. 130 and note 279.

⁷ = inconstantly. Used once again (=heedlessly) in Twelfth Night, ii. 4. 87.

⁸ = a trick. Used frequently elsewhere = a dupe.

⁹ Sonn. xxi. 13.

¹⁰ Used only once elsewhere, in I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 17, where, per-

haps, it means "one of a household."

¹¹ Used intrans. in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 28.

¹² = natural. Also in Lucrece, 1423. ¹³ = fully.

¹⁴ Used, sexually, of a bull.

¹⁵ Sonn. cliv. 1.

¹⁶ = even.

¹⁷ = soiled with mud.

¹⁸ = to deceive; used frequently in other senses.

¹⁹ Here = orthographer; used in its ordinary sense in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 22.

²⁰ Used in the phrase "side sleeves." See note 235.

²¹ Of the foot. Used several times in Shakespeare of the bottom of the shoe.

²² In sporting sense. Also in Lucrece, 365.

²³ Of composition. Used three times in the Sonn. in this sense (xxxii. 14, lxxviii. 11, lxxiv. 12); used frequently in other senses in Shakespeare.

²⁴ Of a disease. Used twice in the sense of one who swallows anything: Sonn. cxxix. 8; Rom. and Jul. v. 1. 62.

²⁵ = to lay a burden on. Used literally, in its fiscal sense, II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 116; and frequently in the sense of "to censure, to accuse."

²⁶ = trimmed. In the sense of "to endure;" the verb occurs in John iii. 1. 65 and Richard II. i. 4. 29.

²⁷ The preposition is of common use in Shakespeare.

²⁸ A screw; used in the sense of a carpenter's vice (figuratively), II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 24.

²⁹ = to blow.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

Note

74. i. 3. 54: *And who—and who—which way looks he?*

263. iv. 1. 44-47:

Leon. *What do you mean, my lord?*

Claud. *Not to be married, not to knit my soul*

To an approved wanton.

Leon.

Dear my lord—

Note

[He pauses from emotion.] *If you, in your own proof, &c.*

So Walker; except the stage-direction.

324. v. 1. 16: *And, SORRY way, cry "hem" when he should groan.*

So Stevens's conjecture, afterwards abandoned.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS SUGGESTED.

Note

123. ii. 1. 265-267: *for certainly, while she is THERE, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary.*

228. iii. 3. 160-162: *saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter—*

Con. *And thought thy Margaret was Hero.*

Note

316. iv. 2. 70, 71:

Verg. *Let them be in the hands—*

Con. *Of A coxcomb.*

348. v. 1. 114: *You are come to part almost a fray.*

AS YOU LIKE IT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE, living in banishment.

FREDERICK, his brother, and usurper of his dominions.

AMIENS, } lords attending on the banished Duke.
JAQUES, }

LE BEAU, a courtier attending on Frederick.

CHARLES, wrestler to Frederick.

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } sons of Sir Roland de Bois.
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, } servants to Oliver.
DENIS, }

TOUCHSTONE, a clown.

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, a vicar.

CORIN, } shepherds.
SILVIUS, }

WILLIAM, a country fellow, in love with Audrey.

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, daughter to the banished Duke.

CELIA, daughter to Frederick.

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords, Pages, and Attendants, &c.

SCENE—First (and in act ii. sc. 3), near Oliver's house; afterwards, partly
in the usurper's court, and partly in the Forest of Arden.

HISTORIC PERIOD: during the fourteenth century.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

The action of the play covers ten days, with intervals, the divisions being as follows:—

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2 and 3; and Act II. Scene 1.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 2.—An interval of a few days;
the journey to Arden.

Day 4: Act II. Scene 4.

Day 5: Act II. Scenes 5, 6, and 7.—An interval of a
few days.

Day 6: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.

Day 7: Act III. Scene 3.

Day 8: Act III. Scenes 4 and 5; Act IV. Scenes 1,
2, and 3; and Act V. Scene 1.

Day 9: Act V. Scenes 2 and 3.

Day 10: Act V. Scene 4.

The third scene of Act II. must be referred to the second day, and the first scene of Act III. to the third day.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

The date of *As You Like It* can be fixed with approximate closeness: it was probably written in 1600, the evidence in favour of that date being as follows. On the registers of the Stationers' Company occurs this entry:

4 Augusti	
As you like yt/a booke	} To be staied.
Henry the ffift/a booke	
Euery man in his humour/a booke	
The commedie of muche A doo about nothing a booke/	

Unfortunately the year is not given; the date, however, of the previous entry is May 27, 1600, and we know that the other plays mentioned in the list were printed in 1600 and 1601; it seems, therefore, a fair inference to conclude that the undated entry should be referred to 1600, and that year in all likelihood saw the production of this most delightful comedy. Of other incidental points of testimony that support this conjecture several are worth noting. *As You Like It* is not mentioned in *Mere's Palladis Tamia*: hence it cannot have been printed prior to 1598. Again, in act iii. scene 5 we have the oft-quoted line from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*: "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?" Marlowe's poem was published in 1598. There are other less satisfactory pieces of internal evidence: *e.g.* in i. 2. 94: "for since the little wit that fools have was silenced," Mr. Fleay finds an allusion to "the burning of satirical books by public authority, 1st June, 1599." Malone, too, has pointed out that the expression "like Diana in the fountain" (iv. 1. 134) may be a reference to the "curiously-wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of Diana, and water conveyed from the Thames prilling from hernaked breast," which,

according to Stow—whose words we have just quoted—was set up in 1596.

Combining these individual points, and emphasizing the importance of the entry on the stationers' registers, we may, I think, with tolerable safety assign the composition and production of *As You Like It* to the year 1600; with 1599 (late) as a possible, though not very plausible, alternative.

It will have been noticed that the play was "stayed;" *i.e.* a proviso was made against its being printed. Mr. Aldis Wright ingeniously suggests that this may have been because the piece was not properly finished, and he points out that even in its present state, or rather as given in the Folio of 1623—where, by the way, it seems to have been first published—there are slight signs of hurry and carelessness. For instance: in the first scene the second son of Sir Rowland is called Jaques; at the end he is introduced as the "second brother," for fear, no doubt, that he might be confounded with the melancholy Jaques; this is unlike Shakespeare's usually careful method. Again, in i. 2. 284, Le Beau's reply to Orlando: "but yet indeed the *taller* is his daughter," is a significant slip; for in the very next scene Rosalind says of herself: "because that I am more than common tall." And there are other trifling touches that point the same way.

To turn now to the source of the play. For the main incidents of his comedy-romance Shakespeare drew (with his accustomed freedom) upon a novel by Lodge. Lodge's story—itself a partial reminiscence of the Tale of Gamelyn, often ascribed to Chaucer—was published in 1590 and again in 1592; the full title being, "Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie: found after his death in his cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus Sonnes,

noured up with their Father in England." In the introduction Lodge tells us that he "fell from books to arms," and sailed with Captain Clarke to the island of Terceras and the Canaries; writing his euphuistic pastoral to beguile the dullness of the voyage; so that, in his own charming phrase, "every line was writ with a surge, and every humorous passion counter-checkt with a storme. *If You Like it*, so; and yet I will be yours in duty, if you will be mine in favour." The words italicized need no comment. It may be worth while to observe that in the editions of Lodge's novel prior to 1598 the name Rosalind does not appear on the title-page, the addition being subsequently made on account, no doubt, of the popularity of Shakespeare's play. How closely Shakespeare followed his authority, the extracts from Rosalynde which I have given in the notes will sufficiently show. As to points of divergence, the two dukes are not brothers in the novel; the episode of Aliena's rescue from robbers is omitted in the play; in Lodge's version of the forest scenes Rosalind and Celia pass for a lady and her page; and—most important variation—Audrey, Jaques, and Touchstone are altogether creations of the dramatist.

To the history of the play there is nothing further to be added, except indeed to mention the tradition that Shakespeare himself acted the part of Adam, a tradition which is pleasant enough and upon which every one will remember Coleridge's comment, but which may be a tradition *et præterea nihil*.

STAGE HISTORY.

Of seventeenth-century performances of *As You Like It* no record exists; Downes and Pepys, authorities most copious and valuable, are silent about it, and we may reasonably conclude that the play was not among the Shakespearian dramas which after the Restoration fell on the evil days of revivals and merciless mutilations. In 1723, however, this immunity ceased:

Omnes eodem serius ocibus
Cogimur;

and the Tempest, Troilus and Cressida, and
110

others having known the hand of the restorer, the turn of *As You Like It* came. A certain Charles Johnson—of whom we are only told that he was fat "and famous for writing a play every year and being at Buttons every day"—produced at Drury Lane, with a strong cast that included Cibber (Jaques), Wilks (Orlando), Booth (the banished Duke), Theophilus Cibber (Le Beau), and Mrs. Booth (Rosalind), a by no means "respectful perversion" of Shakespeare's faultless comedy. The new piece was called *Love in a Forest*, and from Genest's account of it—which I venture to borrow—we get a good idea of the splendid courage of the last-century adapters of Shakespeare, and, still more, of the callousness of literary opinion which tolerated such massacres of the flawless and innocent. "*Love in a Forest*," says Genest, iii. 100, "altered from *As You Like It*: this is a bad alteration of Shakespeare's play by Charles Johnson—he entirely omits the characters of Touchstone, Audrey, William, Corin, Phœbe and Sylvius, except that the last, in act 2nd, speaks about 18 lines which belong to Corin. Johnson supplies the deficiency from some of Shakespeare's other plays, adding something, but not a vast deal, of his own. Act 1st. The wrestling between Orlando and Charles is turned into a regular combat in the lists—Charles accuses Orlando of treason, several speeches are introduced from Richard II. Act 2nd. When Duke Alberto enters with his friend, the speech about the wounded stag is very properly taken from the first Lord and given to Jaques—in the next scene between the same parties, notwithstanding Touchstone is omitted, yet Jaques gives the description of his meeting with a fool—much, however, of his part in this scene is left out very injudiciously, as is still the case when *As You Like It* is acted. Act 3rd. The verses which Cælia ought to read are omitted, and Touchstone's burlesque verses are given her instead—when Orlando and Jaques enter, they begin their conversation as in the original, and end it with part of the 1st Act of *Much Ado*, Jaques speaking what Benedick says about women—when Rosalind and Cælia come forward, Jaques walks off with Cælia—

INTRODUCTION.

Rosalind omits the account of Time's different paces—Jaques returns with Celia and makes love to her—after which he has a soliloquy patched up from Benedick and Touchstone, with some additions from C. Johnson. Act 4th begins with a conversation between Jaques and Rosalind, in which he tells her of his love to Celia—in the scene between Orlando and Rosalind considerable omissions are made, and Viola's speech ('she never told her love') is inserted—Robert (Jaques) de Bois brings the bloody napkin to Rowland, instead of Oliver, who does not appear after the 1st act. Robert says that he (not Oliver) was the person rescued from the lioness—that Oliver had killed himself—the act concludes with the 2nd scene of Shakespeare's 5th act, in which Rosalind desires all the parties on the stage to meet her to-morrow. Jaques and Celia are made in some way to supply the place of Sylvius and Phœbe. Act 5th consists chiefly of the burlesque Tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe from *Midsummer Night's Dream*; this is represented before the Duke, while Rosalind is changing her dress, instead of Touchstone's description of the quarrel. When Rosalind returns the play ends much as in the original—except that Jaques marries Celia instead of going in quest of Duke Frederick—and that the Epilogue is omitted.—Genest, *Some Account of the English Stage*, vol. iii. p. 100-102.

It is a comfort to know that this preposterous pasticcio (dedicated, by the way, to "The Worshipful Society of Freemasons") only held the stage for six nights.

In 1740, for the first time, *As You Like It* was restored to the boards; produced on December 20th, it was acted some twenty-five times, a considerable success in those days. The cast was excellent: Jaques, Quin; Silvius, Woodward; Celia, Mrs. Clive; and Rosalind, Mrs. Pritchard—not to mention others. This revival (Genest iii. 627) took place at Drury Lane, and two years later, January 8, 1742, we find Covent Garden following the lead of its rival; the Rosalind again being Mrs. Pritchard, with Ryan as Jaques (Genest, iv. 5). Mrs. Pritchard was great as Rosalind, her chief competitor being

Peg Woffington, who made her entry in the part at Drury Lane, in 1747; the Touchstone on that occasion was Macklin, with Kitty Clive as Celia. We may note in passing that it was while playing in *As You Like It* that Peg Woffington was struck down by paralysis; garrulous Tate Wilkinson gives us a graphic account of the painful "last scene of all."

Excluded by unfriendly space, I cannot describe in detail all the revivals mentioned by Genest; here, however, are the dates. October 22, 1767, at Drury Lane: Touchstone, King; Orlando, Palmer; Celia, Mrs. Baddeley; Rosalind, Mrs. Dancer (*i.e.* Barry), whom some people preferred to Mrs. Pritchard and Mrs. Woffington. April 5, 1771, at Covent Garden; January 24, 1775, Covent Garden, the play-bill announcing that the "cuckoo song," from *Love's Labour's Lost*, would be introduced; December 17, 1779, Covent Garden; July 4th, 1783, Haymarket; April 30th, 1785, Drury Lane. This last was a very important event: it was the début in the part of Rosalind of the great Mrs. Siddons. Was she a success? Who could say? The town was divided, and the friendships of a lifetime were dissolved, over this vexing question. Her biographer Boaden boldly says (ii. 167): "Rosalind was one of the most delicate achievements of Mrs. Siddons. The common objection to her comedy, that it was only the smile of tragedy, made the express charm of Rosalind—her vivacity is understanding, not buoyant spirits." There is much truth in this: unfortunately play-goers had grown accustomed to the stage Rosalind of the romping type, and even those who prided themselves on being nothing if not critical were dissatisfied with what seemed coldness and want of spontaneity in the great actress. Hear, for instance, the *dicta plusquam Johnsoniana* of the epically eloquent Miss Seward: "For the first time I saw the justly celebrated Mrs. Siddons in comedy, in Rosalind; but though her smile is as enchanting as her frown is magnificent, as her tears are irresistible, yet the playful scintillations of colloquial wit, which most mark that character, suit not the dignity of the Siddonian countenance." Genest, vi. 341, writes to the same effect: "Mrs.

Siddons did not add to her reputation by her performance of Rosalind, and when Mrs. Jordan had played the character, few persons wished to see Mrs. Siddons in it." This brings us to the greatest of eighteenth-century Rosalinds: in point of popularity, if not of actual merit, Mrs. Jordan seems to have been unrivalled. Her first appearance in the part was on April 13, 1787, for her own benefit; and she was triumphantly successful. "Her laugh and her voice," says Boaden (*Life of Kemble*, i. 428), "were irresistible;" Shakespeare himself, to quote Campbell's magnificent compliment, would have gone behind the scenes to congratulate her.

To follow the fortunes of *As You Like It* in the past century were a long story. It must be sufficient to mention that Kemble played, in 1805, Jaques to the Orlando of Charles Kemble; that Miss Tree was a not inglorious Rosalind; that an actress and critic Helen Faucit has interpreted the same part with equal mastery and magic; and that this play was among the Shakespearean revivals of Macready.

Turning to quite modern times, we may mention the production of the play at the Opera Comique Theatre in 1875, when Mrs. Kendal first appeared as Rosalind, the Orlando being Mr. Kendal, with Mr. Hermann Vezin as Jaques; nine years later very much the same cast was representing *As You Like It* at the St. James's Theatre; and in the interval—in 1880—had taken place the brilliantly successful revival at the Imperial Theatre. On the last occasion, the Rosalind was Miss Litton; the Orlando, Mr. Kyrle Bellow; Jaques, Mr. Hermann Vezin; Touchstone, Mr. L. Brough; and Adam, Mr. W. Farren—a fine cast. At the Shaftesbury Theatre, Oct. 20, 1888, J. Forbes Robertson and Miss Wallis played Orlando and Rosalind; W. Farren was the Adam, and Arthur Stirling the Jaques. Mrs. Langtry appeared as Rosalind at the St. James's in 1890, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell at the Shaftesbury in 1891. Miss Rehan played the part at Daly's Theatre (London) in 1894. Mr. George Alexander revived the play at the St. James's in December, 1896; and played Orlando to Miss Julia Neilson's Rosalind.

In concluding we may mention, as an unconsidered trifle of some interest, that, thanks to the effort of the Pastoral Players, Rosalind and Orlando have met and made love, if not in a veritable forest of Arden—where are such fairy lands to be found?—at least, *sub Jove frigido*.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

As You Like It is not one of Shakespeare's greatest plays; it is merely one of his most delightful works, delightful alike to reader and to critic, if only on account of its perfect simplicity of motive. We are out in the open air; we hear the wind rustling in the fragrant leaves of the fairy-land of Arden; and we are far too lazy and too genially contented to think of purposes, and leading ideas, and things philosophic. We take the play as it is, without peering beneath the surface for subtle significance, and never once does Touchstone's query rise to our lips—"hast any philosophy in thee?" only the most Teutonic of Teutons would look for a *tendenz* in this fantastic study of an impossible Arcadia, a pastoral Utopia which "never was on sea or land." For *As You Like It* is, I take it, from beginning to end, purely ideal; the characters, or some of them, we may possibly have met, but their life and environment exist only in the fine frenzy of the poet. And we need not wonder that it should be so, not at any rate if we remember when the play was written. It came immediately after the great historic trilogy. Shakespeare had sounded forth to all the world the silver note of patriotism, had carried men's minds back from a splendid present to an equally splendid and imperishable past, and made an incomparable appeal to the old and eternally fresh sentiment—*pro focis et aris*. And now he hangs up his arms in the temple of the goddess of war, and steep himself in the freshness and fairness of a life where sorrow and sin are not, where truth is on every shepherd's tongue, where the time fleets by as in the golden days of Saturn, and where the thought of each and all is—"Come live with me and be my love." Such the *mise-en-scène*, such the atmosphere of carelessness

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buoyancy, and with what art is the latter maintained throughout! True, we are told of "the uses of adversity." But Adversity here, as some one has said, is really a fourth Grace, less celebrated by the poets because so seldom seen, but none the less a true sister of the classic Three. She lays the lightest of chastening hands on her children, just revealing "the humorous sadness" of existence, and no more; she is not the pitiless goddess whose stoney glare chills and kills the gazer; she is in perfect harmony with the tone of a play in which no deep chord of passion is ever struck.

Of the characters who live and move in this fairy and fantastic world of romance, a world all touched with the tints of young desire and the purple light of love, it is difficult to speak; they are so familiar to us. Yet a word must be said; and first of Rosalind. She is wit and womanliness in equal proportions; and her womanliness is the spiritualized tenderness that Thackeray gives us. Hence the difficulty of rendering the part aright. It is so easy for an actress to sink the intellectual side of the character and emphasize the *abandon* and buoyancy which find vent in the forest scenes; it is so easy, too, to make those scenes a series of boisterous romps. Thus the eighteenth century Rosalind appears to have been a touselled hoyden, for whom the part was pure comedy, and comedy of no very dignified type; and when Mrs. Siddons restored that element of intellectual refinement and sobriety which is essential to the character, the verdict of critics and public was: "cold, unemotional; we prefer Mrs. Jordan." Yet this swash-buckler Rosalind, forever reminding us of her hose and doublet, though too often, perhaps, the stage Rosalind, is emphatically not the Rosalind of Shakespeare. The latter is never a mere boy, a "moonish youth, longing and liking, proud, changeable, fantastic;" under the mask of careless abandonment to every passing freak of fancy she preserves gracious and intact her perfect womanliness and dignity; so that when at last the little comedy has played to its close, and the time comes for all disguise to be laid aside, she moves quite naturally into her new position

as bride and princess. She was at home in the forest glade. She will be no less so at the court.

The contrast between Rosalind and Aliena is too obvious to require comment: who runs may read; Shakespeare in his earlier plays is fond of placing two characters in striking antithesis. Far more interesting, because less natural, is the distinction between Rosalind and Jaques. Each represents an aspect of wit: only Jaques' is the wit of the scoffer. He is intellectual and endowed with a keen capacity to feel; but he lacks moral soundness, and sensibility minus morality too often ends in cynicism. The cynicism of Jaques, partly conscious and exaggerated, partly unconscious and quasi-constitutional, is the cynicism of men like Heine. The duke, indeed, charges Jaques with having been a mere libertine, and Gervinus dismisses him as "a *blasé* man, an epicurean." But the duke was not a great judge of character—he was not great at anything except mild moralities—and perhaps the Heidelberg philosopher-critic went equally stray. I think we shall be much nearer the truth if we regard Jaques as typical of the emotional man who is offended by the incongruities and injustices of life, by the sight of evils which he cannot explain, and who, for lack of faith and firmness, takes refuge in what is the last resource of the witty and unwise, indiscriminate mocking. Rosalind has all the wit of Jaques, but she has something more, a something that keeps her intellect clear and trustful. Rosalind and Jaques—these are the central figures of the play, or rather those on which the poet has mainly expended the resources of his art. But throughout the characterization is fine. Orlando is simply the ideal lover; the dainty, delicate, imperious Phebe we have often met, now on a piece of Dresden china, now in a *fête champêtre* by Watteau; Touchstone is an elder brother of the clown in the Comedy of Errors and The Two Gentlemen, only his fooling has an uncomfortable amount of wisdom about it; and Audrey, Adam, William—these may have lived, and their counterparts be still living, not a hundred miles from Stratford.

It is a just criticism that Shakespeare is

always "at the height of the particular situation;" that whatever he writes he writes, not merely well, but perfectly; that every dramatic style comes naturally to him. As You Like

It admirably illustrates this maxim: from the first page to the last there is nothing, nothing at any rate of significance, to which we can point and say: "Were not this best away?"





THE SEVEN AGES.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Oliver's orchard.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in

him lies, mines¹ my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [*Adam retires.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile!² 39

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks

¹ *Mines*, i.e. undermines.

² *Be naught awhile*, a north-country expression = "a mischief on you."

with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Ol. Know you where you are, sir? 43

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

Ol. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Ol. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Ol. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain: I am the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois; he was my father; and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. [*Coming forward*] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance,¹ be at accord. 67

Ol. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charg'd you in his will to give me good education: you have train'd me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery² my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Ol. And what wilt thou do—beg?—when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Ol. Get you with him, you old dog!

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.—God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

Ol. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness,³ and yet give no thousand crowns neither.—Holla, Denis! 93

Enter DENIS.

Den. Calls your worship?

Ol. Was not Charles the duke's wrestler here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you.

Ol. Call him in. [*Exit Denis.*—] 'T will be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter CHARLES.

Cha. Good morrow to your worship. 100

Ol. Good morrow, Monsieur Charles.—What's the new news at the new court?

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

Ol. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father? 111

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her,—being ever from their cradles bred together,—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies lov'd as they do.

Ol. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say, he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet⁴ the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Ol. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

127

¹ For your father's remembrance, i.e. for sake of your father's memory.

² Allottery, portion.

³ Rankness, insolence.

⁴ Fleet, make it pass quickly.

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguis'd against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young

and tender; and, for your love, I would be loth to foil him, as I must, for my own honour, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intentment,¹ or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.



Adam. [Coming forward] Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.—(Act i. 1. 65-67.)

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labour'd to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never

leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize² him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall

¹ *Intendment*, purpose.

² *Anatomize*, i.e. expose his faults.

see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised;¹ but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [Exit. 130]

SCENE II. *A lawn before the Duke's palace.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banish'd father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lov'st me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banish'd father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously temper'd as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honour, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honour come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally. 30

Ros. I would we could do so; for her benefits are mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair, she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest, she makes very ill-favouredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at² Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument? 50

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

[*Ros.* Indeed, then is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of³ such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.]—How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away to your father. 61

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honour; but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honour they were good pancakes, and swore by his honour the mustard was naught: now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught, and the mustard was good; and yet was not the knight forsworn. 71

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke

¹ *Misprised, despised; Fr. méprisé.*

² *Flout at, jeer, scoff at.*

³ *Reason of, talk about.*

your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave. 78

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honour, for he never had any;

or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honour him enough: speak no more of him; you'll be whipp'd for taxation¹ one of these days. 91



Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.—(Act i. 2. 76-78.)

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenc'd, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show.—Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us,² as pigeons feed their young. 100

Ros. Then shall we be news-cramm'd.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what colour?³

Le Beau. What colour, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will. 110

Touch. Or as the Destinies decree.

Cel. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.⁴

[*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

¹ Taxation, censoriousness, talking satirically.

² Put on us, pawn off on us.

³ Colour, description.

⁴ With a trowel—in clumsy fashion.

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.]

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of. 117

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well,—the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents,"—

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he serv'd the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them, that all the beholders take his part with weeping. 140

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to feel this broken music in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking?—Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 152

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. [They retire.

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

120

Ros. Is yonder the man?

160

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter, and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth, I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

[Duke goes apart.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty. 178

Ros. Young man, have you challeng'd Charles the wrestler.

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes, or knew yourself with your judgment,¹ the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts: herein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foil'd, there is but one sham'd that was never gracious; if kill'd, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing;

¹ Knew yourself, &c., i.e. if you used your senses.

only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceiv'd in you! 210

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant [that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.]

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first. 219

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mock'd me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules bethyspeed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[*Charles and Orlando wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down.

[*Charles is thrown. Shout.*

Duke F. [*Advancing*] No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace: I am not yet well breath'd.¹ 230

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away.

[*Charles is borne out.*

What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Roland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteem'd thy father honourable, But I did find him still² mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleas'd me with this deed, 240

Hadst thou descended from another house.

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth: I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, Train, and Le Beau.*

Cel. [*To Rosalind apart*] Were I my father, coz, would I do this? 244

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Roland's son, His youngest son;—and would not change that calling,

To be adopted heir to Frederick. [*Retires back.*

Ros. My father lov'd Sir Roland as his soul, And all the world was of my father's mind: Had I before known this young man his son, I should have given him tears unto entreaties, Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

Cel. Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart.—Sir, [*Orlando advances*] you have well deserv'd:

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with³ fortune,

That would give more, but that her hand lacks means.— 259

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay.—Fare you well, fair gentleman.

[*Going.*

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. [*Going*] He calls us back: [*Stops*] my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. [*Returns*].—Did you call, sir?—

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.⁴—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown! 271

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

¹ I am not yet well breath'd, i.e. I am not yet warmed to my work.

² Still, always.

³ Out of suits with, not favoured by.

⁴ Have with you, come away.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserv'd
High commendation, true applause, and love,



Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place.—(Act i. 2. 273, 274.)

Yet such is now the duke's condition,
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell
me this,—

Which of the two was daughter of the duke,
That here were at the wrestling? 282

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge
by manners;

But yet, indeed, the lesser is his daughter:
Th' other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
And here detain'd by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you, that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
Grounded upon no other argument? 291
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.—Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well. [Exit Le Beau.]

Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:—
But heavenly Rosalind! [Exit.]

SCENE III. *A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind;—Cupid
have mercy!—not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be
cast away upon curs; throw some of them at
me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
when the one should be lam'd with reasons,
and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.
O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch
them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem," and
have him. 20

³ *Argument, reason, occasion.*

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself! 23

Cel. [O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.]—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Roland's youngest son? 30

Ros. The duke my father lov'd his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly;¹ yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do.—Look, here comes the duke. 41

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:²
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic, 51
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:—
Let it suffice thee, that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough. 60

Ros. So was I when your highness took his dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To³ think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake, 69

Else had she with her father rang'd along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:⁴
I was too young that time to value her;
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why, so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;

And whereso'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience, 80
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem
more virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her;—she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence, then, on me,
my liege:

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself: 89

If you outstay the time, upon mine honour,
And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?

Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.

¹ *Dearly*, extremely.

² *Cousin*, here = niece.

³ *To* = as to.

⁴ *Remorse*, clemency.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks, then, the
love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one:
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No: let my father seek another heir. 101

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us:
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far! 111
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along,
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, 119
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.¹

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a
man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be call'd?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my
state;

No longer Celia, but Aliena. 130

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with
me;

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content,
To liberty, and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and other Lords,
in the dress of foresters.*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in
exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
woods

More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but² the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,

This is no flattery; these are counsellors 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt³ from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing:
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style. 20

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us veni-
son?

And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

¹ *Semblances*, i.e. their appearance of being brave.

² *But*, the Folios read "not."

³ *Exempt*=far from.

Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines with forked heads,
Have their round haunches gor'd.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along 30
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool, 40
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize¹ this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st a testa-
ment

As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:" then, being
alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends; 50
"T is right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
The flux of company:" anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'T is just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court, 59
Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,²
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting 65

Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope³ him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. A room in the palace.

*Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and
Attendants.*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did
see her.

The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
They found the bed untreasur'd of their mis-
tress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish⁴ clown, at
whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman, 10
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler⁵
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother's; fetch that
gallant hither:

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly;
And let not search and inquisition quail 20
To bring again these foolish runaways.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Before Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master?—O my
gentle master!

¹ *Moralize*, draw a meaning from, interpret.

² *Up*, i.e. completely.

³ *Cope*, encounter.

⁴ *Roynish*, a term of contempt=mangy.

⁵ *Wrestler*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Roland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and
valiant?



Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.—(Act ii. 3. 16-18.)

Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before
you.

Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies? 11

No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you. 13
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!¹

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth,
Come not within these doors! with-
in this roof

The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother—(no, no brother; yet
the son—

Yet not the son—I will not call him
son 20

Of him I was about to call his
father)—

Hath heard your praises; and this
night he means

To burn the lodging where you use
to lie,

And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut
you off:

I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a
butchery:

Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst
thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you
come not here. 30

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go
and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword
enforce

A thievish living on the common
road?

This I must do, or know not what
to do:

Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted² blood and bloody
brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five
hundred crowns,

The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse 40

¹ An allusion to the poisoned shirt of Nessus by which
Hercules was killed.

² *Diverted*, i. e. unnatural, that has been turned from its
proper course.

When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown: 42
 Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility; 51
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears

The constant service of the antique world,
 When service swet for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 Where none will sweat but for promotion; 60
 And having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having: 'tis not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield
 In lieu of¹ all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together;
 And ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.— 70

*[Exit Orlando. Adam goes into the house,
 and immediately returns with pouch,
 staff, and hat.]*

From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.
 At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
 But at fourscore it is too late a week:
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better 75
 Than to die well, and not my master's debtor.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV. *The Forest of Arden.*

*Enter ROSALIND in boy's clothes, as Ganymede,
 CELIA drest like a shepherdess, and TOUCH-
 STONE.*

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs
 were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace
 my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman;
 but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as
 doublet and hose ought to show itself coura-
 geous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good
 Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go
 no further. 10

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with
 you than bear you: yet I should bear no cross,²
 if I did bear you; for I think you have no
 money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more
 fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better
 place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.—Look
 you, who comes here; 20
 A young man and an old in solemn talk.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you
 still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do
 love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have lov'd ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not
 guess;

Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow:
 But if thy love were ever like to mine,—
 As sure I think did never man love so,—
 How many actions most ridiculous 30
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?³

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily:
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into,
 Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd:

Or if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not lov'd.—O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe!
[Exit.]

¹ In lieu of = in reward of.

² See note 45.

³ Fantasy, fancy = love.

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,

I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane-Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chapp'd hands had milk'd: [and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,¹ "Wear these for my sake."] We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it. 60

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man,

If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!

Ros. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. [*Touchstone retires to back of stage with Celia*].—Good even to you, friend.

Cor. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold Can in this desert place buy entertainment, Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed: Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd,

And faints for succour.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her; But I am shepherd to another man, And do not shear the fleeces that I graze: My master is of churlish disposition, 80

And little recks to find the way to heaven

By doing deeds of hospitality:

Besides, his cote,² his flocks, and bounds of feed,

Are now on sale; and at our sheepte now, By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on; but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying any thing. 90

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with³ honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. [*Coming forward*]. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:

Go with me: if you like, upon report, The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, 99

And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt Corin, followed by Rosalind and Touchstone supporting Celia.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAUQUES, and others.

Song.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques. 11

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged:⁴ I know I cannot please you.

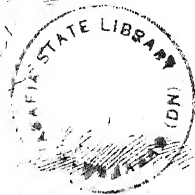
Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I

² Cote, hut.

³ Stand with = be not inconsistent with.

⁴ Ragged, rough.

¹ Weeping tears, an intentionally affected phrase.



AS YOU LIKE IT.
Act II, Scene IV, lines 17-18.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden;
the more fool I.



do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza:—call you 'em stanzas? 19

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well, then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.



Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note

Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
—(Act ii. 5. 1-5.)

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree.—He hath been all this day to look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable¹ for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

Song.
Who doth ambition shun,
[All together here.
And loves to live i' the sun, 41
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,

¹ *Disputable*, fond of disputing.

Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. [I'll give you a verse to this note, that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it. 50

Jaq. Thus it goes;

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame"? 60

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle.] I'll go sleep, if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.



Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.—(Act ii. 6. 1-3.)

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke: his banquet is prepar'd. [Exeunt severally.]

SCENE VI. Another part of the forest.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master,

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Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it, or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit¹ is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will be here with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labour. Well said! thou look'st cheerly; and I'll be with thee quickly.—Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live any thing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam! [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. Another part of the forest (the same as in Scene V.). A table set out.

Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIENS, and others.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast;
For I can no where find him like a man.

First Lord. Mylord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.²
Go, seek him; tell him I would speak with him.

First Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Enter JAQUES.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company! 10

What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool in the forest, A motley fool;—a miserable world!—

As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,

¹ Conceit, fancy.

² Discord in the spheres, referring to the old idea of the music of the spheres.

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:"

And then he drew a dial from his poke,¹ 20
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world
wags:

'T is but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 't will be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral² on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial.—O noble fool!
A worthy fool!—Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool!—One that hath been
a courtier;

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know't: and in his
brain,—

Which is as dry as the remainder³ biscuit
After a voyage,—he hath strange places
cramm'd 40

With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.—O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

Jaq. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judg-
ments

Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have:
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They must must laugh. And why, sir, must
they so? 51

The "why" is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the squandering⁴ glances of the fool.

¹ *Poke*, pocket.

² *Moral*, i.e. moralize.

³ *Remainder*, used adjectively—that is, left over.

⁴ *Squandering*, aimless.

Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and
through 59

Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldest do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do but
good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chid-
ing sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting⁵ itself;
And all th' embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast
caught,

Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride, 70
That can therein tax any private party?

Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in, and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neigh-
bour?

Or what is he of basest function, 79
That says his bravery⁶ is not on my cost—

Thinking that I mean him—but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me
see wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him
right,

Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man.—But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more!

Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be serv'd.

Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by
thy distress, 91

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?

⁵ *Sting*, instinct.

⁶ *Bravery*, finery.

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the
thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred,
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answered. 100

Jag. An you will not be answered with
reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have? Your gen-
tleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.

Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I
pray you:

I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible, 110
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days,
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,—
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better
days, 120
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wip'd our
eyes

Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command¹ what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little
while,

Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step 130
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and
hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S.

Go find him out, 133
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank you; and be bless'd for your
good comfort! [*Exit.*]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone un-
happy:

This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jag. All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining schoolboy, with his
satchel

And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation 152
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern² instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon, 158
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his³ sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your vener-
able burden,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need—
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

¹ Upon command—as you may be pleased to command.
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² Modern, hackneyed.

³ His=its.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble
you 171
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.—
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude. 179
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.
Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Ro-
land's son,—
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies¹ witness
Most truly limn'd and living in your face,—
Be truly welcome hither: I'm the duke,
That lov'd your father: the residue of your
fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.—
Support him by the arm.—Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand.

[*Exeunt*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, OLIVER, Lords, and Attendants.

Duke F. Not see him since? Sir, sir, that
cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands, and all things that thou dost call thine
Worth seizure, do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee. 12
Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart
in this!

I never lov'd my brother in my life.

Duke F. More villain thou.—Well, push
him out of doors;

And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently,² and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ORLANDO, in a forester's dress, with a paper, which he hangs on a tree.

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my
love:

And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night,
survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere
above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth
sway.

O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll
character;³

That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witness'd every
where. 8

Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.

[*Exit.*

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,

¹ *Effigies*, representation or likeness.

² *Expediently*, at once.

³ *Character*, engrave.

it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humour well; but as there is no more plenty in

it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? 22

Cor. No more but that I know, the more one sickens, the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep; and that a great



Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.—(Act III. 2. 38, 39.)

cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding, or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damn'd.

Cor. Nay, I hope,—

Touch. Truly, thou art damn'd; like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side. 39

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is

damnation. Thou art in a parlous¹ state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Master Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behaviour of the country is most mockable at the court. [You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes; and their fells,² you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as

¹ *Parlous*, dangerous.

² *Fells*, skins.

wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard. 60

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarr'd over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfum'd with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed!—Learn of the wise, and perpend:¹ civet is of a baser birth than tar,—the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damn'd? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir,] I am a true labourer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is, to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you; to [bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be bawd to a bell-wether; and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match.] If thou beest not damn'd for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. 90

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter ROSALIND; she takes Orlando's paper from the tree: reading.

Ros. "From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lin'd
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

100

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste;

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind. 110
[Winter garments must be lin'd,
So must slender Rosalind.]
They that reap must sheaf² and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
[He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.]

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them? 120

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

[*Ros.* I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.] 130

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

[*They retire.*

Enter CELIA, reading a paper.

Cel. "Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring³ pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age; 140
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.

² *Sheaf*=make into sheaves.

³ *Erring*, in its literal sense, wandering.

Therefore Heaven Nature charg'd
 That one body should be fill'd 150
 With all graces wide-enlarg'd:
 Nature presently distill'd
 Helen's cheek, but not her heart;
 Cleopatra's majesty;
 Atalanta's better part;
 Sad Lucretia's modesty.
 Thus Rosalind of many parts
 By heavenly synod was devis'd;
 Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
 To have the touches dearest priz'd. 160
 Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
 And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter!—what tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience, good people!"

Cel. How now! [*To Touchstone and Corin*] back, friends:—shepherd, go off a little:—go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage. 171

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*]

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse. 180

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree:—[*I was never so berhym'd since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.*]

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man? 190

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be remov'd with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is. 200

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all hooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. [I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this conceal'd man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle,—either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings. 214

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros.] Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripp'd up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking; speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 't is he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando. 230

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose?—What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein¹ went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 't is a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism. 241

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this

¹ *Wherein*, i.e. in what dress.

forest, and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover:—but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit. 250

[*Cel.* Give me audience, good madam. 251
Ros. Proceed.]

Cel. There lay he, stretch'd along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry holla! to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnish'd like a hunter.



Jag. God b'wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.—(Act iii. 2. 273, 274.)

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart. 260

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden: thou bring'st me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out.—Soft! comes he not here?

Ros. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.

[*Celia and Rosalind retire.*]

Enter ORLANDO and JAGUES.

Jag. I thank you for your company; but, good faith,
I had as lief have been myself alone. 270

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion's sake,

I thank you too for your society.

Jag. God b'wi' you! let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jag. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favouredly.

Jag. Rosalind is your love's name? 280

Orl. Yes, just.

Jag. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christen'd.

Jag. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jag. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conn'd them out of rings? 239

Orl. Not so; [but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions.]

Jag. [You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of Atalanta's heels.] Will you sit down with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather¹ in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jag. The worst fault you have is to be in love. 300

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jag. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drown'd in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jag. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jag. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love. 310

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. [*Exit Jaques.*]

[*Celia and Rosalind come forward.*]

Ros. [*Aside to Celia*] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.—Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is 't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me, what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest. 319

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute, and groaning every hour, would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons: I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemniz'd: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal? 325

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily, because he cannot study; and the other lives merrily, because he feels no pain: [the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning; the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury:] these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term, and then they perceive not how Time moves. 351

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister; here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

[*Orl.* Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony, that you see dwell where she is kindled.²]

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touch'd with so many giddy offences as he hath generally tax'd their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal: they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

¹ No breather, i.e. no one, no human being.

² Kindled, littered; a technical term.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shak'd: I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner. 390

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek,—which you have not; a blue¹ eye and sunken,—which you have not; an unquestionable² spirit,—which you have not; a beard neglected,—which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue:—then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation;—but you are no such man,—you are rather point-devise in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much. 419

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punish'd and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary, that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so? 426

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish³ youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cur'd him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is. 450

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; [JAQUES { behind.}]

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

¹ *Blue*, that is, with blue lines under it.

² *Unquestionable*, unwilling to be questioned.

³ *Moonish*, wayward.

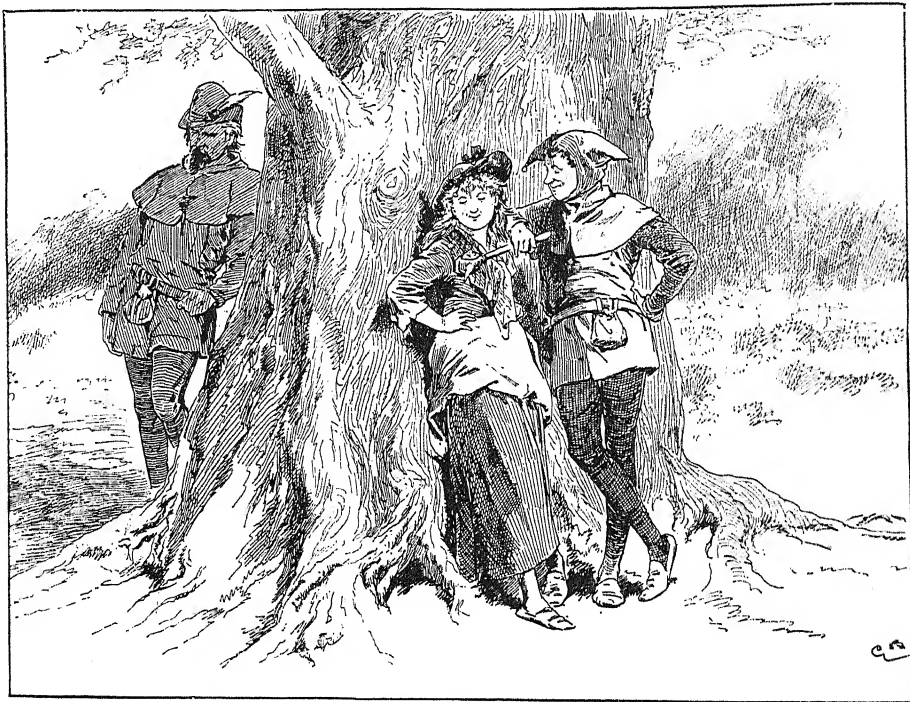
Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

[*Jag.* *Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited,—worse than Jove in a thatch'd house!] 11

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is: is



Touch. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.—(Act iii. 3. 16, 17.)

it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-

favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar. 31

[*Jag.* *Aside*] A material fool!]

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul¹ slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul. 39

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter.

¹ Foul, ugly.

But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us. 46

[*Jaq.* *[Aside]* I would fain see this meeting.]

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! As horns¹ are odious, they are necessary. It is said, "Many a man knows no end of his goods:" right; many a man has good horns, and knows no end of them. Well, that is the dowry of his wife; 't is none of his own getting. Horns? Even so. Poor men alone? No, no; the noblest deer hath them as huge as the rascal.² Is the single man therefore blessed? No: as a walled town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor; [and by how much defence is better than no skill, by so much is a horn more precious than to want—Here comes Sir Oliver. 64

Enter Sir OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [*Coming forward*] Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't: how do you, sir? You are very well met: God ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you:—even a toy in hand here, sir:—nay, pray be cover'd.

Jaq. You will be married, motley? 79

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb, and the falcon her bells, so

man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling. 83

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush, like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind³ but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch.] Come, sweet Audrey:

We must be married, [or we must live in bawdry.—

Farewell, good Master Oliver:—not, 100

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

Leave me not behind thee;—

but,

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.]

[*Exeunt* [*Jaqes, Touchstone, and Audrey.*

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*
Before a cottage.

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

[*Ros.* His very hair is of the dissembling colour.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good colour. 11

Cel. An excellent colour: your chestnut was ever the only colour.

¹ *Horns*, i.e. the horns of a cuckold.

² *Rascal*, the technical term for deer not in good condition.

³ *Not in the mind*, not certain whether.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity
as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast¹ lips of
Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses
not more religiously; the very ice of chastity
is in them.]

Ros. But why did he swear he would come
this morning, and comes not? 21

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

[*Cel.* Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse
nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love,
I do think him as concave as a cover'd gob-
let or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros.] Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is
not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright
he was. 31

Cel. "Was" is not "is:" besides, the oath
of a lover is no stronger than the word of a
tapster; they are both the confirmers of false
reckonings. He attends here in the forest
on the duke your father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday, and had
much question² with him: he ask'd me of
what parentage I was; I told him, of as good
as he; so he laugh'd, and let me go. But
what talk we of fathers, when there is such a
man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave
verses, speaks brave words, swears brave
oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite tra-
verse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a
puisny³ tilter, that spurns his horse but on one
side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but
all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides.
—Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft in-
quired 50

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd,

Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. —
Bring us to see this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. 62

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe:

Say that you love me not; but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart th' accustom'd sight of death
makes hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck
But⁴ first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable, 11
That eyes—that are the frail'st and softest
things,

Who shut their coward gates on atomies—
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them
kill thee:

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee: 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure⁵
Thy palm some moment keeps: but now mine
eyes,

Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

¹ Cast = cast-off. ² Question, talk. ³ Puisny, feeble.

⁴ But = without.

⁵ Impressure, for impression.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of
fancy; 29

Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me: and, when that time
comes,

Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

Ros. [*Coming forward*] And why, I pray you?
Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What—though you have
no beauty,—

As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed,—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me? 41

I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work:¹—'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!—
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'T is not your inky brows, your black-silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her, 49
Like foggy south, puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer² man
Than she a woman: 't is such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favour'd
children:

'T is not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's
love:

For I must tell you friendly in your ear,—
Sell when you can: you are not for all
markets: 60

Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—
So, take her to thee, shepherd:—fare you well.

¹ *Nature's sale-work*, i.e. the goods (in modern phrase)
which nature sells every day.

² *Properer*, finer.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year
together:

I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

[*Ros.* He's fallen in love with your foulness,
and she'll fall in love with my anger:—if it be
so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning
looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words.—Why
look you so upon me? 70

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.]

Ros. I pray you, do not fall in love with me,
For I am falsher than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not.—If you will know my
house,

'T is at the tuft of olives here hard by.—

Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him
better,

And be not proud: though all the world could
see,

None could be so abus'd³ in sight as he.— so
[Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might,—

“Whoever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?”]

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle
Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love, your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermin'd.

[*Phe.* Thou hast my love: is not that,
neighbourly? 90

Sil. I would have you.]

Phe. [Why, that were covetousness.]

Silvius, the time was, that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love:
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure; and I'll employ thee too:
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art em-
ploy'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace, 100

³ *Abus'd*, mistaken.

That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man 102
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and
then

A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to
me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the
bounds

That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
him; 110

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well;—
[But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that
hear.

It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride be-
comes him:

He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall:]
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well:

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 120
[A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek; 't was just the
difference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled¹ da-
mask.]

There be some women, Silvius, had they
mark'd him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said mine eyes were black, and my hair
black; 130

And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me:
I marvel why I answer'd not again:

But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it; wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;²

The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [Exeunt.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better
acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laugh-
ing.

[*Ros.* Those that are in extremity of either
are abominable fellows, and betray themselves
to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say no-
thing.

Ros. Why, then 'tis good to be a post. 9

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy,
which is emulation; nor the musician's, which
is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is
proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious;

nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the
lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is
all these;—but] it is a melancholy of mine own,
compounded of many simples, extracted from
many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contem-
plation of my travels, which, by often rumina-
tion, wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have
great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold
your own lands, to see other men's; [then, to
have seen much, and to have nothing, is to
have rich eyes and poor hands.]

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad:
I had rather have a fool to make me merry
than experience to make me sad; and to travel
for it too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

¹ *Mingled*, i.e. red and white.

² *Straight*, at once.

Jaq. Nay, then, God b' wi' you, an' you talk in blank verse! 32

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look, you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable¹ all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gon-

dola. [*Exit Jaques.*] Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover!—An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand



Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!—(Act iv. 1. 26-29.)

parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapp'd² him o' the shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind. 50

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be woo'd of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head,—a better jointure, I think, than you can make a woman: [besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; which such as you are, fain to be beholding to your wives for: but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humour, and like enough to consent.—What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind? 71

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

¹ *Disable*, disparage.

² *Clapp'd*, lightly touched.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravell'd¹ for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers, lacking (God warn us!) matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. 81

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. [Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit?

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit.] Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her. 91

Ros. Well, in her person, I say,—I will not have you.

Orl. Then, in mine own person, I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dash'd out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have liv'd many a fair year, though Hero had turn'd nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drown'd: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on² disposition; and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou? 120

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why, then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest, and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando.—What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin,—“Will you, Orlando,”—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind? 131

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say,—“I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.”

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but,—I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband:—there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions. 141

Orl. So do all thoughts,—they are wing'd.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her, after you have possess'd her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say a day, without the ever. No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen,³ and that when thou art inclin'd to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise. 160

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to

¹ Gravell'd, at a loss.

² Coming-on, complaisant.

³ Hyen, the old form of hyena.

do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 't will out at the key-hole; stop that, 't will fly with the smoke out at the chimney. 166

[*Orl.* A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,—“Wit, whither wilt?”

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbour's bed. 171

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

Ros. Marry, to say,—she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her



Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?
First Lord. Sir, it was I.—(Act iv. 2. 1, 2.)

answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,¹ let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!]

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will leave thee. 181

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways;—I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less:—that

flattering tongue of yours won me:—'t is but one cast away, and so,—come, death!—Two o'clock is your hour? 190

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise, or come one minute behind your hour, I will think thee the most pathetic break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure, and keep your promise. 200

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

¹ *Occasion* = as occasioned by.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu. [*Exit Orlando.*]

Cel. You have simply misus'd¹ our sex in your love-prate: [we must have your doublet and hose pluck'd over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.]

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal. 213

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

[*Ros.* No, that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceiv'd of spleen, and born of madness; that blind rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love:—I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando; I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.] [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter JAQUES and Lords in the habit of foresters, with a dead deer.

Jaq. Which is he that kill'd the deer?

First Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory.—Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

Sec. Lord. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 't is no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

Song.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin, and horns to wear.
Then sing him home.

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*]

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn:
It was a crest ere thou wast born;
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn,
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Misus'd, covered with abuse.

SCENE III. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth—to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;—
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*]

[I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenour: pardon me, 11
I am but as a guiltless messenger.]

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud; and that she could not love me,

Were man as rare as phoenix. 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,

This is a letter of your own device. 20

Sil. No, I protest I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

[*Ros.* Come, come, you're a fool,
And turn'd into th' extremity of love.

I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colour'd hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 't was her hands:

She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:

I say, she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.] 30

Ros. Why, 't is a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance.—Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant
writes. [*Reads.*

"Art thou god to shepherd turn'd, 40
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd?"—

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing?

Ros. [*Reads*]

"Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing? [*Reads.*

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."—

Meaning me a beast.— [*Reads.*

"If the scorn of your bright eyne 50
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspéct!
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How, then, might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind 60
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die."

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no
pity.—Wilt thou love such a woman?—What,
to make thee an instrument, and play false
strains upon thee! not to be endur'd!—Well,
go your way to her,—for I see love hath
made thee a tame snake,—and say this to her:
—that if she love me, I charge her to love
thee; if she will not, I will never have her,
unless thou entreat for her.—If you be a true
lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes
more company. [*Exit Silvius.*

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if
you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenc'd about with olive trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neigh-
bour bottom:

The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,

Left on your right hand, brings you to the
place. 81

But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years:—"The boy is
fair,

Of female favour, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: the woman low, 88
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin;—are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by
this?

Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know
of me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted
from you,
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour; and, pacing through the
forest, 101

Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd
with age,

And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, ap-
proach'd

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself, 112
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay crouching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir; for
't is

The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder
brother. 121

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother;
And he did render¹ him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando:—did he leave him
there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and pur-
pos'd so;



Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede! [*Rosalind faints.*—(Act iv. 3. 158.)

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge, 129
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurt-
ling²

From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him?

Oli. 'T was I; but 't is not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As, how I came into that desert place;— 142
In brief,³ he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he
fainted,

And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind. 150
Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at
heart,

¹ Render, describe.

² Hurting, din of conflict.
150

³ In brief, to be brief.

He sent me hither, stranger as I am, 153
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet
Ganymede! [*Rosalind faints.*]

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on
blood.

Cel. There is more in it.—Cousin Ganymede! 160

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.—

I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth:—you a man?
you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a

body would think this was well counterfeited!
I pray you, tell your brother how well I
counterfeited.—Heigh-ho! 169

Oli. This was not counterfeited: there is too
great testimony in your complexion, that it
was a passion of earnest.¹

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well, then, take a good heart, and
counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have
been a woman by right.

[*Cel.* Come, you look paler and paler: pray
you, draw homewards.—Good sir, go with us.]

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind. 181

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray
you, commend my counterfeiting to him:—
will you go? [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Forest of Arden.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey;
patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough,
for all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey,
a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is
a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 't is: he hath no in-
terest in me in the world: here comes the
man you mean. 10

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a
clown: by my troth, we that have good wits
have much to answer for; we shall be flouting;
we cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover
thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be
cover'd. How old are you, friend? 20

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest
here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. Thank God;—a good answer. Art
rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so-so.

Touch. So-so is good, very good, very excel-
lent good:—and yet it is not; it is but so-so.
Art thou wise? 31

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou say'st well. I do now
remember a saying, "The fool doth think he
is wise; but the wise man knows himself to
be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when
he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his
lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning
thereby, that grapes were made to eat, and
lips to open. You do love this maid? 40

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou
learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me:—to have, is
to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that

¹ *Of earnest, i.e. genuine.*

drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir? 50

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seek you; come, away, away! 67

Touch. Trip, Audrey, trip, Audrey.—I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is't possible that, on so little acquaintance, you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house, and all the revenue that was old Sir Roland's, will I estate¹ upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke, and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind. 19

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*]

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he show'd me your handkercher? 30

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are:—nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden, but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thra-

¹ Estate, settle.



Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!—(Act v. 2. 22, 23.)

is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William. 64

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*]

sonical brag of—"I came, saw, and overcame:"¹ for your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they look'd; no sooner look'd, but they lov'd; no sooner lov'd, but they sigh'd; no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: [and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage, which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent² before marriage:] they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them. 44

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow; and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you, then, no longer with idle talking. Know of me, then,—for now I speak to some purpose, [—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit:³ I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, inasmuch I say I know you are; neither do I labour for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe, then, if you please,] that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, convers'd with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: [I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is, and without any danger.]

Orl. Speak'st thou in sober meaning? 76

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly,

though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array, bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.—Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness, 88

To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not, if I have: it is my study To seem spiteful and ungentle to you: You are there follow'd by a faithful shepherd;

Look upon him, love him; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 't is to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears; And so am I for Phebe. 91

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;— And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

[*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasy, 100
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience;—
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To Rosalind.*]

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? [*To Phebe.*]

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Why do you speak too,—“Why blame you me to love you?”

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros.] Pray you, no more of this; 't is like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon.—I will help you [*to Silvius*], if I can:—I would love you [*to Phebe*], if I could.—To-morrow

¹ *Veni, vidi, vici*: Cæsar's despatch to the senate after the battle of Zela, B.C. 47.

² *Incontinent*, an obvious quibble.

³ *Conceit*=intelligence.

meet me all together.—I will marry you [*to Phebe*], if ever I marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:—I will satisfy you [*to Orlando*], if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow:—I will content you [*to Silvius*], if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow.—As you

[*to Orlando*] love Rosalind, meet:—as you [*to Silvius*] love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands. 131

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe.

Nor I.

Orl.

Nor I. [*Exeunt.*]



Song. It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.—(Act v. 3. 17, 18.)

[SCENE III. Another part of the forest.]

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest¹ desire, to desire to be a woman of the world.² Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song. 9

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't³ roundly,

without hawking, or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

Song.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-fields did pass

In spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring. 22

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country-folks would lie
In spring-time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,

With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower

In spring-time, &c. 30

¹ Dishonest, unchaste. ² To be a woman, &c. = to marry.

³ Clap into 't = begin it at once.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
 For love is crowned with the prime
 In spring-time, &c.

34

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though
 there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the
 note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept
 time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but
 time lost to hear such a foolish song. God
 b'wi' you; and God mend your voices!—
 Come, Audrey.] [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the forest.*

*Enter DUKE SENIOR, AMIRNS, JAKES,
 ORLANDO, OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
 boy
 Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
 do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they
 fear.

[*Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.*]

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our com-
 pact is urg'd:—
 You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,

[*To the Duke.*]

You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to
 give with her.

Ros. And you say, you will have her, when
 I bring her? [*To Orlando.*]

Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms
 king.

10

Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be
 willing? [*To Phebe.*]

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour
 after.

Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
 You'll give yourself to this most faithful
 shepherd?

Phe. So is the bargain.

Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if
 she will? [*To Silvius.*]

Sil. Though to have her and death were
 both one thing.

Ros. I've promis'd to make all this matter
 even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your
 daughter;—

19

You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:—
 Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
 Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:—
 Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
 If she refuse me:—and from hence I go,
 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd
 boy

Some lively touches of my daughter's favour.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw
 him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
 And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
 Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
 Whom he reports to be a great magician,
 Obscured in the circle of this forest.

31

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward,
 and these couples are coming to the ark. Here
 comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in
 all tongues are called fools.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this
 is the motley-minded gentleman that I have
 so often met in the forest: he hath been a
 courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put
 me to my purgation.¹ I have trod a measure;
 I have flattered a lady; I have been politic
 with my friend, smooth with mine enemy; I
 have undone three tailors; I have had four
 quarrels, and like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?²

50

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
 was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause?—Good my lord,
 like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the
 like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest

¹ Let him put me to my purgation, let him put my state-
 ments to the proof.

² Ta'en up = settled.

of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear; according as marriage binds and blood breaks:—a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favour'd thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humour of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.¹

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases. 68

Jag. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming, Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was; this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again, it was not well cut, he disabled² my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jag. And how oft did you say, his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords, and parted.

Jag. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid, but the Lie

Direct; and you may avoid that too with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as, "If you said so, then I said so;" and they shook hands, and swore³ brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if." 109

Jag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

[*Still music.*] *Enter* [a person representing] HYMEN, *leading*] ROSALIND *in woman's* clothes; and CELIA.

[*Hym.* Then is there mirth in heaven,

When earthly things made even

Atone⁴ together.

Good duke, receive thy daughter:

Hymen from heaven brought her,

Yea, brought her hither,

That thou mightst join her hand with his

Whose heart within his bosom is.] 121

Ros. To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Duke Senior.*

To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[*To Orlando.*

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in shape, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why, then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:—

[*To Duke Senior.*

I'll have no husband, if you be not he:—

[*To Orlando.*

Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

[*To Phebe.*

[*Hym.* Peace, ho! I bar⁵ confusion: 131

'T is I must make conclusion

Of these most strange events:

Here's eight that must take hands

To join in Hymen's bands,

If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:—

[*To Orlando and Rosalind.*

¹ *Sententious*, i.e. full of *sententiae* or maxims.

² *Disabled*, denied the ability of.

³ *Swore*, swore to be.

⁴ *Atone*, are made one, reconciled.

⁵ *Bar*, forbid.

You and you are heart in heart:—

[To Oliver and Celia.

You to his love must accord, [To Phebe.

Or have a woman to your lord:— 140

You and you are sure together,

[To Touchstone and Audrey.

As the winter to foul weather.

Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,

Feed yourselves with questioning;

That reason wonder may diminish,

How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:

O blessed bond of board and bed!

'Tis Hymen peoples every town;

High wedlock, then, be honoured: 150

Honour, high honour, and renown,

To Hymen, god of every town!]

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!

Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;

Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

[To Silvius.

Enter JAQUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Roland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.— 159

Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power;¹ which were on foot,

In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here, and put him to the sword;
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restor'd to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly² to thy brothers' wedding:

¹ *Power*, army.

² *Offer'st fairly*, i. e. dost make a fair offering.

[To one, his lands withheld; and to the other, }
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.] }
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number,



Jaq. de B. Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world.

—(Act v. 4. 166-168.)

That have endur'd shrewd³ days and nights
with us, 179

Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.

Meantime forget this new-fall'n dignity,

And fall into our rustic revelry.—

Play, music!—and you, brides and bride-
grooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures
fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience.—If I heard you
rightly,

³ *Shrewd*, hard, disagreeable.

The duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous¹ court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and
learn'd.— 191

You [*to Duke S.*] to your former honour I
bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well deserve
it:—

You [*to Orlando*] to a love that your true
faith doth merit:—

You [*to Oliver*] to your land, and love, and
great allies:—

You [*to Silvius*] to a long and well-deserved
bed:—

And you [*to Touchstone*] to wrangling; for
thy loving voyage

Is but for two months victuall'd.—So, to your
pleasures:

I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay. 200

Jaq. To see no pastime I:—what you would
have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave.

[*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin
these rites,

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

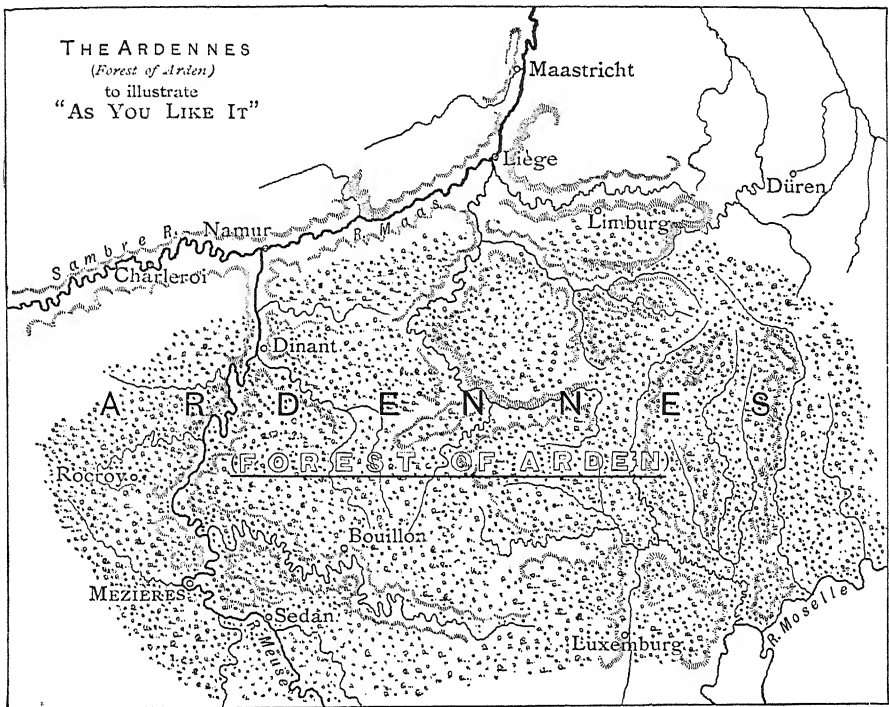
[*A dance.*

EPILOGUE.

Ros. [It is not the fashion to see the lady the
epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than
to see the lord the prologue.] If it be true
that good wine needs no bush, 't is true that
a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good
wine they do use good bushes; and good plays
prove the better by the help of good epilogues.
What a case am I in, then, that am neither a
good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you
in the behalf of a good play! I am not fur-
nished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not
become me: my way is, to conjure you; and
I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O
women, for the love you bear to men, to like
as much of this play as please you: and I
charge you, O men, for the love you bear to
women (as I perceive by your simpering, none
of you hates them), that between you and
the women the play may please. If I were a
woman, I would kiss as many of you as had
beards that pleased me, complexions that liked
me, [and breaths that I defied not:] and, I
am sure, as many as have good beards, or good
faces, [or sweet breaths,] will, for my kind
offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Pompous, ceremonious.*



NOTES TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

1. Line 1.—It may be convenient to give the commencement of Lodge's Rosalynde: "There dwelled adjoyning to the cittie of Bordeaux a knight of most honourable parentage, whome Fortune had graced with many favors, and Nature honoured with sundry exquisite qualities, so beautified with the excellence of both, as it was a question whether Fortune or Nature were more prodigall in deciphering the riches of their bounties. Wise he was, as holding in his head, a supreme conceipt of pollicie, reaching with Nestor into the depth of all civil government; and to make his wisdom more gratious, he had that *salem ingenii*, and pleasant eloquence that was so highly commended in Uliesses: his valour was no lesse than his witte, and the stroke of his launce no lesse forcible than the sweetness of his tongue was perswasive; for he was for his courage chosen the principall of all the Knights of Malta. This hardy knight thus enrich with Vertue and honour, surnamed Sir John of Burdeaux, having the prime of his youth in sundry battailes against the Turkes, at last (as the date of time hath his course) grewe aged. His haire was silver hued, and the map of his age was

figured on his forehead: honour sate in the furrowes of his face, and many yeares were pourtrayed in his wrinckled lineaments, that all men might perceive his glasse was runne, and that nature of necessitie challenged her due. Sir John (that with the phenix knewe the tearme of his life was now expired, and could, with the swan, discover his end by her songs) having three sons by his wife Lynida, the very pride of all his forepassed yeares, thought now (seeing death by constraint would compel him to leave them) to bestow upon them such a legacie as might bewray his love, and increase their insuing amitie. Calling therefore these yong gentlemen before him, in the presence of his fellow Knights of Malta, he resolved to leave them a memorial of all his fatherly care in setting downe a methode of their brotherly dueties. Having therefore death in his lookes to moove them to pittie, and teares in his eyes to paint out the depth of his passions, taking his eldest sonne by the hand, he began thus. . . . First, therefore, unto thee Saladyne, the eldest, and therefore the chiefest pillar of my house, wherein should bee ingraved as wel the excellency of thy fathers qualities, as the essentiall fortune of his proportion, to thee I give foureteeene ploughlands, with all my manor and richest

plate. Next, unto Fernandine I bequeath twelve ploughlands. But, unto Rosader, the youngest, I give my horse, my armour, and my lance with sixteene ploughlands; for if the inward thoughts be discovered by outward shadows, Rosader will exceed you all in boutie and honour" (Collier, Shakespeare's Library, i. pp. 7, 8).

2. Line 2: *HE bequeathed*.—Ff. read: "upon this fashion bequeathed me by will," &c., leaving the verbs *bequeathed* and *charged* below without any apparent nominative. Warburton, Hamner, and Heath inserted the words *my father* before *bequeathed*. The very simple emendation in the text is Blackstone's conjecture, adopted by Malone and followed by Dyce. The *he* would easily drop out before the *be* of the *bequeathed*. As the sentence stands in Ff. it certainly does not seem to make much sense unless we suppose that both verbs *bequeathed* and *charged* are impersonal.

3. Line 5: *My brother Jaques he keeps at school*.—So in Lodge's romance Saladin (the eldest son) says: "My brother Fernandine, hee is at Paris, poring on a few papers, having more insight into sophistrie and principles of philosophy, than anie warlike indeveurs" (Collier, i. p. 17).

4. Line 6: *school*.—For *school*= "university," we may compare Hamlet, i. 2. 112-114:

For your intent
In going back to *school* in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde to our desire.

That the distinction between the school and the university was very slight many facts would show. Thus Lord Herbert of Cherbury tells us in his delightful autobiography that he entered at Queen's College, Oxford, in his thirteenth year; Sir Thomas More was a Master of Arts at sixteen; while various quaint enactments that survive in the statutes of the two universities, Oxford and Cambridge, point very decidedly the same way. For instance, at Cambridge it is expressly required that no undergraduate should play marbles on the steps of the senate-house; likewise no undergraduate is allowed to bowl his hoop down the Petty Cury, a crowded thoroughfare; and at Oxford, if I am not mistaken, the whipping of students is a contingency for which the statutes still provide. At any rate, in the seventeenth century the birching of undergraduates was by no means unusual. Milton, if we may credit Aubrey, experienced the indignity; and a propos of a line in Middleton's *Chaste Maid* in Cheapside, iii. 2. 131, "you'll ne'er lin (*i.e.* cease) till I make your tutor *whip* you," Mr. Bullen quotes a curious passage from a letter written by Chamberlain in 1612: "I know not," (it runs) "whether you have heard that a son of the Bishop of Bristol killed himself with a knife to avoid the disgrace of *breaching*" (Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. v. 60).

From these references it will be seen that *school* and *university* were almost synonymous terms.

5. Line 13: *taught their MANAGE*.—A word specially used of the training of horses. So Todd (Johnson's Dictionary, *sub voce*) quotes from Peacham: "The horse you must draw in his career with his *manage* and turn, doing the *curvetto*." Compare, too, for a good instance in point, Richard II. iii. 3. 178, 179:

Down, down I come; like glist'ring Phaethon,
Wanting the *manage* of unruly jades.

6. Line 44: *here in your ORCHARD*.—*Orchard* and *garden* were almost interchangeable terms (see Much Ado, note 62); though Harrison in his Description of England (New Shakspeare Society Publications, p. 323) only includes under the latter "such grounds as are wrought with the spade by man's hand, for so the case requireth."

7. Line 46.—A curious commentary on the first two scenes in this play is furnished in Earle's Characters. Earle describes in his own delightful way a variety of people, amongst them the "Younger Brother," and really in some of his remarks he might be directly alluding to *As You Like It*. It may be worth while to quote a few of these pithy sentences: "The pride of his house has vndone him (*i.e.* the younger brother, the Orlando of Earle's sketch), which the elder Knighthood must sustaine, and his beggery that Knighthood. His birth and bringing vp will not suffer him to descend to the meanes to get wealth: but hee stands at the mercy of the World, and which is worse of his brother. He is something better than the Serving-men; yet they more saucy with him, then hee bold with the master, who beholds him with a countenance of sterne awe, and checks him oftner then his Liversies. His brothers old suites and hee are much alike in request, and cast off now and then one to the other. . . . If his Annuity stretch so farre he is sent to the Vniuersity, and with great heart burning takes vpon him the Ministry. . . . Hee is commonly discontented, and desperate, and the forme of his exclamation is, that Churle my brother" (John Earle's Micro-cosmographie, Arber's Reprint, pp. 29, 30).

8. Line 121: *in the forest of ARDEN*.—The scene, of course, is borrowed from Lodge. Malone quotes from Spenser, *Astrophel* (1595):

Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of salvage pray;
So wide a forest and so waste as this,
Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor fowle Arlo, is.

9. Line 150: *an envious EMULATOR*.—*Emulate*, with its cognates, always has a bad sense in Shakespeare. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 242:

He is not *emulous*, as Achilles is;

Julius Cæsar, ii. 3. 13, 14:

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of *emulation*.

10. Line 170: *Now will I stir this GAMESTER*.—Here, as elsewhere, *gamester* has the general sense of "a merry fellow." Compare Taming of the Shrew, ii. 402, 403:

Sirrah young *gamester*, your father were a fool
To give thee all.

So Henry VIII. i. 4. 45.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

11. Line 35: *Fortune from her WHEEL*.—We have a dissertation on "giddy *fortune's* furious fickle *wheel*" in Henry V. iii. 6. 31-41.

12. Line 52: *Nature's NATURAL*; *i.e.* fool, as in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 96: "like a great *natural*, that runs loll-

ing up and down." Scotch people are fond of using the word in this sense.

13. Line 95: *since the little wit that fools have was silenced*.—It has been plausibly suggested that this line refers to some inhibition of the players. Compare the vexed passage in Hamlet, ii. 2. 340-360, with the discussion of the subject in the Introduction to the Clarendon Press Ed. The relations between the civic authorities and the theatrical companies were very strained, and the intolerance of the former seems to have come in for a plentiful supply of satire. Compare the Induction to Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle:

Citizen. Hold your peace, Goodman boy!

Speaker of Prologue. What do you mean, sir?

Cit. That you have no good meaning. This seven years there hath been plays at this house, I have observed it, you have still girds at citizens.

S. of Prolog. Are you a member of the noble city?

Cit. I am.

S. of Prolog. And a freeman?

Cit. Yea, and a grocer.

S. of Prolog. So, grocer; then by your sweet favour, we intend no abuse to the city.

Cit. No, sir? Yes, sir; if you were not resolved to play the jacks, what need you study for new subjects, purposely to abuse your betters?

14. Line 131: *With bills on their necks*.—Farmer thought that these words should form the conclusion of Le Beau's speech, and Dyce printed the passage so. Without venturing to adopt the proposal, I think a good deal may be said in its favour. For the expression we may compare Lodge's romance: "on a day, sitting with Aliena in a great dumpe, she cast up her eye, and saw where Rosader came pacing towards them with his *forrest bill* on his necke." So a page or two further on: "seeing not only a shep-herdesse and her boy forced, but his brother wounded, he heaved up a *forrest bill* he had on his neck" (Collier, i. p. 85). Steevens refers (rather vaguely, *more suo*) to Sidney's Arcadia, bk. i.: "with a sword by his side, a forest *bill* on his necke." For a similar word-play, compare Much Ado, iii. 3. 191, and see note 231 of that play. But the *bill* on which the *équivoque* turns was not a commercial *bill*, but such *bills* as were posted up as advertisements (see Much Ado, note 8), or perhaps such a *bill* or "paper" as was hung round the necks of condemned perjurers (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 110). The "forest *bill*" of Lodge's story was probably a *bill-hook*, and not a watchman's or soldier's *bill*.

15. Line 132: "*Be it known unto all men by these presents*;" i.e. the formal phrase with which all deeds-poll commenced, the Latin running *Noverint universi per presentes*. "This," says Lord Campbell, "is the technical phraseology referred to by Thomas Nash in his Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of the two Universities, in the year 1589, when he is supposed to have denounced the author of Hamlet as one of those who had 'left the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, for handfuls of tragical speeches'—that is, an attorney's clerk become a poet, and penning a stanza when he should engross" (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, pp. 40, 41).

16. Line 133.—This incident, it will be seen, is taken directly from Lodge. "At last when the tournament

ceased, the wrastling beganne, and the Norman presented himselfe as a challenger against all commers, but hee looked lyke Hercules when he advaunst himselfe agaynst Ache-
loüs, so that the furie of his countenance amazed all that durst attempte to incounter with him in any deed of activitie: til at last a lustie Francklin of the cuntry came with two tall men, that were his sonnes, of good lyniaments and comely personage: the eldest of these dooing his obeysance to the king entered the lyst, and presented himselfe to the Norman, who straight coapt with him, and as a man that would triumph in the glorie of his strength, roused himselfe with such furie, that not onely hee gave him the fall, but killed him with the weight of his corpulent personage; which the younger brother seeing, lepte presently into the place, and thirstie after the revenge, assayed the Norman with such valour, that at the first incounter hee brought him to his knees: which repulst so the Norman, that recovering himselfe, feare of disgrace doubling his strength, hee stepst so stearnely to the young Francklin, that taking him up in his armes hee threw him against the grounde so violently, that hee broake his necke, and so ended his dayes with his brother. At this unlookt for massacre the people murmured, and were all in a deepe passion of pittie; but the Franklin, father unto these, never changed his countenance, but as a man of a courageous resolution tooke up the bodies of his sonnes without shewe of outward discontent" (Collier, i. pp. 19, 20).

17. Line 150: *to feel this BROKEN MUSIC*.—For some explanation of this phrase we must turn to Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time. In volume i. p. 246, Mr. Chappell has the following passage:—"Richard Braithwait, a writer of this reign (James I.'s), has 'set down some Rules for the Government of the House of an Earle,' in which the Earle was to keep 'five musitions skillfull in that commendable sweete science,' and they were required to teach the Earle's children to sing, and to play upon the base-viol, the virginals, the lute, and the bandora, or cittern. When he gave 'great feasts,' the musicians were to play, whilst the service was going to the table, upon sackbuts, cornets, shawms, and 'such other instruments going with wind,' and upon '*viols, violins, or other broken musicke*,' during the repast." Thus far Mr. Chappell, who in a note adds this comment, "'Broken Music,' as is evident from this and other passages, means what we now term 'a string band.' . . . The term originated probably from harps, lutes, and such other stringed instruments as were played without a bow, not having the capability to sustain a long note to its full duration of time." This account has been generally accepted; it will be found in the note on Troilus and Cressida, iii. 1. 52-54. Apparently, however, Mr. Chappell has now changed his opinion in favour of the following view:—"Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of fours, which when played together formed a 'consort.' If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a 'consort,' but '*broken music*.'" This explanation, privately communicated to Mr. Aldis Wright, will be found in the latter's note on the present passage; as Mr. Chappell's authority on

musical points is final, it must be agreed to. For the same quibbling use of the phrase, cf. Henry V. v. 2. 361:

Come, your answer in *broken music*; for thy voice is *music* and thy English *broken*.

18. Line 169: *such ODDS in the MAN*.—So the Folios: "*Men*" is an obvious, but unnecessary, correction. The sense is, "such advantage, superiority on the side of the man," i.e. Charles. Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 89: "And with that *odds* he weighs King Richard down."

19. Lines 211-232.—This is the wrestling scene in Lodge's romance. "On the contrary part, Rosader while he breathed was not idle, but still cast his eye upon Rosalynde, who to encourage him with a favour lent him such an amorous looke, as might have made the most coward desperate: which glance of Rosalynde so flied the passionate desires of Rosader, that turning to the Norman hee ranne upon him and braved him with a strong encounter. The Norman received him as valiantly, that there was a sore combat, hard to judge on whose side fortune would be prodigal. At last Rosader, calling to minde the beaultie of his new mistresse, the fame of his fathers honours, and the disgrace that should fal to his house by his misfortune, rowed himselfe and threw the Norman against the ground, falling upon his chest with so willing a weight, that the Norman yelded nature her due, and Rosader the victorie" (Collier, i. p. 21).

20. Line 230: *I am not yet well BREATH'D*.—As we should say, "I have not yet got my wind." Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 212.

21. Line 254: *STICKS me at heart*.—We have *stick*="stab" in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 202: "to *stick* the heart of falsehood."

22. Line 258: *Wear this for me*.—Lady Martin (Helen Faucit) says "She has taken a chain from her neck, and stealthily kissing it—at least I always used to do so—she gives it to Orlando. . . ." (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, p. 306).

It may be worth while to note that with Elizabethan ladies the wearing of jewelry was a universal habit, against which indeed satirists raised an occasional protest. So Stubbes says: "their fingers (i.e. women's) are decked with gold, silver and precious stones, their wrists with bracelets and armlets of gold, and other precious jewels: their hands are covered with their sweet washed gloves, embroidered with gold, silver and what not" (Anatomy of Abuses, New Shaks. Soc. Reprint, part i. p. 79).

23. Line 263: *Is but a QUINTAIN, a mere lifeless block*.—"Quintine" in the Folios. Riding at the *quintain* was a popular sport of which Strutt gives the following description: "Tilting or combating at the *quintain* is a military exercise of high antiquity, and antecedent, I doubt not, to the jousts and tournaments. The *quintain* originally was nothing more than the trunk of a tree, a post set up for the practice of the tyros in chivalry. Afterwards a staff or spear was fixed in the earth, and a shield being hung upon it, was the mark to strike at. The dexterity of the performer consisted in smiting the shield in such a manner as to break the ligatures and bear it to the ground. In process of time this diversion

was improved, and instead of a staff and the shield, the resemblance of a human figure carved in wood was introduced. To render the appearance of this figure more formidable, it was generally made in the likeness of a Turk or a Saracen, armed at all points, bearing a shield upon his left arm, and brandishing a club or a sabre with his right. The *quintain* thus fashioned was placed upon a pivot, and so contrived as to move round with facility. In running at this figure, it was necessary for the horseman to direct his lance with great adroitness, and make his stroke upon the forehead between the eyes or upon the nose; for if he struck wide of these parts, especially upon the shield, the *quintain* turned about with much velocity, and, in case he was not exceeding careful, would give him a severe blow upon the back with the wooden sabre held in the right hand, which was considered as highly disgraceful to the performer, while it excited the laughter and ridicule of the spectators" (Sports and Pastimes, bk. iii. ch. i. ed. 1801, p. 89).

Compare too Stow: "I have seen a *quinten* set up on Cornehill, by the Leaden Hall, where the attendants on the lords of merry disports have run and made great pastime; for he that hit not the broad end of the *quinten* was of all men laughed to scorn; and he that hit it full if he rid not the faster, had a sound blow in his neck with a bag full of sand hanged on the other end" (quoted in Brand, Popular Antiquities, vol. i. p. 302, where Ellis gives other interesting references). Illustrations of the *quintain* in its various forms will be found in the Var. Ed. vi. p. 517. At the village of Offham in Kent there still stands an old *quintain*, which was repaired in 1834, and which is said to be the only one now remaining in England. (See the Antiquary, vol. xvi. p. 101.)

24. Line 278: *The duke is HUMOROUS*.—For *humorous*="capricious," cf. King John, iii. 1. 119, 120:

Thou Fortune's champion that dost never fight
But when her *humorous* ladyship is by.

So Henry V. ii. 4. 28:

a vain, giddy, shallow, *humorous* youth.

Ben Jonson applies the epithet, in the same sense, to the moon.

O, you awake them: Come away,
Times be short, are made for play;
The *humorous* moon too will not stay:
What doth make you thus delay.

See Todd's Johnson, *sub voce* "humorous," where the lines are quoted, without reference.

25. Line 284: *But yet, indeed, the LESSER is his daughter*.—Ff. have *taller*, an obvious slip (cf. next scene, 117) on the part of Shakespeare or of the printer. Mr. Spedding proposed *lesser*, which, following the Globe ed., I have printed. We have here an instance of the fact, which has been pointed out by more than one writer, that there evidently were two youths who took the women's parts, in the company of which Shakespeare was part manager, one tall and the other short. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 289-292, 303-385, and other passages in that scene, whence it is clear that Hermia was played by the short actor, and Helena by the tall one.

26. Line 299: *from the smoke into the SMOTHER*.—*Smother* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare as a

substantive. Todd—Johnson's Dictionary, *s.v.*—quotes from Bacon's Essays: "A man were better relate himself to a statue than suffer his thoughts to pass in *smother*."

ACT I. SCENE 3.

27. Lines 1-140.—How far this scene is founded on Lodge's narrative some extracts from the latter will show. "Scarce had Rosalynde ended her madrigale, before Torismond (*i.e.* the usurping duke) came in with his daughter Alinda and many of the peers of France, who were enamoured of her beauty; which Torismond perceiving, fearing lest her perfection might be the beginning of his prejudice, and the hope of his fruit ende in the beginning of her blossomes, he thought to banish her from the court; for, quoth he to himself, her face is so full of favour, that it pleads pittie in the eye of every man: her beaultie is so heavenly and devine, that she wil prove to me as Helen did to Priam: some of the Peeres will ayme at her love, end the marriage, and then, in his wives right attempt the kindome. To prevent therefore had I wist in all these actions, shee tarryes not about the court, but shall (as an exile) eyther wander to her father, or else seeke other fortunes. In this humour, with a sterne countenance, full of wrath, he breathed out this censure unto her before the peers, that charged that that night shee were not scene about the court: for (quoth he) I have heard of thy aspiring speeches and intended treasons. This doome was strange unto Rosalynde, and presently covered with the shield of her innocence, she boldly brake out in reverent tearmes to have cleared herself; but Torismond would admit of no reason, nor durst his lords plead for Rosalynde" (Collier, i. pp. 27, 28).

Rosalind is thus banished, and Alinda resolves to follow her, and they concert measures for flight: "At this Rosalynd began to comfort her (*i.e.* Alinda), and after shee had wept a fewe kinde teares in the bosome of her Alinda, shee gave her heartie thankes, and then they sat them downe to consult how they should travel. Alinda grieved at nothing but that they might have no man in their company, saying, it would bee their greatest prejudice in that two women went wandring without either guide or attendant. Tush (quoth Rosalynd) art thou a woman, and hast not a sodeine shift to prevent a misfortune? I (thou seest) am of a tall stature, and would very wel become the person and apparel of a page: thou shalt bee my mistresse, and I wil play the man so properly, that (trust me) in what company so ever I come I wil not be discovered. I wil buy me a suite, and have my rapier very handsomly at my side, and if any knave offer wrong, your page wil show him the poynt of his weapon. At this Alinda smiled, and upon this they agreed, and presently gathered up al their jewels, which they trussed up in a casket, and Rosalynd in all hast provided her of robes; and Alinda being called Aliena, and Rosalynd Ganimede, they travelled along the vineyardes, and by many by-waies, at last got to the Forrest side, where they travelled by the space of two or three dayes without seeing anye creature, being often in danger of wilde beasts, and payned with many passionate sorrowes" (Collier, i. pp. 31, 32).

28. Line 11: *No, some of it is for my CHILD'S FATHER.*—So the Folio. Rowe (sec. ed.) changed the words to

my father's child, a reading also given by Collier's MS. Corrector; it was approved by Coleridge and printed by Dyce, and is always adopted on the stage. Personally I think there is not a little to be said in its favour, though we should remember that throughout the play there are similar free touches to which modern taste may take exception. Rosalind may only mean to say "for the father of my child if ever I have one," *i.e.* "for him whom I love." [There can be no doubt that, for the purposes of the theatre, Pope's emendation is preferable to the reading of the F.; but it is a most puzzling point to decide whether or not the emendation is justifiable. This is precisely one of those cases in which the poet does not make one of his characters say what we expect him to say; but something quite the contrary. Rosalind is in such a mischievous humour just now, and so excited by the sudden passion she has conceived for Orlando, that she can think of nothing else but of him; and it is quite natural that she should use such a singular expression, however indelicate it may seem, as she is speaking in confidence to Celia. Such a violent feat of anticipation as picturing herself the wife of the man she has just fallen in love with at first sight, and already a mother, would have a certain fascination for her from its very audacity; and she might use this expression, under such circumstances, with far less indelicacy than she could had they been long acquainted, or lovers, in the ordinary sense of the term. But all this is too subtle to be made clear by the actress in speaking; and therefore no one can quarrel with the Rosalind who does not speak the exact text here.—F. A. M.]

29. Line 114: *And with a kind of UMBER SMIRCH my face.*—*Umber*, according to Nares, is a species of ochre, so called because originally brought from *Umbria*. Ben Jonson has the verb "to *umber*," *i.e.* to stain a dark, dull colour, in the *Alchemist*, v. 3:

You had taken the pains

To dye your beard, and *umber* o'er your face.

—Clifford's Ben Jonson, vol. iv. p. 124.

Compare also Henry V. act iv. Chorus, 8, 9:

Fire answers fire, and through their pale flames,

Each battle sees the other's *umber'd* face.

In Johnson's Dict. (Todd's ed.) I find the following from Dryden: "*Umbr* is very sensible and earthy; there is nothing but pure black which can dispute with it" (reference not given).

30. Line 119: *a gallant CURTLE-AXE upon my thigh.*—

For the form compare Henry V. iv. 2. 21:

To give each naked *curtle-axe* a stain.

In Cotgrave the word appears as "*cuttelas*, or *courtelas*;" "perhaps," says Skeat, "borrowed from Ital. *Coltellaccio*, which is at any rate the same word."

31. Line 122: *a SWASHING and a martial outside; i.e.* a swaggering, blustering air; cf. *swash-buckler*. The word, according to Skeat, is partly imitative, and was defined by the old lexicographers as meaning "to make a noise with swords against targets" (see Johnson's Dict. Todd's ed. *s.v.*). For its use compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 70:

Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy *swashing* blow;

and Ben Jonson, *Staple of News*, v. 2:

I do confess a *swashing* blow.

—Ben Jonson, *Works*, vol. v. 395.

For *swashers* = "bullies," "braggarts," see Henry V. iii. 2. 30; and the substantive *swash* (= bluster) occurs in *The Three Ladies of London*:

I will flaunt and brave it after the lusty *swash*.

32.—In the acting edition act i. ends with the scene between Orlando and Adam, which is the third scene of the present act in the Folio. This arrangement is, perhaps, an improvement; as we may suppose the flight of Orlando and that of Rosalind and Celia to have taken place about the same time; but another change made in the acting version is almost indefensible, and that is the transference of the speeches of the First Lord in the present scene to Jaques, a transference made, of course, with the object of giving more importance to that part, which, demanding great elocutionary skill, is generally assigned to a leading actor. This change involves a most ridiculous alteration of the text, by which the Duke is made to address all his speeches to Jaques personally, instead of speaking of him in his absence. It is to be hoped that when next this play is revived in any one of our first-class theatres this unjustifiable tampering with the text may be omitted, and the speeches of the First Lord restored to the proper speaker. If the actor of Jaques likes to double the parts of the First Lord and Jaques there cannot be much objection to that arrangement.—F. A. M.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

33. Lines 13, 14:

*Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.*

"Among the vulgar errors of Shakespeare's day was the belief that the head of the toad contained a stone possessing great medicinal virtues" (Thiesslon Dyer's *Folklore of Shakespeare*, pp. 245, 246). This superstition is perpetually alluded to: e.g. in *The Woman's Prize*, v. 1:

And as we say verbatim,
Fell to the bottom, broke his casting-bottle,
Lost a fair *toadstone* of some eighteen shillings.

—Beaumont & Fletcher, *Works*, vol. vii. p. 199;

and in *Monsieur Thomas*, iii. 1:

In most physicians heads
There is a kind of *toadstone* bred, whose virtue .
—Vol. vii. (Dyce), p. 356.

So Ben Jonson (quoted by Nares), *The Fox*, ii. 3:

His saffron jewel with the *toadstone* in't.

Steevens gives an extract from Lupton's Book of Notable Things: "You shall knowe whether the *Tode-stone* be the ryght and perfect stone or not. Holde the stone before a Tode, so that he may see it; and if it be a ryght and true stone the Tode will leape towarde it, and make as though he would snatch it. He envieth so much that man should have that stone." Elsewhere Lupton says that the *toadstone*, or *crepaudivina*, "touching any part envenomed by the bite of a rat, wasp, spider, or any other venomous beast, ceases the pain and swelling thereof" (Var. Ed. vi. p. 381).

34. Line 23: *Being native BURGHERS of this desert CITY.*

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—Steevens aptly refers to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, song 18, l. 66:

Where, fearless of the hunt, the hart securely stood,
And everywhere walk'd free, a *burgess* of the wood.

Perhaps Shakespeare remembered a couplet in Lodge's romance:

About her wondering stood
The citizens of wood.

Compare line 55.

35. Line 24: *with FORKED HEADS*.—That is, arrow heads. Compare Middleton's *A Mad World My Masters*:

While the broad arrow with the *forked head*
Misses.

So Lear, i. 1. 145-147:

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.
Kent. Let it fall rather, though the *fork* invade
The region of my heart;

where the Clarendon Press editor shows that a *forked* arrow was *not* (as Steevens asserted) a barbed arrow.

36. Line 33: *a poor SEQUESTER'D stag*.—"Retired," "withdrawn," the verb being usually transitive; for the other use cf. Milton: "*To sequester out of the world into Atlantick and Eutopian polities, which can never be drawn into use, will not mend our condition*" (*Areopagitica*, Hales, p. 25). Every one will remember Gray's "*adown the cool sequestered vale of life*" (*Elegy*, l. 75).

37. Lines 38-40:

*the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.*

We have repeated allusions to the idea that the hunted deer *shed tears* at the approach of death. Thus Dyer (*Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 171) quotes Bartholomæus (*De Proprietate Rerum*): "When the hart is arered, he fleethe to a ryver or ponde, and roreth cryeth and *weepeth* when he is take." Again, Steevens refers (Malone, Var. Ed. vi. p. 382) to Drayton's *Polyolbion*, xiii. 160-161, where, upon the lines:

He who the Mourner is to his owne dying Corse,
Upon the ruthlesse earthe his *precious teares lets fell*,

the marginal note runs: "the harte *weepeth* at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine." Classical scholars will remember the beautiful verses in the seventh book of the *Æneid*, 500-509:

Saucius at quadrupes nota intra tecta refugit,
Successitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus
Atque *imploranti similis* tectum omne replebat;

which Conington (iii. p. 49) aptly parallels by an expression in Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*:

She (the hare) trembling creeps upon the ground away
And looks back to him (the hound) *with beseeching eyes*;
—Stanza 132.

a humanizing touch that recalls many of Landseer's pictures. Every one will recollect Hamlet's

Why, let the *stricken deer go weep*.

—iii. 2. 282.

38. Line 57: *that poor and broken bankrupt*.—The Rugby editor suggests that Shakespeare may have been thinking of the experiences of his own father. In line 59 I have followed Dyce and others in reading "*the coun-*

try;" F. 1 has *country* alone, which would then be pronounced as a trisyllable.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

39. Line 3: *Are of consent and sufferance*.—Explained as being a quasi-legal term, "applied to a landlord who takes no steps to eject a tenant whose time is expired."

40. Line 8: *My lord, the ROYNISH clown, at whom so oft* . . .—"Roynish. Mangy, or scabbed; from *rogneux*, Fr. A Chaucerian word," says Nares (Halliwell's Ed. *sub voce*), who quotes from Gabriel Harvey's Pierce's Superogate:

Although she were a lusty rampe, somewhat like Gallemetta or Maid-Marian, yet she was not such a *roynish* rannel.

Compare, too, Romaunt of the Rose, 988:

The foule crooked bowe hidous,

That Knottie was, and all *roynous*.

—Bell's Ed. of Chaucer's Works, vol. vii. p. 45.

It is of the same derivation as *ronyon*; compare Macbeth, i. 3. 6:

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed *ronyon* cries;

and Merry Wives, iv. 2. 195.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

41. Line 8: *The BONNY PRISER of the humorous duke*.—So F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 has *bonnie*. What exception can be taken to *bonny* I am at a loss to understand; it makes excellent sense here, and it occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare, e. g. II. Henry VI. v. 2. 11, 12:

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the *bonny* beast he lov'd so well.

Warburton conjectured *boney*, which Dyce accepted—"as Charles is here called '*bony*,' so in the preceding scene he is called '*sinewy*.'" The change seems to me to be at once unnecessary and undesirable. *Priser* may, as Singer thinks, have been the technical title of a wrestler, a *prise* (French, *prendre, pris*) being the ordinary wrestling term for grappling with the adversary. Probably, however, Mr. Aldis Wright is correct in his explanation: "prize-fighter, champion; properly one who contends for a prize." He quotes two passages from Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels—iv. 1: "Well, I have a plot upon these *prizers*;" and v. 2: "Appeareth no man yet to answer the *prizer*?"

42. Lines 59, 60:

*Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion.*

Possibly in these verses the poet himself is speaking.

43. Line 74: *it is too late A WEEK*.—Perhaps "*in the week*" is the meaning; or, which seems to me more probable, "*by a week*."

ACT II. SCENE 4.

44. Line 1: *O Jupiter, how WEARY are my spirits!*—Theobald's correction of the Folios, which give *merry*. The change seems to me absolutely necessary. Retaining *merry* we might argue (1) that the words are spoken ironically; or (2) that Rosalind feigns cheerfulness to keep up the courage of her friend. The context, however, is, I think, decisive in favour of *weary*.

45. Line 12: *yet I should bear no CROSS*.—Alluding, of course, to the *cross* stamped on the reverse of silver coins. For the quibble compare Love's Labour's Lost, i. 2. 34-36; and see note 20 on that play:

Arm. I love not to be cross'd.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; *crosses* love not him.

So II. Henry IV. i. 2. 253: "you are too impatient to bear *crosses*."

46. Line 49: *the kissing of her BATLET*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has *batter*. It was an instrument used by washers in beating out clothes, and according to Halliwell (Dictionary of Archaic Words, *sub voce*) was variously called *batler*, *batlet*, *batling-staff*, *batstaff*, and in Cotgrave (under *baucle*) *batting-staff*. Nares suggests a possible connection with *beetle*, and compares Beaumont and Fletcher's The Tamer Tamed, ii. 5:

Have I lived thus long to be knocked o' the head
With half a *washing-beetle*!

The latter occurs in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 255: "fillip me with a three-man *beetle*." The New English Dictionary is not particularly instructive on the subject.

47. Line 52: *the wooing of a PEASCOD*.—Properly *peascod* is the husk containing the peas; so Lear, i. 4. 219: "That's a shealed *peascod*." Here it would seem from what follows that the word must signify the whole plant. Lower down *weeping tears* is an obvious touch of burlesque.

48. Line 61: *Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion*.—There is, perhaps, something to be said for the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector: *Love, love*.

49. Lines 83-100.—A detail taken from Lodge. Cf. the following. Montanus, the shepherd, is the speaker:—"My landlord intends to sell both the farme I tyll, and the flocke I keepe, and cheape you may have them for ready money: and for a shepheards life (oh mistres) did you but live awhile in their content, you would say the court were rather a place of sorrow then of solace. Here, mistresse, shal not fortune thwart you, but in mean misfortunes, as the losse of a few sheepe, which, as it breedes no beggery, so it can bee no extreame prejudice: the next yeare may mend all with a fresh increase. Envy stirres not us, we covet not to climbe, our desires mount not above our degrees, nor our thoughts above our fortunes. Care cannot harbour in our cottages, nor doe our homely couches know broken slumbers: as wee exceed not ill dyet, so we have enough to satisfie: and, mistresse, I have so much Latin, *satis est quod sufficit*."

"By my trueth, shepherd (quoth Aliena) thou makest mee in love with your cuntry life, and therefore send for thy landlord, and I will buy thy farme and thy flocks, and thou shalt still under me bee overseer of them both: onely for pleasure sake I and my page will serve you, lead the flocks to the field, and folde them. Thus will I live quiet, unknowne, and contented" (Collier, i. p. 42).

ACT II. SCENE 5.

50. Line 3: *And TURN his merry note*.—Rowe, followed by Pope, changed to *tune*, and Dyce adopted the correction, comparing Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 5, 6:

And to the nightingale's complaining notes

Tune my mistresses and record my woes.

But to *turn a note* is a perfectly feasible expression, and Singer's quotation from Hall's *Satires*, vi. 1. 195:

While threadbare Martial *turns his merry note*—

practically settles the question. Dyce indeed gives the latter, and then boldly remarks that "*turns* is manifestly an error;" the dictum is rather autocratic. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 29.

51. Line 13: *as a WEASEL SUCKS EGGS*.—Compare Henry V. i. 2. 169-171:

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the *weasel* Scot
Comes sneaking and so *sucks* her princely eggs.

52. Line 33: *Sirs, COVER the while*; i.e. set the places for the feast.—Compare Merchant of Venice, iii. 5. 57.

53. Line 56: *Ducdame*.—It is useless to attempt to explain this. The word is an obvious and intentional piece of nonsense, of which the point lies in its very meaningless absurdity. To secure a double rhyme Farmer, rather ingeniously, suggested the following arrangement of the lines:

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to *Ami*;

i.e. to Amiens. Hammer read ("very acutely and judiciously," says Johnson) *duc ad me*—"bring him to me." Of course line 56 is intended to reproduce the rhythm of line 44.

54. Line 63: *all the FIRST-BORN of EGYPT*.—A proverbial expression, says Johnson, for "high-born persons." I do not see the point of the phrase.

ACT II. SCENE 6.

55. Lines 1-14.—For this and the next scene compare the following extracts from Lodge: "At these wordes Rosader lifted up his eye, and looking on Adam Spencer, began to weep. Ah, Adam, quoth he, I sorrow not to dye, but I grieve at the maner of my death. Might I with my lance encounter the enemy, and so die in the field, it were honour, and content: might I (Adam) combat with some wilde beast, and perish as his praie, I were satisfied; but to die with hunger, O, Adam, it is the extreame of all extreames! Maister (quoth he) you see we are both in one predicament, and long I cannot live without meate; seeing therefore we can finde no foode, let the death of the one preserve the life of the other. I am old, and overborne with age, you are yong, and are the hope of many honours: let me then dye, I will presently cut my veynes, and, maister, with the warme blood relieve your fainting spirites: sucke on that till I ende, and you be comforted. With that Adam Spencer was ready to pull out his knife, when Rosader full of courage (though verie faint) rose up, and wisht A. Spencer to sit there til his returne" (Collier, i. p. 51).

Rosader goes off, as in the play, to seek for food, and soon falls in with the duke and his companions; and the narrative continues thus: "Hee stept boldly to the boords end, and saluted the company thus:—'Whatsoever thou be that art maister of these lustie squiers, I salute thee as graciously as a man in extreme distresse may: know,

that I and a fellow friend of mine are here famished in the forrest for want of food: perish wee must, unless relieved by thy favours. Therefore, if thou be a gentleman, give meate to men, and to such as are everie way worthe of life. Let the proudest squire that sits at thy table rise and incounter with mee in any honorable point of activitie whatsoever, and if hee and thou proove me not a man, send me away comfortlesse. If thou refuse this, as a niggard of thy cates, I will have amongst you with my sword; for rather wil I dye valiantly, then perish with so cowardly an extreame'" (Collier, i. p. 52).

56. Line 3: *and MEASURE out my GRAVE*.—We are reminded of Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 69, 70:

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the *measure* of an unmade *grave*.

ACT II. SCENE 7.

57. Line 5: *If he, COMPACT of JARS, grow musical*; i.e. made up of discords. For much the same quibble upon *jar* in its double sense of ordinary discord and discord in music, compare Taming of the Shrew, v. 2. 1:

At last, though long, our *farring* notes agree.

Compact—"composed of:" as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 8:

Are of imagination all *compact*.

See note 248 of that play.

58. Line 13: *A MOTLEY fool*.—Alluding, one need hardly remark, to the traditional dress of *court fools*. Beaumont and Fletcher have *men of motley* in *Wit Without Money*, iii. 4. end (Dyce, iv. 15), and in *Bonduca*, ii. 2. early:

Motley on thee,
Thou art an arrant ass.

59. Line 19: "*Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune*."—Alluding to the proverb, *fortuna favet fatuis*. Reed quotes (Var. Ed. vi. p. 401) from the prologue to the *Alchemist*:

Fortune, that favours fools, these two short hours
We wish away

60. Line 39: *Which is as dry as the remainder BISCUIT*.—Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 42, 43: "He would pun thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a *biscuit*;" and still more to the point is Boswell's quotation from *Every Man Out of His Humour*: "And now and then breaks a dry *biscuit* jest." A *dry* brain in Shakespeare's time seems to have been synonymous with dullness. For the use of *remainder* here, adjectively, compare *Richard II.* note 155.

61. Line 48: *as large a CHARTER as the WIND*.—We may remember Henry V. i. 1. 43:

The air, a *charter'd* libertine, is still.

62. Line 55: *NOT to seem senseless of the BOB*.—Without the first two words the line has neither meaning nor metre. The correction (made by Theobald) seems to me quite right, the explanation being in effect that which Whiter gave, though Whiter adopted a different reading: "A wise man whose feeling should chance to be well rallied by a simple unmeaning jester, even though he should be weak enough to be hurt by so foolish an attack, appears always insensible of the stroke." Or taking the

present text the exact sense will be: "A wise man whose folly . . . will be foolish *if he does not* seem senseless." Dr. Ingleby's defence of the Folios I have not been able to master. The Cambridge editors print *not to*; Dyce, *but to*. For *bob* cf. Ascham's School-Master: "cruellie threatened, yea presentlie some tymes, with pinches, nippes, and *bobbes*" (Arber's Reprint, p. 47). Compare also Richard III. v. 3. 333, 334:

whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, *bob'd*, and thump'd;

and compare note 651 of that play.

63. Line 63: *What, for a COUNTER, would I do but good?*—Cf. foot-note to Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 80. Counters are also referred to in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 28, Cymbeline, v. 4. 173, and Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 38.

64. Line 73: *Till that the WEARER's very means do ebb.*—F. 1 gives "the *wearie* very," an obvious piece of nonsense. Pope suggested *very very*, and was followed by Malone and others (see Var. Ed. vol. vi. p. 405); but such emphasis is quite pointless. Mr. Kinnear in his Cruces Shakesperianæ proposes "the *wasted* very," comparing Othello, iv. 2. 187, 188: "I have *wasted* myself out of my means." The difficulty is solved by Singer's convincing emendation, *weaver's*, which has been adopted in the Clarendon Press ed., though not in the Globe, which, following the reading of F. 1, marks the passage as corrupt.

65. Lines 75, 76:

*When that I say, the city-woman BEARS
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders.*

We are reminded at once of II. Henry VI. i. 3. 83:

She bears a duke's revenues on her back.

See note 74 of that play. The commentators do not seem to have noticed that Shakespeare (?) was giving a terse version of what must, I think, have been a proverbial saying. Compare, at any rate, the following from Gascoigne's Steel Glass—Epilogue:

The elder sorte, go stately stalking on,
And on their backs, they beare both land and see,
Castles and Towres, revenues and reveits,
Lordships and manours, fines, yea fermes and al.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 82.

See also King John, note 72.

66. Line 139: *All the world's a stage.*—This is one of those natural conceptions which occur in widely different literatures, and to which no writer can lay claim. Thus in the old play of Damon and Pythias (a masterpiece, by the way, of unreadableness) we have:

Pythagoras said that this *world was like a stage*
Where many *play their parts*.

—Doddsley, iv. 3r.

Again, Malone refers to the Legend of Orpheus and Euridice, 1597:

Unhappy man . . .
Whose life a sad continual tragedy,
Himself the actor, in the *world, the stage*,
While as the acts are measured by his age.

And Mr. Aldis Wright reminds us that, according to tradition, the motto of the Globe Theatre was Petronius' saying—*Totus mundus agit histrionem*, the sign of the house being a globe representing the world, supported by Hercules. (See Collier, History of the Stage, iii. 238.)

Compare, for the same idea, though not developed, Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 78, 79.

67. Line 143: *His acts being SEVEN AGES.*—Here, again, Shakespeare is reproducing a time-honoured idea. For the division of a man's life into seven stages the editors refer us to various authors. Hippocrates is rather vaguely appealed to. Malone reminds us of Sir Thomas Browne's chapter on the subject in his Vulgar Errors (iv. 2); and Staunton gives the following from Arnold's Chronicle:

The vij Ages of Mā liuing i the World.

"The first age"—I modify the spelling—"is infancy and lasteth from the birth unto VIIth year of age. The IInd is childhood and endureth unto XV year age. The IIIrd age is adolescence and endureth unto XXV year age. The IVth age is youth and endureth unto XXXV year age. The Vth age is manhood and endureth unto L year age. The VIth is elde and lasteth unto LXX year age. The VIIth age of man is crepil and endureth unto death." Henley says: "I have seen more than once an old print, The Stage of Man's Life, divided into seven ages. As emblematical representations of this sort were formerly stuck up, both for ornament and instruction, in the generality of houses, it is probable that Shakespeare took his hint from thence" (See Var. Ed. vi. pp. 520, 521, and the Introduction to Clarendon Press ed.). It is pretty clear that the conception was as familiar to Shakespeare's contemporaries as it is now to us through the poet's own lines, and it is quite immaterial when exactly he first came across the thought. Such ideas belong to every man; the use made of them is everything—originality counts for little.

68. Line 148: *with a woeful BALLAD.*—"Ballat or ballad," says Professor Hales, in a note on the Areopagitica ("composing in a higher straine than their owne souldierly ballats and roundels"), "is by no means confined in older usage to its present meaning of a certain kind of popular narrative poem. It came to be so confined, I think, only in the last century on the revival of mediæval literature. In the older writers it means a song of any sort. . . . No doubt it originally denoted a dance-song, and is cognate with our *ball* (a dance-party), *ballet*, etc., from Low Lat. *ballare*, Ital. *ballare*, to dance." For the less limited use of the word compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iv. 1. 221: "I will get Peter Quince to write a *ballad* of this dream." The first half of the present line we may illustrate by Cymbeline, i. 6. 66, 67:

he furnaces

The thick *sighs* from him.

69. Line 158: *Into the lean and slipper'd PANTALOOK.*—The allusion here is to the contemporary Italian stage, where "Don Pantaleone" (the old man deceived by his young wife) was one of the four stock characters, the other three being the *Doctor*, *Harlequin*, and *Coviello*, the Sharper. "There is," says Warburton (Var. Ed. vi. 410), "a greater beauty than appears at first sight in this image. He is here comparing human life to a *stage play* of seven acts. The sixth he calls the *lean and slipper'd pantaloone*, alluding to that general character in Italian comedy, called *Il Pantalone*; one who is a thin emaciated old man in *slippers*; and well designed, in that epithet, because Pan-

talóné is the only character that acts in *slippers*." Warburton's philology I do not guarantee. According to the editors *Pantalone* was properly applied to a Venetian, and St. Pantaleon was the patron saint of Venice. As to parallel allusions, Capell quotes from a play entitled *The Travels of Three English Brothers*, first printed in 1607, where, in a dialogue between an Italian Harlequin and Kemp (the actor) we have:

Harl. Marry sir, first we will have an old *Pantaloune*.

Kemp. Some jealous coxcombe.

Harl. Right.

A less recondite reference, which seems to have escaped the commentators, occurs in Middleton's *The Spanish Gipsy*, iv. 2. 65, 66:

Play him up high; *not like a pantaloon*,
But *hotly, nobly*. —Works (Bullen's ed.), vi. 196.

70. Lines 177, 178:

*Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen.*

Why *because*? Is the second line as the text stands a logical explanation of the preceding one? I confess I cannot help suspecting some corruption. Accepting the Folio reading we must interpret with Johnson: "thy rudeness gives the less pain, as thou art not seen, as thou art an enemy that dost not brave us with thy presence, and whose unkindness is therefore not aggravated by insult." But this, to my mind, is very forced and feeble. On the other hand, none of the emendations can be regarded as at all satisfactory. They are: "Thou causest not that teen" (Hanmer); "because thou art foreseen" (Staunton); "As griefs that are not seen" (Cruces Shakesperianæ, p. 113); with others, amongst which we may pick out Warburton's, "because thou art not *sheen*," i.e. smiling, shining. Warburton's sense of the ridiculous was not abnormally acute. He prefaced his proposal with the remark: "Without doubt, Shakspeare wrote the line thus." But critics still have their doubts on the subject.

71. Line 187: *Though thou the waters WARP*.—Etymologically *warp* contains two ideas: "to throw, cast," and "to twist out of shape" (Skeat). The former has survived in German *werfen*; the latter—Johnson's sonorous definition is worth giving: "to change from the true situation by intestine motion"—underlies most passages where the English verb occurs. Take, for instance, Shakspeare's use of the word, in *The Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 364, 365:

This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to *warp*;

i.e. is going amiss, is losing its true nature.

Again, *Lear*, iii. 6. 56, 57:

And here's another, whose *warp'd* looks proclaim
What store her heart is made on;

so *Measure for Measure*, iii. 1. 140-143:

What should I think?
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!
For such a *warp'd* ship of wilderness
Ne'er issued from his blood;

where *warp'd* obviously="contrary to his father's nature;" "twisted out of all likeness to." Later on in this play, iii. 3. 89, 90, the word is applied to wood that shrinks: "then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber *warp, warp*;" that is, get out of

place, become awry. The word having this sense, it is perfectly appropriate in the present passage, whether it was intended to suggest the action of frost upon the water; or the ruffling effect of wind passing over the surface, and, as it were, twisting the broad expanse from its natural calm.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

72. Lines 1-12.—The idea of banishing the elder brother in this way is taken from Lodge.

73. Line 6: *Seek him with candle*.—Alluding presumably to Luke xv. ver. 8: "if she lose one piece doth (she) not light a candle . . . and seek diligently till she find it?"

74. Line 17: *MAKE AN EXTENT upon his house and lands*.—Referring to this passage, Lord Campbell remarks (Shakspeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 42) that here "a deep technical knowledge of law is displayed, however it may have been acquired. The usurping Duke, Frederick, wishing all the real property of Oliver to be seized, awards a writ of *extent* against him, in the language which would be used by the Lord Chief Baron of the Court of Exchequer. An *extendi facias* applying to house and lands, as a *feri facias* would apply to goods and chattels, or a *capias ad satisfaciendum* to the person." For a similar use of the expression in literature cf. *Wit Without Money*, iii. 2:

Mark me; widows
Are long *extents* in law upon men's livings.
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Works, vol. i. p. 188.

The verb *extend*, in same sense, occurs in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, v. 1:

but when
This manor is *extended* to my use,
You'll speak in an humbler key. —Works, p. 418.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

75. Line 1.—We come now to what is in some respects the crown of Shakspeare's lighter lyric comedy, the forest love-scenes of this perfect play. How should these scenes be conceived and played? Are we to regard them as simple comedy, or as comedy touched by something deeper? Fortunately, the question has been asked and answered by one of our greatest dramatic artists: "It was surely a strange perversion which assigned Rosalind, as at one time it had assigned Portia, to actresses whose strength lay only in comedy. Even the joyous buoyant side of her nature could hardly have justice done to it in their hands; for that is so inextricably mixed with deep womanly tenderness, with an active intellect disciplined by fine culture, as well as tempered by a certain native distinction, that a mere comedian could not give the true tone and colouring even to her playfulness and her wit. *Those forest scenes between Orlando and herself are not, as a comedy actress would be apt to make them, merely pleasant fooling.* At the core of all that Rosalind says and does, lies a passionate love as pure and all-absorbing as ever swayed a woman's heart. Surely it was the finest and boldest of all devices, one on which only a Shakspeare could have ventured, to put his heroine into such a position that she could, without revealing her own secret, probe the heart of her lover to the very bottom,

and so assure herself that the love which possessed her own being was as completely the master of his. Neither could any but Shakespeare have so carried out this daring design, that the woman, thus rarely placed for gratifying the impulses of her own heart, and testing the sincerity of her lover's, should come triumphantly out of the ordeal, charming us, during the time of probation, by wit, by fancy, by her pretty womanly waywardnesses playing like summer lightning over her throbbing tenderness of heart, and never in the gayest sallies of her happiest moods losing one grain of our respect. No one can study this play without seeing that, through the guise of the brilliant-witted boy, Shakespeare meant the charm of the high-hearted woman, strong, tender, delicate, to make itself felt. Hence it is that Orlando finds the spell which 'heavenly Rosalind' had thrown around him, drawn hourly closer and closer, he knows not how, while at the same time he has himself been winning his way more and more into his mistress' heart. Thus, when at last Rosalind doffs her doublet and hose, and appears arrayed for her bridal, there seems nothing strange or unmeet in this somewhat sudden consummation of what has been in truth a lengthened wooing. The actress will, in my opinion, fail signally in her task, who shall not suggest all this, who shall not leave upon her audience the impression that, when Rosalind resumes her state at her father's court, she will bring into it as much grace and dignity, as by her bright spirits she had brought of sunshine and cheerfulness into the shades of the forest of Arden" (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, pp. 295, 296).

76. Line 2: *THRICE-crowned queen of night*; i.e. as Luna, Diana, and Hecate. Cf. Horace's "*diva triformis*," Odes, bk. I. xxii. 4.

77. Line 10: *The fair, the chaste, and UNEXPRESSIVE she*; i.e. "inexpressible;" only here in Shakespeare. The editors naturally refer to Milton's Hymn on the Nativity:

Harping with loud and solemn quire,
With *unexpressive* notes to heaven's new born heir.

So also Lycidas, 176: "and hears the *unexpressive* nuptial song;" where Warton suggests that the adjective was coined by Shakespeare. Cf. Todd's Milton, vol. vi. p. 13.

78. Line 31: *may COMPLAIN OF GOOD breeding*; i.e. of not having had, of the want of, *good breeding*. Hammer printed "*bad breeding*," Warburton "*gross breeding*;" but no change is necessary.

79. Line 55: *and their FELS . . . are greasy*.—*Fell* is here used correctly for the hide or skin with the hair still on. Cotgrave gives "skin; *fell*, hide, or pelt" as an equivalent for "*peau*." Compare Lear, v. 3. 24:

The good-years shall devour them, flesh and *fell*.

So, too, Macbeth, v. 5. 11-13:

and my *fell* of hair
Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
As life were in't.

80. Line 60: *perfum'd with CIVET*.—Compare the following passage from Stubbes, Anatomy of Abuses: "Is not this a certain sweete Pride to have *civet*, muske, sweete powders, fragrant Pomanders, odorous perfumes, and such like, whereof the smel may be felt and perceived,

not only all over the house or place, where they be present (he is speaking of women's extravagant use of scents), but also a stone's cast of almost, yea, the bed wherein they have laid their delicate bodies, the places where they have sate, the clothes, and things which they have touched, shall smell a weeke, a moneth, and more, after they begon. But the prophet *Esaias* telleth them, instead of their Pomanders, musks, *civets*, balmes, sweet odours and perfumes, they shall have stench and horreur in the nethermost hel" (New Shak. Soc. Reprint, part i. p. 77). Compare Much Ado, note 196.

81. Line 100: *But the FAIR of Rosalind*.—For *fair*=fairness cf. Venus and Adonis, 1085, 1086:

But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his *fair*.

Again, Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 98, 99:

My decayed *fair*
A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But the use of the word is common. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 51.

82. Line 103: *butter-women's RANK to market*; i.e. the verses follow one upon another, as regular and monotonous as a cavalcade of butterwomen trotting along to market. This seems to me quite satisfactory, and I do not understand why the passage should have raised so much discussion. Of the proposed emendations Mr. Aldis Wright's *rack* is tempting. He quotes from Cotgrave: "*Amble*: an amble, pace, *racke*; an ambling, or racking pace; a smooth, or easie gate;" and *ambler* (the verb): "to amble, pace, *racke*." The objection, perhaps, to *rack* is that the word appears to have implied smooth, easy motion, which would be complimentary, and consequently in the present case somewhat inappropriate. Hammer suggested *rate*.

83. Line 119: *This is the very FALSE GALLOP*.—Evidently a proverbial expression. Malone quotes (Var. Ed. vi. p. 423) from Nash's Apologie of Pierce Pennilesse (1593): "I would trot a *false gallop* through the rest of his ragged verses, but that if I should retort the rime doggrel aright, I must make my verses (as he does his) run hobbling, like a brewer's cart upon the stones, and observe no measure in their feet." Compare, too, Much Ado, iii. 4. 93, 94:

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?
Marg. Not a *false gallop*.

The idea, no doubt, is that of a horse thrown out of its paces (*détraqué*), and moving with a jerky, irregular amble. Shakespeare is thinking of the same thing when he writes, I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 133-135:

And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as *mincing poetry*.
Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

84. Line 129.—For the same piece of word-play compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 307-310:

Aem. Dost hate a *meddler*?
Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Aem. An thou hadst hated *meddlers* sooner, thou shouldst have loved thyself better now.

85. Line 140: *BUCKLES in his sum of age*; i.e. "confiners," "encompasses." We have a similar use of the word in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 28-31:

will you with counters sum
The past-proportion of his infinité?
And *buckle-in* a waist most fathomless
With spans and inches?

86. Line 155: *Atalanta's better part*.—This is rather perplexing. What was *Atalanta's better part*? Obviously her swiftness of foot. So classical tradition, and so Shakespeare himself, line 294: "You have a nimble wit: I think 't was made of *Atalanta's heels*." Either the poet was simply careless, or else *Atalanta* stood for him as a type not merely of nimbleness, but also of ease and grace of form. So Malone explains, aptly suggesting that Shakespeare may have remembered some lines in Golding's translation of Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, x.:

He was amazed
and thought that she
Did flie as swift as arrow from a Turkish bow, yet hee
More wondered at her beautie than at swiftness of her pace;
Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace.

87. Line 163: *O most gentle PULPITER!*—The Folios read *Jupiter*, which seems to me sheer nonsense; the correction, *pulpiter*, was made by Mr. Spedding; it has been adopted in the Globe edition, and I think deservedly. Many editors print the Folio reading.

88. Line 184: *seven of the NINE DAYS*.—Alluding obviously to the proverb. So III. Henry VI. iii. 2. 113, 114:
Glo. That would be *ten days'* wonder at the least.
Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

89. Lines 187, 188: *I was never so be-rynn'd since Pythagoras's time*, &c.—"Rosalind," says Johnson, "is a very learned lady. She alludes to the Pythagorean doctrine, which teaches that souls transmigrate from one animal to another, and relates that in his time she was an *Irish rat*, and by some metrical charm was rhymed to death." The susceptibility of Irish rats, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, to the influence of verse is repeatedly alluded to. The editors have brought together various references to this interesting fact in natural history. Thus Grey (*Notes*, vol. i.) quotes from Randolph, *The Jealous Lovers*, v. 2:

my poets
Shall with a satire, steep'd in gall and vinegar,
Rhyme 'em to death, as they do rats in Ireland.

—Works (edn. 1875), vol. i. p. 156.

Compare again (with Stevens) Ben Jonson's Poetaster, Address to the Reader:

*Rhyme them to death, as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes;*

and Sidney's Apologie for Poetry (Arber's Reprint, p. 72):
"nor to bee driven by a Poets verses to hang himselfe, nor to be *rimed to death*, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland."

90. Line 203: *out of all HOOPING*; i.e. beyond all measure or reckoning. We have the word in Henry V. ii. 2. 108: "That admiration did not *hoop* at them," where, as here, Theobald changed to the form *whoop*. Nares compares an old expression, "There's no ho," quoting from Nash's *Leuten Stuffer*: "There's no *ho* with him; but once harmed thus, he will needes be a man of warre." So, too, with an obviously playful air of antiquarianism, Swift writes to Stella: "When your tongue runs *there's no ho* with you" (Letter 20). Halliwell (*Dictionary of Archaic Words*, s.v.)

mentions an old game *Hoop and Hide*, and the editors parallel the phrase in our text by the not unfamiliar, and, in sense, identical, expressions—"out of all cry," "without all cry." With the form *hoop* cf. French *houper*, *hooping-cough*, &c.

91. Line 207: *a South-sea of discovery*.—That is, "Delay another minute and I shall have a thousand questions to ask you, shall, in fact, be embarking upon a perfect ocean of discovery." There is no need to admit into the text any change, though Warburton's "*off* discovery" is rather ingenious, the sense then being, "if you delay me one inch of time longer, I shall think this secret as far from *discovery* as the *South-sea* is."

92. Line 238: *GARGANTUA'S mouth*.—It is superfluous, perhaps, to note that *Gargantua* was the giant in Rabelais who swallowed five pilgrims in a single mouthful. Mr. Aldis Wright appositely quotes from Cotgrave: "*Gargantua*. Great throat. Rab;" while to Stevens we owe two entries that occur in the registers of the Stationers' Company. From the first we find that "*Gargantua* his prophesie" was entered on April 6th, 1592, and "A booke entituled, the historie of *Gargantua*," on Dec. 4th, 1594. For a similar allusion compare Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, ii. 2: "I'll go near to fill that huge tumbrel-slop of yours with somewhat, an I have good luck; your *Garagantua* breech cannot carry it away so." In connection with the present line readers of Boswell will remember an anecdote which it may not be amiss to give. "This season," says the incomparable biographer, under date of the year 1778, "there was a whimsical fashion in the newspapers of applying Shakespeare's words to describe living persons well known in the world; which was done under the title of *Modern Characters from Shakespeare*, many of which were admirably adapted. The fancy took so much, that they were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. Somebody said to Johnson, across the table, that he had not been in those characters. 'Yes (said he), I have. I should have been sorry to be left out.' He then repeated what had been applied to him—I must borrow *Garagantua's* mouth. Miss Reynolds not perceiving at once the meaning of this, he was obliged to explain it to her, which had something of an awkward and ludicrous effect. 'Why, madam, it has a reference to me, as using big words, which require the mouth of a giant to pronounce them. *Garagantua* is the name of a giant in *Rabelais*.' Boswell. 'But, sir, there is another amongst them for you' Boswell then quotes a couplet from Coriolanus, iii. 1. 256, 257). Johnson. 'There is nothing marked in that. No, Sir, *Garagantua* is the best.' Notwithstanding this ease and good-humour, when I, a little afterwards, repeated his sarcasm on Kenrick, which was received with applause, he asked, 'Who said that?' and on my suddenly answering *Garagantua*, he looked serious, which was a sufficient indication that he did not wish it to be kept up" (Boswell, ed. Birbeck Hill, Oxford, 1837, vol. iii. pp. 256, 257). Those who have seen Opie's portrait of Johnson will appreciate the literal applicability of *Gargantua* (not *Garagantua*) as descriptive of his remarkable face.

93. Line 257: *Cry holla! to thy tongue*; i.e. hold in,

restrain; a term borrowed from riding. Compare Venus and Adonis, 283, 284:

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering "*Holla*," or his "Stand, I say"?

It seems to have been used also in calling up a pack of hounds; cf. Thierry and Theodoret, ii. 2:

Not to-day; the weather
Is grown too warm; besides, the dogs are spent:
We'll take a cooler morning. Let's to horse,
And *halloo* in the troop. —Works, vol. ii. p. 411.

Perhaps, however, "troop" is equivalent, in modern phrase, to "the hunt."

94. Lines 261: *I would sing my song without a BURDEN*.—Commenting on a passage of considerable musical interest that occurs in the Two Gentlemen of Verona (i. 2. 79-96), Mr. Chappell (Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 222) remarks that "the *burden* of a song, in the old acceptance of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of the verse." Eventually *burden* came to have the general sense of "ditty." For its original and correct use cf. Chaucer:

This Sompnour bar to him a stif *burdown*,
Was never troupe of half so gret a soun.

So in Much Ado, iii. 4. 43, 44: "Clap's into *Light o' love*; that goes without a *burden*: do you sing it, and I'll dance it." As to derivation, from French *bourdon*, a drone-bee, humming of bees, drone of a bagpipe; probably, says Skeat, of imitative origin. Also spelt *burthen*.

95. Line 289: *rings*; i.e. the so-called "posy rings;" to inscribe a motto or "posy" within the hoop of the betrothal ring was not an unusual thing. See Merchant of Venice, v. i. 147-150, and compare note 355 of that play. So Hamlet, iii. 2. 162: "Is this a prologue, or the *posy* of a *ring*?" Allusions outside Shakespeare are common enough; e.g. Herrick, in the Hesperides, has:

What *posies* for our wedding *rings*,
What gloves we'll give and ribbonings.

And Euphues (quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright): "Writing your judgments as you do the *posies* in your rings, which are always next to the finger" (Arber's ed. p. 221).

96. Line 290: *I answer you RIGHT PAINTED CLOTH*.—As to these *painted cloths*, a full explanation will be found in my note on Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 47. Compare also I. Henry IV. note 266. To the passages there given add Lucrece, 244, 245:

Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

For the form of the expression, cf. Twelfth Night, i. 5. 115: he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him!

and Henry V. v. 2. 156:

I speak to thee plain soldier.

For *right* in this sense compare line 103 above: "it is the *right* butter-women's rank to market."

97. Line 315: *Do you hear, forester?*—"Not for the world would she have Orlando recognise her in her unmaidenly guise; but now a sudden impulse determines her to risk all, and even to turn it to account as the means of testing his love. Boldness must be her friend, and to avert his suspicion, her only course is to put on a 'swashing and a

martial outside,' and to speak to him 'like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him.' He must not be allowed for an instant to surmise the hidden woman's fear that lies in her heart. Besides, it is only by resort to a rough and saucy greeting and manner that she could master and keep under the trembling of her voice, and the womanly tremor of her limbs. I always gave her 'Do you hear, forester?' with a defiant air" (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, pp. 322, 323).

98. Line 339: *in which CAGE of RUSHES*.—In the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, 1877-1879, p. 463, it is ingeniously suggested that Rosalind is laughingly alluding to the custom of marrying with a *rush-ring*, a custom to which Shakespeare refers in All's Well That Ends Well, ii. 2. 24: "as Tib's *rush* for Tom's fore-finger." That rings were often made of *rushes* the poets perpetually remind us; e.g. Chapman in The Gentleman Usher, iv.:

Rushes make true-love knots, *rushes* make rings;

and Fletcher (?) in the Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 38, 39:

Rings she made

Of *rushes* that grew by.

99. Line 398: *your hose should be UNGARTER'D*.—So Ophelia describes Hamlet, ii. 1. 78-80:

Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd—

Malvolio, on the other hand, would be "strange, stout, in yellow stockings and *cross-gartered*" (Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 189).

100. Line 399: *your shoe untied*.—For a *résumé* of the appropriate love-symptoms, Steevens refers us to Heywood's Fair Maid of The Exchange:

No, by my troth, if every tale of love,
Or love itself, or fool-bewitching beauty,
Make me cross-arm myself; study *az-meis*;
Defy my hatband; *treach* beneath my feet
Shoe-strings and garters; practise in my glass
Distressed looks—

—Vol. ii. (ed. 1874), p. 16.

Compare also p. 20 of the same volume.

101. Line 401: *you are rather POINT-DEVISE*.—Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 21:

Such insociable and *point-devise* companions;

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 176:

I will be *point-devise* the very man.

The derivation is obvious—*point de vice*: hence meaning "precise." See, also, Love's Labour's Lost, note 146.

02. Line 421: *a DARK HOUSE and a WHIP as MADMEN do*.—Everybody will recollect Malvolio's epistle: "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have *put me into darkness*" (Twelfth Night, v. 1. 312); and same play, same scene, 349, 350:

Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest.

So Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 246-248:

They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a *dark* and dankish *vault* at home
They left me.

103. Lines 427-445.—A passage which the ordinary reader might pass by without observing in it anything very

noticeable: but which is rich in opportunities and consequently in difficulties. Compare the following criticism: "In the range of Shakespearian comedy there is probably no passage that demands more subtle treatment in the actress than this. Rosalind's every faculty is quickened by delight, and this delight breaks out into a bitter picture of all the wayward coquettishness that has ever been imputed to her sex. She rushes into this vein of humorous detraction, in order to keep up the show of curing Orlando of his passion by a picture of some of their 'giddy offences.' Note the aptness, the exquisite suggestiveness and variety of every epithet, which, woman as she is, she is irresistibly moved to illustrate and enforce by suitable changes of intonation and expression. But note also, so ready is her intelligence, that she does not forget to keep up the illusion about herself, by throwing in the phrase, that 'boys as well as women are for the most part cattle of this colour.' All the wit, the sarcasm, bubble up, sparkle after sparkle, with bewildering rapidity. Can we wonder that they should work a charm upon Orlando? . . . I need scarcely say how necessary it is for the actress in this scene, while carrying it through with a vivacity and dash that shall avert from Orlando's mind every suspicion of her sex, to preserve a refinement of tone and manner suitable to a woman of Rosalind's high station and cultured intellect; and by occasional tenderness of accent and sweet persuasiveness of look to indicate how it is that, even at the outset, she establishes a hold upon Orlando's feelings, which in their future intercourse in the forest deepens, without his being sensibly conscious of it, his love for the Rosalind of his dreams. I never approached this scene without a sort of pleasing dread, so strongly did I feel the difficulty and the importance of striking the true note in it. Yet when once engaged in this scene, I was borne along I knew not how. The situation, in its very strangeness, was so delightful to my imagination, that from the moment when I took the assurance from Orlando's words to Jaques, that his love was as absolute as woman could desire, I seemed to lose myself in a sense of exquisite enjoyment. A thrill passed through me; I felt my pulse beat quicker; my very feet seemed to dance under me. . . . Of all the scenes in this exquisite play, while this is the most wonderful, it is for the actress certainly the most difficult" (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, pp. 327-329).

104. Line 430: *to a LIVING humour of madness*.—So the Folio, and I hardly think we are justified in changing to the more obvious "*loving* humour." "*Living*" (=actual) gives good sense: the "mad humour of love" ended in *real* madness.

105. Line 443: *take upon me to wash your LIVER*.—See Love's Labour's Lost, note 113.

106. Line 455: *Nay, you must call me Rosalind*.—The idea that Orlando should regard the pseudo Rosalind, i.e. Ganymede, as the real Rosalind, is "conveyed" from Lodge. Compare the following:—"Assoone as they had taken their repast, Rosader, giving them thanks for his good checare, would have been gone; but Ganymede, that was loath to let him passe out of her presence, began thus: Rose, forrester, quoth she, if thy busines be

not the greater, seeing thou saist thou art so deeply in love, let me see how thou canst wooe; I will represent Rosalynde, and thou shalt bee as thou art, Rosader; see in some amorous eglogue, how, if Rosalynd were present, how thou couldst court her; and while we sing of love, Aliena shall tune her pipe, and plaie us melodie. Content, (quoth Rosader.)" Then follows a "wooing eglogue betwixt Rosalynde and Rosader," after which the narrative is resumed. "Truth, gentle swaine, Rosader hath his Rosalynde; but as Ixion had Juno, who, thinking to possesse a goddess, only embraced a clowd: in these imaginary fruitions of fancie I resemble the birds that fed themselves with Zeuxis painted grapes. . . . so fareth it with me, who to feed my self with the hope of my mistres favors, soothe my selfe in thy sutes, and onely in conceipt reape a wished for content; but if my foode bee no better than such amorous dreames, Venus at the yeares end, shal find me but a leane lover. Yet do I take these follyes for high fortunes, and hope these fained affections do devine some unfained ende of ensuing fancies. And thereupon (quoth Aliena) He play the priest: from this daye forth Ganymede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganymede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader) and laught. Content (quoth Ganymede) and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved to be a marriage in earnest, Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde" (Collier, vol. i. pp. 70-75).

ACT III. SCENE 3.

107. Line 3: *doth my simple FEATURE content you?*—I think the correct explanation of these words is that given in the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society—for 1877-9, pp. 101-103—viz. that *feature* is used in the not uncommon sense "composition," "writing;" this agrees fairly well with what follows.

108. Line 8: *among the GOTHs*.—Shakespeare is guilty of what Malone deplors as "a poor quibble on *goats* and *Goths*;" also, as the editors observe, *capricious* is a *double entendre*. For the story of Ovid's banishment the Tristia may, or may not, be consulted.

109. Line 10: *O knowledge ILL-INHABITED*.—Apparently the sense is "ill-lodged," but no satisfactory instance of a parallel use of "inhabited" is given. The reference, of course, is to the familiar story of Baucis and Philemon. See Much Ado, note 92.

110. Line 22: *the truest poetry is the most feigning*.—We are reminded of Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie, where, as Professor Arber puts it, the poet man-of-letters "is really defending the whole art and craft of Feigning." See Arber's Reprint of the Apologie, with his Introduction.

111. Line 58: *Horns? Even so*.—I have retained here the ordinarily-received reading, though at least one of the suggested alternatives, that of Spedding, is worth mentioning—*Horns* are not for *poor men alone*.

112. Line 64: *Here comes SIR Oliver*.—The title *sir* was given to those who were Bachelors of Arts of any university; it was meant, no doubt, as an equivalent for

the "Dominus" which still partially survives at Cambridge. For its use compare Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*, v. 3. late:

Get you afore, and stay me at the Chapel
Close by the Nunnery; there you shall find a night-priest,
Little *Sir* Hugh.

—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. 398.

So again in the same writer's *The Pilgrim*, iv. 2. middle:

Oh, that *Sir* Nicholas now, our priest were here.

—*U. supra*, viii. p. 68.

In Shakespeare, of course, we have *Sir* Hugh Evans (*Merry Wives of Windsor*), and in Love's *Labour's Lost*, "*Sir* Nathaniel, a Curate."

113. Line 81: *and the FALCON HER BELLS*.—Compare III. Henry VI. i. 1. 47, 48, and note 46 of that play. And Lucerne, 509–511, where the idea is brought out more clearly:

So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as *fool* hears *falcon's* bells.

Strictly the *falcon* was the female hawk, the "tercel" the male bird; the distinction is seen in a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, iii. 2. 57, 58: "The *falcon* as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river." Compare the note on that passage.

114. Line 101: *O sweet Oliver*.—In the books, says Steevens, of the Stationers' Company, August 6, 1584, was entered, by Richard Jones, the ballad of

"*O Sweete Olyver*
Leave me not behinde thee."

Again, "The answer of *O Sweete Olyver*." Again, in 1586: "*O Sweete Olyver* altered to ye Scriptures." The same old ballad is alluded to in Ben Jonson's *Underwoods*, lxii. 70:

All the mad Rolands, and *sweet Olivers*.
—*An Execration upon Vulcan*.

Compare, too, Gifford's note on *Every Man in His Humour*, iii. 3:

"*Sweet Oliver*," would I could do thee any good.
—Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. pp. 98, 99.

115. Lines 104–106: *Wind away*.—This fragment has been needlessly changed about in various ways. Farmer proposed "Leave me not *behind thee*," = "behind," and, to complete the rhyme, abbreviated "with thee" to "wi thee." Collier's MS. Corrector gave:

But *wend* away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding *bind* thee.

The alterations are not happy. Touchstone, as Johnson pointed out, is in all probability quoting different parts of the old song: why then make the end-lines of the two pieces correspond? As to *wind*, there is no difficulty; *wind* and "wend" are cognate in meaning and origin, and the use of the former—"depart," is sufficiently attested by the line which Steevens cites from Caesar and Pompey, 1607:

Winde we then, Antony, with this royal queen.

Dyce, too, compares *The History of Pyramus and Thisbe*:
That done, away hee *windes*, as fier of hell or Vulcan's thunder.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

116. Line 9: *Something browner than JUDAS'S*.—In old tapestries Judas was always represented with a *red beard*

and hair. For similar references compare Middleton's *A Chaste Maid in Cheapside*, iii. 2. 43–47:

First Puritan. Sure that was Judas then with the *red beard*.

Second Puritan.

—*red hair*,

The brethren like it not, it consumes them much:

'T is not the sisters' colour.

—Bullen's Ed. v. 5.

Again, in *Bonduca* (by Fletcher alone?) we have a corporal with the grotesque name, Judas, who is spoken of (ii. 3) as:

That hungry fellow
With the *red beard* there.

—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. v. p. 41.

117. Line 17: *a nun of WINTER'S sisterhood*.—We must not pass over Theobald's amazing suggestion: "a nun of *Winfred's* sisterhood," the very last word, surely, in bathos. For *sisterhood*, cf. Measure for Measure, i. 4. 5:

Upon the *sisterhood*, the votarists of Saint Claire.

So Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 157.

118. Line 33: *no stronger than the word of a TAPSTER*.—The next words may be compared with *Troilus and Cressida*, 1. 2. 134, where scorn is thrown upon "a *tapster's* arithmetic;" and the same play, iii. 3. 252, 253: "like an *honest* that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning." So, too, Love's *Labour's Lost*, i. 2. 42, in rather the opposite sense: "I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a *tapster*."

119. Line 46: *as a PUISNY tiller*; i.e. "petty, having but the skill of a novice" (Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon). *Puisny* is the spelling of the Folios and it is unnecessary to change, with Malone, to the more usual *punny*. Derivation: *Puny* = *puiné* = *puisné*, i.e. *post natus*, "younger, born after" (Cotgrave). The etymological sense of the word is well brought out in Milton's expression "must appear . . . like a *puenie* with his guardian." Richardson, *sub voce*, quotes from Bishop Hall: "If still this privileged were ordinary left in the church, it were not a work for *puisness*, and *novices*, but for the greatest master and most learned, and eminently holy doctors."

ACT III. SCENE 5.

120. Line 5: *FALLS not the axe upon the humbled neck*.—For *fall* = let fall, cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1:

oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness *fall*
Upon thy tasteful lips.

So Lucrece, 1551:

For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

121. Line 7: *Than he that DIES and LIVES by bloody drops*; i.e. his whole life long, from the cradle to the grave, is an executioner. The reversal of the natural order is not very uncommon; e.g. Dyce quotes from Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, fol. 67, 1570:

He is a foole, and so shall he *dye* and *live*,
That thinketh him wise, and yet can be nothing.

Steevens, of course, is afraid that "our bard is at his quibbles again."

122. Line 13: *Who shut their coward gates on ATOMIES*; i.e. motes in the sunbeams, says Mr. Aldis Wright, who quotes the following definition of the word in Cockram's Dictionary: "A mote flying in the sunne-beames;

anything so small that it cannot be made lesse." In the Faithful Friend, iv. 4, we have:

Titus. To tell thee truth, not wonders, for no eye
Sees thee but stands amazed, and would turn
His crystal humour into *atomies*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. iv. p. 283.

Everyone will remember Mercutio's:

O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
Drawn with a team of little *atomies*.

Compare, too, iii. 2. 245 of this play.

123. Line 37: *What—though you have no beauty*.—So the Folios; the sense is not very good. On the other hand, the corrections "*some beauty*," "*no beauty*," are equally unsatisfactory.

124. Lines 82, 83: *Dead shepherd, &c.*—The reference is to Marlowe's Hero and Leander, 1598; there, in the first sestiad, we have:

Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved that loved not at first sight.

For Shakespeare's allusions to his great predecessor, see note on Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 81, 82. Marlowe died in 1593, slain in a tavern-brawl.

125. Line 108: *That the old CARLOT once was master of*.—Properly a diminutive form of *Carle*=*Ceorl* (A. S.), *Churl*; cf. German *Karl*. Here, as Douce says, the meaning is "*rustic*," "*peasant*." For *Carl* cf. Cymbeline, v. 2. 4, 5:

or could this *carl*,

A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me?

So The Maid in the Mill, iii. 1. 80:

Obstreperous *carl*,

If thy throat's tempest could o'turn my house,
What satisfaction were it for thy child?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. ix. p. 240.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

126. Lines 10–20.—Shakespeare seems to be satirizing in this speech a contemporary affectation to which he alludes elsewhere, the pretence, namely, of melancholy "only for wantonness." Compare King John, iv. i. 12–15, and see note 189 of that play.

In the Queen of Corinth a character abruptly remarks (iv. i. end):

I ne'er repented anything yet in my life,
And scorn to begin now. Come, let's be *melancholy*.

—Beaumont & Fletcher, v. 466.

Earle in his Micro-cosmographie, or, A Peece of the World Discovered; in Essayes and Characters, has an amusing "study" of the "Discontented Man." He is "vain glorious in the ostentation of his melancholy. His composure of himself is a studied carelesnesse with his armes a crosse, and a neglected hanging of his head and cloake, and he is as great an enemy to an hatband, as Fortune. . . if he turne any thing, it is commonly one of these, either Friar, traitor, or mad-man" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 27, 28).

127. Line 14: *nor the lady's, which is NICE*.—*Nice* often bears the general sense of "squeamish," "super-subtle," "finicking." Compare note on Troilus and Cressida,

iv. 5. 250. Milton has: "But then all human learning and controversie in religious points must remove out of the world, yea, the Bible itself: for that of times relates blasphemy not *nice*ly," i.e. in a straightforward, unsqueamish manner (Areopagitica, Hale's Ed. p. 19). A late use of the word in this sense occurs in Cowper's Task, ii. 256:

That no rude savour maritime invade
The nose of *nice* nobility.

We may remember, too, Swift's definition of a "*nice* man."

128. Lines 33–41.—With the general drift of Rosalind's satirical sketch we may compare the following from Ascham, whom we shall have occasion to quote lower down: "An other propertie of this our English *Italians* is to be marvelous singular in all their matters: singular in knowledge, ignorant of nothing: so singular in wisdom (in their owne opinion) as scarce they counte the best counsellor the Prince hath comparable with them: Common discourers of all matters: busie searchers of most secret affaires" (Scholemaster, Mayor's ed. pp. 89, 90). And a closer parallel is given by Mr. Aldis Wright, who refers to Overbury's Characters (Works, Ed. Fairholt, p. 58), where the "Affectate Traveller" is thus described: "He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lispings."

129. Line 38: *scarce think you have swam in a GONDOLA*.—The Folios have "Gundello." Johnson's comment is, "i.e. been at Venice, the seat at that time of all licentiousness, where the young English gentlemen wasted their fortunes, debased their morals, and sometimes lost their religion." Many are the references in Elizabethan literature to the prevailing practice of travelling in Italy, a point upon which contemporary moralists are very eloquent. "I was once," says Ascham, "in Italie my selfe: but I thanke God, my abode there was but ix days: and yet I sawe in that little tyme, in one citie, more libertie to sinne, than ever I hard tell of in our noble citie of London in ix yeare. I sawe, it was there as free to sinne, not onelie without all punishment, but also without any mans marking, as it is free in the citie of London to chuse without all blame, whether a man lust to wear shoo or pantocle." The "citie" in question was Venice, concerning which Mayor in his masterly edition of the Scholemaster, p. 227, reminds us that there was a common proverb, quoted in one of Howell's Familiar Letters, to the effect that, "*the first handsome woman that ever was made was made of Venice Glass*;" which implies Beauty, but Brittleness withal." The "Italianated Englishman" passed into a household word, and a very uncomplimentary one too:

An Englishman Italianate
Is a Devil incarnate.

For the other side of the question, the less moral aspect, we may turn to Beaumont and Fletcher's Wildgoose Chase, i. 2, where Italy and things Italian come in for a good deal of eulogy:

Mirabel. Ha! Roma la Santa, Italy for my money!

Their policies, their customs, their frugalities,
Their courtesies so open, yet so reserv'd too.

Pinac. 'T is a brave country:

Not pestered with your stubborn precise puppies,

That turn all useful and allowed contentments
To scabs and scruples—hang 'em, capon-worshippers.
Belkm. I like that freedom well.

—The Wildgoose Chase.

130. Line 67: *of a better LEER*; i.e. complexion. *Leer* is merely the A. S. *hleor*, the cheek; hence, the face, look, mien. The middle English *lere*, says Skeat, was generally used in a good sense, as *ler* itself in the present passage.

For much the same use of the word, cf. Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 119:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another *ler*.

In Merry Wives of Windsor, i. 3. 50, the noun occurs in what is now its invariable signification: "she discourses, she carves, she gives the *ler* of invitation." For its original sense, compare Skelton's Phylly Sparowe:

The orient perle so clere
The whytnesse of her *lere*.

—Dyce's Skelton, vol. i. p. 82.

And again:

Her lothely *lere*
Is nothyng clere,
But ugly of chere.

—i. p. 95.

131. Line 75: *you might take occasion to kiss*.—Steevens quotes aptly enough Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy—"and when he hath pumped his wits dry, and can say no more, *kissing* and colling are never out of season" (Ed. 1632, p. 511).

132. Line 94: *die BY ATTORNEY*.—"Shakespeare," says Lord Campbell, "gives us the true legal meaning of the word 'attorney,' viz. *representative* or deputy—celui qui vient à tour d'autrui; qui alterius Vices subit; legatus" (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 43). For a similar use compare Richard III. v. 3. 83, 84:

I, *by attorney*, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good;

and see note 510 on that play. So in Holinshed (iii. 510) we have: "John lord Latimer, although he was under age, for himselfe and the duke of Norfolke, notwithstanding that his possessions were in the king's hands, *by his attorney* claimed and had the office of almoner for that day." A good instance, too, occurs in the Alchemist, ii. 1:

Face. Sir, shall I say
You'll meet the captains worship?
Sar. Sir, I will—
But, *by attorney* (*aside*).

—Ben Jonson, Gifford's ed. vol. iv. p. 76.

133. Line 98: *Troilus had his brains dash'd out*.—Not so in Shakespeare's own play; see the note on Troilus and Cressida, v. 30. 31.

134. Line 105: *and the foolish CHRONICLERS of that age FOUND*.—The Folio has "chronoclers," which Hanmer changed to "coroners," arguing that "found" would be technically said of a coroner's verdict. This, of course, is correct enough, and every one will remember the clown's statement in Hamlet: "the crowner hath sat on her, and *finds* it Christian burial" (v. 1. 5). But surely *found* in the present passage would, by a metaphor, be perfectly appropriate as applied to *chroniclers*. They are the recording angels, so to speak, of history: they bring in their verdicts and pass sentence like any other judge; and so in this case they summed up the facts and

found—"Hero of Sestos." Unfortunately their "finding" was wrong. The emendation is needless and intrinsically prosaic.

135. Line 106: *Hero of Sestos*.—Shakespeare is fond of alluding to the Hero and Leander story, which to an Elizabethan audience would be familiar enough from Marlowe's great poem. Compare, for similar references, Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 20-22:

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love:

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

And Much Ado, v. 2. 30: "Leander the good swimmer."

136. Line 136: *I take thee, Rosalind*.—"It is not merely in pastime, I feel assured, that Rosalind has been made by Shakespeare to put these words into Orlando's mouth. This is for her a marriage, though no priestly formality goes with it; and it seems to me that the actress must show this by a certain tender earnestness of look and voice as she replies: 'I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.' I could never speak these words without a trembling of the voice, and the involuntary rushing of happy tears to the eyes, which made it necessary for me to turn my head away from Orlando" (Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters, p. 340).

137. Line 152: *more NEW-FANGLED than an ape*.—The history of this word is not without interest. First as to etymology. "The *d*," says Skeat, "has been added. M.E. *newe fangel*, i.e. fond of what is new. Compounded of *newe*, new, and *fangel*, ready to catch, from A. S. *fangen*, pp. (past part.) of *fān*, to catch."

Fangle, the substantive, is defined by Johnson: "silly attempt: trifling scheme;" and he remarks that "it is never used, or rarely, but in contempt and with the epithet *new*." Todd, however, in his edition of Johnson quotes two passages where *fangle* is used alone, and substantivally. (i) Greene's Mamillia, 1583:

There was no feather, no *fangle*, gem, nor jewel—left behind.

(ii) Antony a Wood, Athenæ Oxonienses, ii. col. 456:

A hatred to *fangles* and the French fooleries of his time.

The adjective occurs not infrequently. So Ascham has: "Also, for maners and life, quicke wittes commonlie be, in desire *new fangle*, in purpose, unconstant" (Scholemaster, Mayor's ed. p. 12).

Compare, too, in the same work *new fangleness*: "painefull without werinesse, hedeless without wavering, constant without *new fangleness*" (p. 16); and again, p. 19: "desirous of good things without *new fangleness*." The following couplet occurs in Milton's Vacation Exercise, 19, 20:

Not those *new-fangled* toys, and trimming slight,
That takes our late fantasticks with delight;

and note Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. I. c. iv. xxv:

full of vaine follies and *new-fanglenesse*.

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 6.

138. Line 154: *like DIANA in the fountain*.—"The allusion," says Malone, "is to the cross in Cheapside;" and he quotes the following passage from Stow:—"There was then set up (1596) a curious wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an alabaster image of *Diana*, and water conveyed from the Thames, prilling from her

naked breast." The reference is not impossible, but it seems to me rather far-fetched; as the editors show, the figure of Diana in a fountain was no novelty. Compare Dryton's Epistle of Rosamond to Henry II.:

Here in the garden, wrought by various hands,
Naked Diana in the fountain stands.

See Var. Ed. vol. vi. pp. 470, 471.

139. Line 162: *MAKE the doors upon a woman's wit.*—For *make*="close," see Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 93: "Why at this time the doors are *made* against you."

[At the end of this speech it is the custom of nearly all actresses who play Rosalind to introduce the "Cuckoo" song from Love's Labour's Lost. Such a custom is most deplorable. The song is quite out of place; if Shakespeare had intended Rosalind to sing a song he would have written one for her.—F. A. M.]

140. Line 196: *most PATHETICAL break-promise.*—Apparently *pathetical* bears much the same sense as "pitiful." So Love's Labour's Lost, iv. i. 149, 150:

And his page at other side, that handful of wit!
Ah, heavens, it is a *most pathetical* nit!

141. Line 213: *Like the BAY of PORTUGAL.*—The reference is satisfactorily explained by the Clarendon Press editor, whose note I venture to transcribe. "In a letter to the Lord Treasurer and Lord High Admiral, Raleigh gives an account of the capture of a ship of Bayonne by his man Captain Floyer in 'the Bay of Portugal' (Edwards, Life of Raleigh, ii. 56). This is the only instance in which I have met with the phrase, which is not recognised, so far as I am aware, in maps and treatises on geography. It is, however, I am informed, still used by sailors to denote that portion of the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable." It may be remembered that at a time when expeditions to Spain and Portugal were of periodical occurrence the allusion would be sufficiently understood, and therefore sufficiently pointed.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

142. Lines 1-19.—This is a thoroughly artificial scene, introduced, as Johnson notes, for the sole purpose of filling up the interval of two hours. Should it find a place in an acting edition of the play? [It is included in Macready's arrangement, as played at Drury Lane in 1842, which is the stage version generally accepted. It is, however, omitted altogether in the acting version of this play, prepared for Miss Ada Cavendish in America, the song only being given at the beginning of act v.—F. A. M.]

143. Line 12: *Then sing, &c.*—In the Folios the line stands thus: "Then sing him home, the rest shall beare this burthen;" *i.e.* the words, "the rest shall bear this burthen," were regarded as forming part of the song. Pope, following Rowe, retained this arrangement; and Theobald was the first to suggest that the words here printed as a stage-direction had been wrongly incorporated in the song. Dyce and other writers (Collier, Grant White) take the whole line as given in the Folios to be a stage-direction;

and other suggestions have been made. I have followed the Cambridge editors (see their note, vol. ii. pp. 463, 464) in adopting Theobald's proposal. Knight gives Hilton's setting of the words, published in 1652, and reprinted, according to Boswell, in Playford's Musical Companion, 1673.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

144. Line 9: *By the stern brow and WASPISH action.*—So Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 49, 50:

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are *waspish*.

The epithet is appropriately applied to Katharina in The Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 211:

If I be *waspish*, best beware my sting.

145. Line 17: *Were man as rare as PHOENIX.*—The fabulous phoenix has always been a prolific source of variously diverting and impossible legends. The favourite classical theory was, that only one specimen could be alive at any date; the solitary bird lived for an almost indefinite period, eventually seated itself on a burning heap of aromatic wood, and managed as the result of this fiery self-immolation to give birth to a fresh phoenix. Ovid refers to it—Amores, ii. 6. 54—as *Vivax Phoenix, unica semper avis*; Claudian devotes the first of his *Idyllia* to a description of its mythic capacities; while Pliny (10. 2. 2) frankly tells us that he does not know what to make of the immortal fowl—"whether it be a tale or no, that there is never but one of them in the whole world, and that not commonly seen." Turning to English literature, Mr. Aldis Wright (see his note to The Tempest, iii. 3. 23) gives a passage from Sir Thomas Browne's Vulgar Errors, bk. 3. ch. 12: "That there is but one Phoenix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth itself, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another, is a conceit not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity." Various countries were assigned as the home of the phoenix—Ethiopia, Egypt, India (Claudian hazards nothing more definite than "trans Indos Eurumque"), and Arabia; for the last on the list we may compare the first stanza of the "Phoenix and the Turtle":

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet he,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

So too Lyly's Euphues (quoted by Malone): "For as there is but one *Phoenix* in the world, so is there but one tree in *Arabia*, where-in she buyldeth" (Arber's Reprint, p. 312). The Tempest passage (iii. 3. 22-24) should be referred to.

146. Line 35: *Such ETHIOP words; i.e. swarthy, dark;* the adjective here is ἄπαξ λεγόμενον. For substantive, cf. Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 48:

Like a rich jewel in an *Ethiops*'s ear.

So Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 6. 25, 26:

And Silvia . . .
Shows Julia but a swarthy *Ethiops*.

Compare also Love's Labour's Lost, note 132, and Mids. Night's Dream, note 197.

147. Line 53: *Would they work in mild ASPECT!*—An

astrological term. Compare (amongst other passages) *The Winter's Tale*, ii. 1. 105-107:

There's some ill planet reigus:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an *aspect* more favourable.

And Lear, ii. 2. 112:

Under the allowance of your great *aspect*.

143. Line 68: *What, to MAKE THREE AN INSTRUMENT*.—We are reminded of Hamlet's "You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops" (iii. 2. 380).

149. Line 71: *Love hath made thee a tame SNAKE*.—*Snake* was frequently used as a term of contempt. So in Fletcher's *The Spanish Curate*, iii. 1:

That makes you feared, forces the *snake* to kneel to you.
—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Dyce's ed.* viii. 431.

Malone too (Var. Ed. vi. p. 479) refers to Lord Cromwell:

The poorest *snake*,
That feeds on lemons, pilchards.

150. Line 87: *and BESTOWS himself*.—That is, "be-haves," "acquits himself," as in II. Henry IV. ii. 2. 186: "How might we see Falstaff *bestow* himself to-night in his true colours?" And King John, iii. 1. 225:

And tell me how you would *bestow* yourself.

151. Line 115: *A lioness, with udders all DRAWN DRY*.—Steevens refers to Arden of Faversham:

The starven lioness,
When she is *dry-suckt* of her eager young.

152. Line 118: *The ROYAL DISPOSITION of that beast*.—Dyer remarks (Folklore, p. 182) that the traditions and romances of the dark ages are full of references to the supposed generosity of the lion. So (following Douce) he quotes Bartholomæus: "also their mercie (i.e. of lions) is known by many and oft ensamples: for they spare them that lie on the ground." Compare, for the general idea, *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 3. 37, 38:

Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a *lion* than a man.

There was a curious superstition that a *lion* would not harm any one of royal blood; see I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 330: "you are *lions* too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!" a passage that may be paralleled by Beaumont and Fletcher's *Mad Lover*, iv. 5:

Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over;
If she be sprung from royal blood, the *lion*
He'll do you reverence, else . . .
He'll tear her all to pieces.

153. Lines 132, 133:

in which HURLING
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Compare *hurter*—and *hurler* (?). The word suggests crashing, dinning noise. Only here in Shakespeare and Julius Caesar, ii. 2. 22:

The noise of battle *hurltled* in the air.

Steevens quotes Nashe's *Lenten Stuffe* (1591): "hearing of the gangs of good fellows that *hurltled* and bustled hither."

154. Line 133.—Shakespeare, it will be seen, follows in this scene the line of Lodge's narrative: "All this while

did poore Saladyne (banished from Bourdeaux and the court of France by Torismond) wander up and downe in the Forrest of Arden, thinking to get to Lyons, and so travail through Germany into Italie: but the Forrest beeing full of by pathes, and he unskilfull of the country coast, slipt out of the way, and chaunced up into the desert, not farre from the place where Gerismond was, and his brother Rosader. Saladyne, wearie with wandring up and downe, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruite as the forest did afford, and contenting himselfe with such drinke as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast he fell in a dead sleepe. As thus he lay, a hungry lyon came hunting downe the edge of the grove for pray, and espying Saladyne began to ceaze upon him: but seeing he lay still without any motion, he left to touch him, for that Lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses; and yet desirous to have some foode, the lyon lay downe and watcht to see if he would stirre. While thus Saladyne slept secure, fortune that was careful of her champion began to smile, and brought it so to passe, that Rosader (having stricken a deere that but slightly hurt fled through the thicket) came pacing downe by the grove with a boare-speare in his hande in great haste. He spyed where a man lay a sleepe, and a lyon fast by him: amazed at this sight, as he stooode gazing, his nose on the sodaine bledde, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his. Whereupon drawing more nigh, he might easily discerne his visage, perceived by his phisnomie that it was his brother Saladyne. . . . With that his brother began to stirre, and the lyon to rowse himselfe, whereupon Rosader sodainly charged him with the boare speare, and wounded the lion very sore at the first stroke. The beast feeling himselfe to have a mortall hurt, leapt at Rosader, and with his pawes gave him a sore pinch on the brest, that he had almost fain; yet as a man most valiant, in whom the sparks of Sir John Bourdeaux remained, he recovered himselfe, and in short combat slew the lion, who at his death roared so lowd that Saladyne awaked, and starting up, was amazed at the sudden sight of so monstrous a beast lying slaine by him, and so sweet a gentleman wounded" (Collier, i. pp. 76-79).

155. Line 139: *But, for the bloody NAPKIN? i.e. handkerchief*. So Emilia in *Othello*, iii. 3. 290, speaking of the handkerchief upon which so much is destined to turn, says:

I am glad I have found this *napkin*.

156. Line 160: *There is more in it*.—So F. 1 and F. 2; one is tempted, I think, to read with F. 3 "there is no more in it."

157. Lines 163-183.—"The rest of the scene, with the struggle between actual physical faintness and the effort to make light of it, touched in by the poet with exquisite skill, calls for the most delicate and discriminating treatment in the actress. The audience, who are in her secret, must be made to feel the tender loving nature of the woman through the simulated gaiety by which it is veiled; and yet the character of the boy Ganymede must be sustained. This is another of the many passages to which the actress of comedy only will never give adequate expression" (Helena Faucit Martin).

158. Line 166: *a BODY would think, &c.*—For *body* in this sense, cf. the following from the New English Dictionary, *s.v.*: “A human *body* of either sex, an individual. Formerly, as still dialectically, and in the combinations Any-, Every-, No-, Some-*Body*, etc., exactly equivalent to the current ‘person;’ but now only as a term of familiarity, with a tinge of compassion, and generally with adjectives implying this.” The same authority quotes a variety of instances of the occurrence of the word: *e.g.* Coverdale, Psalm xiv. 1: “The foolish *bodies* saye in their hertes;” and Walton, Complete Angler, p. 56: “It shall be given away to some poor *body*,” with other passages, amongst which Carlyle’s graphic “a pair *body*” might have been recorded. For Shakespeare, compare Merry Wives, i. 4. 105.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

159. Line 11: *It is MEAT and DRINK.*—The same phrase occurs in Merry Wives, i. 1. 306.

160. Line 14: *we cannot HOLD; i.e. “refrain.”* Cf. Henry VIII. Epilogue, 13, 14:

All the best men are ours; for ’tis ill hap,
If they *hold* when their ladies bid ’em clasp.

161. Line 16: *God ye good even; that is, “give ye good even.”* So Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 114, 115:

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.
Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

162. Line 58: *TRANSLATE thy life into death; i.e. trans- form, as in the immortal “Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated”* (Mid. Night’s Dream, iii. 1. 121).

163. Line 60: *or in BASTINADO.*—So King John, ii. 463: He gives the *bastinado* with his tongue.

The word is Spanish—*bastonada*, a beating. Mr. Aldis Wright quotes Cotgrave: “*Bastonade*: A *bastonadoe*; a banging, or beating with a cudgell.”

164. Line 61: *I will BANDY with thee.*—A term used in tennis—meaning “to strike the ball to and fro over the net,” and so the word came to be used of a rapid interchange of jests. Compare Love’s Labour’s Lost, v. 2. 29: “Well *banded* both; a set of wit well play’d.”

The noun *bandy* is used by Drayton in the *Battle of Agincourt* (1627):

He send him Balls and Rackets if I live
That they such Rackets shall in Paris see
When over lyne with *Baudies* I shall drive. —p. 7.

“*Bandy* seems to have been used sometimes in much the same sense as a *rest* is now used in Tennis and ‘a knock up’ in Rackets; that is, to signify the continual return of the ball from one player to another, keeping the park alive” (see Julian Marshall’s *Annals of Tennis*, pp. 57, 95, 179).

ACT V. SCENE 2.

165. Lines 20, 21:

*God save you, brother.
And you, fair SISTER.*

Why *sister*? Does Oliver know the secret of Rosalind’s disguise? Yes, says Grant White; Celia, of course, has told him. No, reply other editors; but he enters into Orlando’s joke of treating Rosalind as a woman. I don’t think either explanation is very satisfactory; it seems to

me possible that the commentators have tried to get too much out of the words. Rosalind addresses him as *brother*, and he laughingly retorts *sister*, intending, perhaps, to remind her of the last occasion when they met (iv. 3). Had he not then said to her—“you a man? you lack a man’s heart.”? Of course various emendations have been proposed. Johnson’s “and you, and your fair *sister*” is fairly ingenious; better, however, to my mind, is “And you, *forester*” (Cruces Shakespeareanæ, p. 123).

166. Line 23: *thy heart in a SCARF.*—As we should say, in a sling. We have *scarf’d* in Hamlet: “my sea-gown *scarf’d* about me,” where the idea is “loosely thrown on” (v. 2. 13).

167. Line 34: *Cæsar’s THRASONICAL brag.*—See Love’s Labour’s Lost, note 144. So in the curious tract *Tell-Trothies Message and his Pens Complaint*, edited by Dr. Furnivall for the New Shakspeare Society, we have (p. 127):

Wrath pufes men up with mindes *Thrasonical*,
And makes them brave it braggadocio-like:
Wrath maketh men triumph tyrannicall,
With sword, with shield, with gunne, with bill and pike.

168. Line 44: *CLUBS cannot part them.*—Alluding, as the editors explain, to the cry raised when any street affray occurred. So Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 80:

Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

And Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 37—a very clear instance:

Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) also refers to I. Henry VI. i. 3. 84 (not so obvious), and Henry VIII. v. 4. 53. I need scarcely say that the *locus classicus* on “London Cries” is *The Spectator*, No. 251.

169. Line 78: *though I say I am a MAGICIAN.*—It has been suggested that this line refers to the statute against Witchcraft passed in 1604, a point which affects the date of the play. There had, however, been legislation on the subject in Elizabeth’s reign, and trials for witchcraft were of not uncommon occurrence. Compare, for instance, the famous trials that took place in Scotland in 1590, when certain people were accused, and convicted, of having raised the storms that nearly shipwrecked James on his return from Denmark (Spalding’s *Elizabethan Demonology*, pp. 110–115). In view of these persecutions men may well have been slow to proclaim themselves the possessors of occult powers; hence Rosalind’s remark.

170. Line 90.—In the parallel scene in Lodge’s novel Montanus apostrophizes love in a charming French lyric, which it may be worth while to disinter from its quaint but little-known surroundings:

Hélas, tyran, plein de rigueur,
Modère un peu ta violence:
Que te sert si grande dispense?
C’est trop de flammes pour un cœur.
Épargnez en une étincelle,
Puis fais ton effort d’amouvoir
La fièvre qui ne veut point voir
En quel feu je brûle pour elle.
Exécute, Amour, ce dessein,
Et rabaisse un peu son audace,
Son cœur ne doit être de glace,
Bien qu’elle ait de neige le sien.

171. Line 119: *like the howling of IRISH WOLVES against the moon*.—A touch partially taken from Lodge's romance, where we have: "I tell thee, Montanus, in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the *wolves of Syria against the moone*." For *wolves in Ireland*, compare the following from Mr. Gomme's Gentleman's Magazine Library, Archaeology Section, pt. i. pp. 7, 8: "In a work entitled 'De Regno Hiberniæ, &c.,' written about the beginning of the seventeenth century, by Dr. Peter Lombard, titular primate of Armagh, he notices wild boars as then in Ireland. He also mentions several kinds of hounds now extinct, then kept for the chase, amongst which were those for hunting otters, deer, *wolves*, and the boar. . . . In the same work Dr. Lombard states that *wolves* were so numerous, that the cattle had to be secured at night from their ravages. Fynes Morison in his Itinerary, likewise mentions the depredations committed on cattle in Ireland by the wolves, the destruction of which, he says, is neglected by the inhabitants; and adds, that these animals were 'so much grown in numbers as sometimes in winter nights they will enter into villages and the suburbs of cities.' This statement of their numbers and boldness is also corroborated by accounts of a later date, particularly by Blennerhassett, in his Directions for the Plantation of Ulster, printed in 1610. In 1602 we find Sir John Ponsonby in the Irish House of Commons, reporting from the Committee of Grievances, the 'great increase of *wolves*,' and that the same was a grievance, and requesting that the House would be pleased to take the same 'into their consideration.' These notices of their numbers and boldness are still further confirmed by later accounts. In a dialogue entitled Some Things of Importance to Ireland, published in Dublin in 1751, the author states that an old man, near Lurgan, informed him, that when he was a boy, *wolves* during winter used to come within two miles of that town and destroy cattle. *This must have been about the beginning of the last century*." According to tradition the last *wolf* observed in Ireland was killed in 1710, in County Kerry; a wolf was shot in Scotland as late as 1680.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

172. Line 2: *TO-MORROW will we be married*.—There is nothing to fix the day on which the weddings take place, but in Lodge's romance we are expressly told, "in these humours the week went away, that at last *Sunday* came;" *à propos* of which I may quote a few lines from Jeffereson's Brides and Bridals. "A fashionable wedding," he says, "celebrated on the *Lord's Day* in London, or any part of England, would nowadays be denounced by religious people of all Christian parties. But in our feudal times, and long after the Reformation, *Sunday* was of all days of the week the favourite one for marriage. Long after the theatres had been closed on *Sundays*, the day of rest was the chief day for weddings with Londoners of every social class." Shakespeare refers to the custom (which is still prevalent on the Continent) in the Taming of the Shrew, ii. 1. 324-326:

I will to Venice; *Sunday* comes apace:
We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o' *Sunday*.

See note 92 on that play.

173. Lines 17-34: Song.—Two points must be noted in connection with this song as given in the Folios; the order of stanzas 2 and 4 is reversed—an obvious blunder—and in line 20 *rang* (for which Johnson proposed *rank*, and Pope *spring*) was substituted for *ring*. The corrections were made by Mr. Chappell from a MS. of the song now in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh.

174. Line 18: *With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino*.—A favourite burden. So Mr. Chappell quotes from Coverdale's preface to his Ghostly Psalmes and Spiritual Songs (1538): "Wolde God that our Mynstreis had none other thyng to play upon, neither our carters and plowmen other thyng to whistle upon, save psalmes, hymns, and such like godly songes. . . . And if women at the rockes (distaffs), and spinnynge at the wheles, had none other songes to pass their tyme withall, than such as Moses's sister, . . . have sung before them, they should be better occupied than with *Hey, nonny nonny*—and such like fantasies" (see Popular Music, pp. 53, 54). Compare also Much Ado, note 150.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

175. Lines 12-14.—Compare the following from Lodge's story: "Truth, q. Phœbe, and so deeply I repent me of my forwardness toward the shepherd, that could I cease to love Ganimede, I would resolve to like Montanus. What if I can with reason perswade Phœbe to mislike of Ganimede, will she then favour Montanus? When reason (quoth she) doth quench that love I owe to thee, then will I fancie him; conditionally, that if my love can bee supprest with no reason, as being without reason, Ganimede will onely wed himselfe to Phœbe. I graunt it, faire shepherdesse, quoth he; and to feed thee with the sweetnesse of hope, this resolve on: I wil never marry my selfe to woman but unto thy selfe" (Collier, vol. i. pp. 114, 115).

176. Line 27: *Some lively touches of my daughter's FAVOUR*.—As often, *favour* = "face," "looks;" cf. Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 102: "Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brow's *favour*;" and Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 32, 33: "Pray, sir, by your good *favour*—for surely, sir, a good *favour* you have, but that you have a hanging *look*." So Bacon's Essays (43): "In beauty, that of *favour* is more than that of colour, and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of *favour*." But the use of the word is too common to require illustration.

177. Line 48: *I have undone three TAILORS*.—The world seems to have gone but poorly with tailors some three hundred years ago; they had an evil reputation. Compare The Changeling, i. 2. 160, 161: "I must ask him easy questions at first—Tony, how many true fingers has a *tailor* on his right hand?" (Middleton's Works, vi. p. 23).

178. Line 73: *a certain courtier's BEARD*.—The cut of the beard was a very important matter; it served, indeed, to distinguish the profession of its wearer. There was the *bishop's beard*, and the *citizen's beard*, and the *judge's beard*, and the *soldier's beard*, and the *clown's beard* (which had to be very bushy), and other varieties might be men-

tioned. For a reference to the *beard military*, see Henry V. iii. 6. 80, 81; for the *beard* of civil life note Mrs. Quickly's description, Merry Wives, i. 4. 21: "like a glover's paring-knife." Much hair about the face was to be deprecated, "more hair than head," or, as we have it in Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii. 1. 361: "more hair than wit," being a very common expression, e.g. cf. A Mad World, My Masters, ii. 1. 137. For a contemporary criticism on the *beard* question we may turn to Harrison's Description of England, edited for the New Shakspeare Society by Dr. Furnivall. "Neither," says Harrison (pt. i. pp. 169, 170), "will I meddle with our varietie of *beards*, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the *beard* of Marquess Otto, some made round (*vide supra*, Merry Wives passage) like a rubbing brush, others with a *pique de vaut* (O fine fashion!) or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalfe as the tailors. And therefore if a man have a leane and straight face, a Marquess Ottous cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long, slender *beard* will make it seem narrow; if he be vessell (i.e. weasel) becket, then much heare left on the cheekes will make the owner look big like a boudled hen, and so grim as a goose: many old men do weare no beards at all." So in Stubbes' Anatomy of the Abuses (1583), we are told that barbers ("there are no finer fellows under the sun," says Amphilogus) have "the French cut, another the Spanish cut, one the Dutch cut, another the Italian, one the neve cut, another the old, one of the bravado fashion, another of the meane fashion." For a general and diverting dissertation upon the Elizabethan *coiffure*, the reader must be referred to Stubbes, edited for New Shakspeare Society by Dr. Furnivall, pt. ii. pp. 50-52.

179. Line 80: *he* DISABLED *my judgment*; i.e. disparaged. So act iv. 1. 34: "Disable all the benefits of your own country."

180. Lines 94-103.—Shakespeare is alluding to a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594 (or 1595?). This volume, of which some account is given in the Variorum Ed. vi. 503, 504, was described by its author as: "A Discourse most necessary for all gentlemen that have in regard their honours, touching the giving and receiving the Lie, whereupon the Duello and the Combat in divers forms doth ensue; and many other inconveniences, for lack only of the true knowledge of honour, and the right understanding of words, which here is set down." Proceeding in the orthodox manner of moralists, the essayist discusses his weighty subject under various "heads," differentiating the diverse forms of the Lie. So we have "Lies certain," "Foolish Lies," "The Lie in General," "The Lie in Particular," and the "Conditional Lie," which perhaps was the special *genre* that Touchstone had in mind. Apparently the great merit of the "Lie Conditional" is, that it must inevitably lead to "words upon words, whereof no sure conclusion can arise." In reading the description of this treatise we are reminded of some of the more humorous aspects of modern duelling.

181. Line 94: *we quarrel in print*, BY THE BOOK.—Compare Fletcher's The Elder Brother, v. 1:

180

Come not between us. I'll not know, nor spare you—
Do you *fight by the book*!

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. x. p. 284.

182. Line 95: *as you have* BOOKS FOR GOOD MANNERS.—Steevens says: "One of these books I have. It is entitled, 'The Boke of Nurture, or Schole of good Manners, for Men, Servants, and Children, with *stans puer ad mensam*,' black letter, without date. It was written by Hugh Rhodes, a gentleman, or musician, of the Chapel Royal; and was first published in the reign of King Edward V.L." Mr. Aldis Wright suggests that we have a similar allusion in Hamlet, v. 2. 114: "he is the card or calendar of gentry."

183. Line 111: *He uses his folly like* A STALKING-HORSE.—See Much Ado About Nothing, note 152.

184. Line 114: *Hymen*.—The God of Marriage was a familiar and imposing figure at these quasi-pagan celebrations, and the stage-directions are very minute always as to his robes. Compare, for instance, Women Beware Women, v. 1. 90, where the stage-direction runs: "Enter *Hymen* in a yellow robe" (Bullen's Middleton, vi. 303). Still more to the point is Ben Jonson's *Masque of Hymen*: "On the other hand entered *Hymen*, in a saffron-coloured robe, his under vestures white, his socks yellow, a yellow veil of silk on his right arm." Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. vii. 51. Every one will remember Milton's—

There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe.

—L'Allegro.

So Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. i. p. 289.

185. Line 114: *Then is there*.—A point in connection with the stage representation of the drama. Should this masque be omitted? "Mr. Macready" (says the writer whom we have quoted so frequently, and, let us add, so gladly) "in his revival of the play at Drury Lane, with Mrs. Nesbit as Rosalind, restored it to the stage; but beautiful as it is in itself, and bringing this charming love-romance most appropriately to a close, yet it delays the action too much for scenic purposes" (Shakespeare's Female Characters, p. 352). And yet I think we should be slow to dispense with this stately, impressive pageant; accompanied by music, it should shed upon the close of the comedy the halo of dignity and peace that makes the final scene in Midsummer Night's Dream so wonderfully effective and touching.

186. Line 143: *Whiles* a WEDLOCK-HYMN *we sing*.—"Music," says Mr. Thielton Dyer, "was the universal accompaniment of weddings in olden times. The allusions to wedding music that may be found in the works of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and other Elizabethan dramatists, testify that, in the opinion of their contemporaries, a wedding without the braying of trumpets, and beating of drums, and clashing of cymbals was a poor affair" (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 330). It would be easy to multiply quotations in support of this remark; enough, perhaps, if we refer to Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 87, 88:

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change.

Curiously enough, it was to illustrate Shakespeare's genius that the most popular, if not musically the finest,

of wedding marches was written; I refer, of course, to the march in Mendelssohn's incidental music to A Midsummer Night's Dream, a play that, by some cruel freak of fate, is seldom seen off the German stage.

187. Lines 147-152.—There is a classical ring in these lines that reminds us somewhat of Catullus' "Hymen O Hymenæe, Hymen ades O Hymenæe."

188. Line 157.—So in the romance the third brother arrives on the scene, bringing the news that the twelve Peers of France have taken up arms on the side of the exiled Duke and that the usurper is ready to give them battle. The Duke and his companions ride off, discover "where in a valley both the battailes were joynd," and "to be short, the peeres were conquerors, Torismonds army put to flight, and himself slain in battaile. The peeres then gathered themselves together and saluted their king, conducted him royally into Paris, where he was received with great joy of all the citizens" (Collier, vol. i. p. 128). And thus "all's well that ends well."

189. Line 179: *That have endur'd SHREW'd days and nights with us.*—*Shrew'd* here, as so often in Shakespeare, has its original sense of "bad," "evil;" cf. Merry Wives, ii. 2. 232:

There is *shrew'd* construction made of her.

See Richard II, note 208. Wicliffe translates *καὶ πᾶν φάλον πρᾶγμα* (James, ch. iii. v. 16) by "and al *schrewed* werk," i.e. "and every *evil* work"—quoted in Todd's Johnson; and Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) gives *böse*, *arg*, as its German equivalents.

190. Lines 192-199: *You to your, &c.*—It is worth noticing that old Adam does not come in for any mention. Lodge is more generous, since "that fortune might every way seeme frolicke," he makes Montanus "Lord over all the Forrest of Arden, Adam Spencer Capitaine of the Kings Gard, and Coridon maister of Alindas flocks;" than which what more satisfactory?

191. Line 199: *I am for other than for dancing MEASURES.*—*Measure* generally implies a stately, dignified dance: cf. Much Ado, ii. 1. 80: "the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a *measure*, full of state and ancentry." The word, however, is used more widely to signify any kind of dance; e.g. Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 209:

Then, in our *measure* but vouchsafe one change.

EPILOGUE.

192. Lines 1-23.—"One word about the Epilogue before I conclude. This, as it is written, was fit enough for the mouth of a boy-actor of women's parts in Shakespeare's time, but it is altogether out of tone with the Lady Rosalind. It is the stage-tradition to speak it, and I, of course, followed the tradition—never, however, without a kind of shrinking distaste for my task. Some of the words I omitted, and some I altered, and I did my best, in giving it, to make it serve to show how the high-toned winning woman reasserted herself in Rosalind, when she laid aside her doublet and hose. I have been told that I succeeded in this. Still, speaking the Epilogue remained the one drawback to my pleasure. In it one addresses the audience neither as Ganymeda nor as Rosalind, but

as one's own very self. Anything of this kind was repugnant to me, my desire always being to lose myself in the character I was representing. When taken thus perforce out of my ideal, I felt stranded and altogether unhappy. Except when obliged, as in this instance, I never addressed an audience, having neither the wish nor the courage to do so. Therefore, as I advanced to speak the Epilogue, a painful shyness came over me, a kind of nervous fear, too, lest I should forget what I had to say—a fear I never had at other times—and thus the closing words always brought to me a sense of inexpressible relief" (Helena Faucit Martin).

193. Line 4: *good wine needs no bush.*—It seems to have been usual for tavern keepers to hang a *branch* or garland of ivy over their doors as a sign. Ivy, no doubt, was chosen from its traditional association with Bacchus. Steevens supplies us with several passages where the custom is alluded to; e.g. in Gascoigne's Glass of Government, 1575, we have:

Now a days the good wyne needeth none *ivy-garland*.

So, too, in The Rival Friends, 1632:

"T is like the *ivy-bush* unto a tavern.

Compare also the following from Middleton's Anything for a Quiet Life:

Comm. He's at the tavern, you say?

Sweet. At the Man in the Moon, above stairs; so soon as he comes down, and the *bush* left at his back, Ralph is the dog behind him.

—Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. v. 252.

In Mr. Gomme's delightful antiquarian collection, The Gentleman's Magazine Library (Dialect, Proverbs, Word-Lore Section), I find the following curious contribution—"The *Bush*, the principal tavern at Bristol, and the *Ivy Bush*, the head inn at Carmarthen, originated in the ancient practice of hanging a *bush* at the door of those houses that sold wine, whence the proverb 'good wine,' etc. An inn-keeper in Aldersgate Street, London, when Charles I. was beheaded, had the carved representation of a *bush* at his house painted black, and the tavern was long afterwards known by the name of the 'Mourning *Bush* in Aldersgate'" (p. 264). Again, in that very curious volume Earle's Micro-cosmographie (1628) we have amongst the "Characters" a description of the "Tauerne," in which the writer remarks: "If the Vintners nose be at the doore, it is a signe sufficient, but the absence of this is supplied by the *Iuie bush*" (Arber's Reprint, p. 33). Lastly, cf. Wit Without Money, ii. 3:

He's a beggar,

Only the sign of a man; the *bush* pulled down,
Which shews the house stands empty.

—Dyce, iv. p. 123;

and The Fair Maid of the West, i. 1:

She's the flower

Of Plymouth held; the Castle needs no *bush*,
Her beauty draws to them more gallant customers
Than all the signs 't the town else.

—Heywood's Plays, Ed. for Old Shakespeare Society by Collier, vol. i. p. 3.

194. Line 19: *If I were a WOMAN.*—Alluding obviously to the fact that women's parts were not played by women. So Coriolanus, ii. 2. 100:

When he might act the *woman* in the scene.

When the innovation of allowing women to appear on

the stage was first made is a much-debated question. Upon the prejudice which required that female parts should be taken by boys Professor Ward has the following remarks: "The Puritans objected to the acting of female characters by male performers on grounds all their own; they deemed it a plain offence against Scripture for one sex to put on the apparel of the other. This of course by no means implied any approval of the performance of female characters by women. When, in 1629, actresses made their first public appearance in England in the persons of Frenchwomen belonging to the company which visited London in that year, Prynne saluted them as 'monsters' rather than women; and in this instance the opinion of the theatrical audience coincided with that of the outside censor, for the strangers were 'hiss'd, hooted and pippin-pelted from the stage' (Collier, *Hist. of Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 23). The next French company appears to have comprised no actresses; and the innovation was probably but little imitated on the English stage before the Restoration. It is clear that it was considered open to grave doubts even by persons who were warm friends of the theatre. At the same time it should be remembered—and the circumstance increases our surprise at the tardiness with which the practice was domesticated on the public stage in England—that in the masks at Court ladies constantly took part as performers; so that when in Christmas 1632-3 the Queen with her ladies acted in a Pastoral at Somerset House, there was no real novelty in the proceeding" (Ward, *Dramatic Literature*, ii. p. 422). Professor Ward shows that in all probability isolated cases of women appearing on the stage occurred during the reign of Charles I., and up to the time of the closing of the theatres. Such performances, however, would be irregular, a fact which, to some extent, explains the curiously conflicting contemporary accounts that we have. For instance, Colley Cibber declares that *no* actress had ever been seen on the English stage prior to the Restoration; yet there is a theatrical tradition that a woman played the part of Ianthe in Davenant's *Siege of Rhodes* in 1656; and again, there is the

contradictory statement that absolutely the first occasion when an actress publicly came upon the boards was in Dec. 1660, the play being *Othello*. However, this last account must be incorrect. Compare Pepys under date of Jan. 3, 1660: "To the Theatre, where was acted 'Beggars Bush,' it being very well done; and here the first time that I ever saw women upon the stage." Perhaps we shall not be far wrong if we suppose that the innovation had been made tentatively and possibly with some secrecy, and that at the Restoration the practice was formally legalized, the following Royal Patent being issued in 1662:—"Whereas the women's parts in plays have hitherto been acted by men in habits of women, at which some have taken offence, we do permit and give leave from this time to come that all women's parts be acted by women" (see Fitzgerald's *New History of the English Stage*, i. p. 61). Evidently the advantages of the change were quickly appreciated; cf. Pepys, Feb. 12, 1661: "By water to Salisbury Court Play-house, where not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Scomful Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play appear much better than ever it did to me." A famous actor of women's parts was Alexander Goffe, at Blackfriars; and the last, and perhaps best, of the boy-actors was the Edward Kynaston who kept Charles II. waiting while he finished his shaving operations. Of Kynaston the great Betterton said "it has been disputed among the judicious, whether any woman could have more sensibly touched the passions." I owe this reference to Ashton's *Social Life in the reign of Queen Anne*, ii. p. 23. And one more quotation from Pepys, apropos of the same actor. "Tom and I and my wife to the Theatre, and there saw 'The Silent Woman.' Among other things here, Kinaston, the boy, had the good turn to appear in three shapes: first, as a poor woman in ordinary clothes; then in fine clothes, as a gallant; and in them was clearly the prettiest woman in the whole house; and lastly, as a man, and then likewise did appear the handsomest man in the house" (Jan. 7, 1661).

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN AS YOU LIKE IT.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Abruptly.....	ii. 4 41	Bow ²	iii. 3 80	Capricious	iii. 3 8	Clownish	i. 3 132
Allottery.....	i. 1 77	Brambles ³	iii. 2 381	Carlot	iv. 5 108	Cock-pigeon....	iv. 1 160
A-night.....	ii. 4 48	Break-promise.	iv. 1 196	Caters.....	ii. 3 44	Co-mates.....	ii. 1 1
Ark.....	v. 4 36	Butchery ⁴	ii. 3 27	Catlike.....	iv. 3 116	Coming-on (adj.)	v. 1 113
Basked.....	ii. 7 15	Calling ⁵ (sub.)	i. 2 246	Chestnut (adj.)	iv. 4 12	Copulatives (sub.)	v. 4 58
Batlet	ii. 4 50			Circumstantial ⁶	v. 4 87, 91	*Corn-fields....	v. 3 19
Bob (sub.).....	ii. 7 55	2 = a yoke.		*City-woman ..	ii. 7 75	Cote (sub.)	{ ii. 4 83 iii. 2 448
Boorish.....	v. 1 54	3 Venus and Adonis, 629.				Crooked-pated.	iii. 2 86
Bottomless ¹ ...	iv. 1 214	4 = slaughter-house; used four times in ordinary sense of slaughter.				*Curvets ⁷ (verb).	iii. 2 258
		5 = appellation; used frequently = trade, profession.				*Cutter-off	i. 2 53

1 = without a bottom; it occurs = fathomless, Lucres, 701; Titus Andronicus, iii. 1. 218.

7 Venus and Adonis, 279.

WORDS PECULIAR TO AS YOU LIKE IT.

	Act. Sc. Line		Act. Sc. Line		Act. Sc. Line		Act. Sc. Line
Debility.....	ii. 3 51	Homewards....	iv. 3 179	Narrow-mouthed	iii. 2 211	Seizure ²⁸	iii. 1 10
*Deep-contemplative	ii. 7 31	Homily.....	iii. 2 164	News-crammed	i. 2 101	Sheaf (verb)....	iii. 2 113
Deify ¹	iii. 2 381	*Horn-beasts..	iii. 3 52	Often (as adj.)..	iv. 1 19	She-lamb.....	iii. 2 85
Despiser.....	ii. 7 92	*Horn-maker...	iv. 1 63	Omittance.....	iii. 5 133	Slipped.....	iii. 7 158
Disputable.....	ii. 5 36	Horse-stealer..	iii. 4 25	Ordinary ²²	iii. 5 42	Sluttishness....	iii. 3 41
Dog-apes.....	ii. 5 27	Hospitality ¹⁰ ..	ii. 4 82	Outstay.....	i. 3 90	Smother (sub.)..	i. 2 299
Effigies ²	ii. 7 193	Hugely ¹¹	ii. 7 72	*Palm-tree.....	iii. 2 186	Sprite ²⁹	iii. 2 147
Emulator.....	i. 1 151	Huntress.....	iii. 2 4	Panel.....	iii. 3 90	Squandering (intr.)	ii. 7 57
Enchantingly..	i. 1 173	Hyen ¹²	iv. 1 156	Poke (sub.)....	ii. 7 20	Stalking-horse..	v. 4 112
Entame.....	iii. 5 48	*Ill-inhabited..	iii. 3 10	Priser ²³	ii. 3 8	Stammer.....	iii. 2 209
Eventful.....	ii. 7 164	*Ill-roasted....	iii. 2 38	Private ²⁴ (adj.)	ii. 7 71	Straits ³⁰	v. 2 71
Expediently....	iii. 1 18	Inconvenient..	v. 2 72	Propositions ²⁵	iii. 2 245	Subject ³¹ (verb)	ii. 3 36
Extent ³	iii. 1 17	Indented ¹³	iv. 3 113	Providently...	ii. 3 44	Tarred.....	iii. 2 63
Exterminated...	iii. 5 89	Injure ¹⁴	iii. 5 9	Puisny.....	iii. 4 46	Taxation ³²	i. 2 91
Fancy-monger..	iii. 2 382	Insomuch.....	v. 2 61	Puking.....	ii. 7 144	Traverse (adv.)	iii. 4 44
Fawn ⁴ (sub.)...	ii. 7 128	Invectively....	ii. 1 58	Pulpiter.....	iii. 2 163	Trowel.....	i. 2 112
Fenced ⁵	iv. 3 78	Keeping ¹⁵	i. 1 10	Purlieus.....	iv. 3 77	Udders.....	iv. 3 115
Fleet (verb tr.)	i. 1 124	Key-hole.....	iv. 1 165	Quintain.....	i. 2 263	Umber.....	i. 3 114
Flux.....	ii. 1 52	Kindled ¹⁶	iii. 2 358	Recountments	iv. 3 141	Unbanded.....	iii. 2 399
*Forest-born..	v. 4 30	Lack-lustre....	ii. 7 21	Redness.....	iii. 5 120	Unbashful.....	ii. 3 50
Foulness ⁶	iii. 3 41	Limned ¹⁷	ii. 7 194	Reference ²⁶ ...	i. 3 120	Unbuttoned....	iii. 2 399
*Freestone-coloured	iv. 3 285	Lined ¹⁸	iii. 2 97	Residue.....	ii. 7 196	Unclaimed.....	ii. 7 87
Gentility ⁷	i. 1 23	*Love-cause....	iv. 1 98	Retort (sub.)..	v. 4 76, 99	Unexpressive...	iii. 2 10
*Giant-rude....	iv. 3 34	Love-prate....	iv. 1 205	Revelry.....	v. 4 183	Unfaithful.....	iv. 1 199
Giddiness.....	v. 2 6	Love-shaked...	iii. 2 385	Rib-breaking...	i. 2 151	Ungentleness...	v. 2 83
Glances ⁸ (sub.)	ii. 7 57	Material ¹⁹	iii. 3 32	Righteously...	i. 2 14	Unkept.....	i. 1 9
Glides (sub.)..	iv. 3 113	Mewling.....	ii. 7 144	*Ring-time....	v. 3 20	Unlinked.....	iv. 3 112
Glow (sub.)....	iii. 4 57	Mockable.....	iii. 2 50	Roynish.....	ii. 2 8	Unquestionable	iii. 2 394
Goldenly.....	i. 1 7	Monastic.....	iii. 2 441	Rumination....	iv. 1 19	Unregarded....	ii. 3 42
Gravelled.....	iv. 1 74	Moonish.....	ii. 2 430	Rustically.....	i. 1 8	Unseasonably..	iii. 2 258
Greenwood.....	ii. 5 1	Moral ²⁰ (verb)	ii. 7 29	Sale-work.....	iii. 5 43	Untreasured....	ii. 2 7
Hawking ⁹	v. 3 12	Motley ²¹	iii. 3 79	Satchel.....	ii. 7 145	Vacation.....	iii. 2 349
Headed.....	ii. 7 67	Motley-minded	v. 4 41	Scoffer.....	iii. 5 62	Vehemence ³³ ..	iii. 2 200
*Heart-heaviness	v. 2 50			Scrip ²⁷	iii. 2 171	Wainscot.....	iii. 3 89
*Heart-whole..	iv. 1 48			Scrippage.....	iii. 2 171	*Wedlock-hymn	v. 4 143
Holly.....	ii. 7 180, 182					Whippers.....	iii. 2 424
						Wiser ³⁴	ii. 4 58
						*Working-day ³⁵	i. 3 12

1 Lover's Complaint, 84.
2 A Latin word (=likeness) used as an English one.
3 Used in legal sense (= seizure of goods). In other senses the word occurs four times.
4 Venus and Adonis, 876.
5 =inclosed; used in other senses frequently.
6 = ugliness.
7 = good extraction.
8 Here = oblique censures; occurs in its ordinary sense several times.
9 = clearing the throat.

10 Lucrece, 675.
11 Sonn. cxxiv. 11.
12 = hyena.
13 = zig-zag. Compare *indenting*, Venus and Adonis, 704. The verb *indent* occurs in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 87, where it means "to covenant."
14 = to hurt bodily; several times used = to wrong.
15 = maintenance.
16 = delivered of a litter.
17 Venus and Adonis, 290.
18 = delinquent.
19 = full of matter. Occurs three times in ordinary sense.
20 Some commentators take the word to be an adjective = moralizing, in which sense it occurs in Much Ado, v. 1. 30 and Lear, iv. 2. 58.
21 = a fool. Sonn. cx. 2.

22 In the phrase *in the ordinary* = in the mass; *ordinary* = a repeat, is used twice, in All's Well, ii. 3. 211, and Ant. and Cleo. ii. 2. 230.
23 = a prize-fighter. *Priser*, in its ordinary sense, occurs in Troilus, ii. 2. 56.
24 Also in Sonn. ix. 7, = "particular," opposed to "general;" in other senses it occurs frequently.
25 = questions asked. *Proposition* occurs in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 3 = promise.
26 = relation, respect.
27 = a wallet; occurs also in Mids. Night's Dream, i. 2. 3 = a written list.

28 In legal sense. Occurs three times elsewhere in ordinary sense.
29 = soul; Lucrece, 1728. Occurs frequently in other senses.
30 = difficulties.
31 = to expose. Occurs once elsewhere, Tempest, i. 2. 114 = to make subject.
32 = censure.
33 Shakespeare uses *vehemency* frequently in same sense.
34 Used adverbially.
35 Used adjectively.



TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria.

SEBASTIAN, a young gentleman, brother to Viola.

ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }

SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.

FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
Clown, }

OLIVIA, a rich Countess.

VIOLA, sister to Sebastian, in love with the Duke.

MARIA, Olivia's woman.

Lords, a Priest, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE—A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: The historic period is absolutely indefinite.

TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action (according to Daniel) comprises three days, with an interval of three days between the first and second days.

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.—Interval.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4 and 5; Act II. Scenes 1-5.

Day 3: Act II. Scene 4 and 5; Acts III., IV., and V.

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

Twelfth Night was first printed in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pp. 255-275 of the Comedies. Its date is fixed, within certain limits, by a reference discovered by Mr. Hunter in 1828. It is found in a MS. volume in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. 5353) containing the diary of John Manningham, a member of the Middle Temple, from January 1601-2 to April 1603. The entry for February 2, 1601-2, is as follows:—

“At our feast¹ wee had a play called Twelue night or what you will. much like the commedy of errores or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni a good practice in it to make the steward beleue his Lady widdowe was in Loue with him by counterfayting a letter, as from his Lady, in generall termes, telling him what she liked best in him, & prescribing his gesture in smiling his appaiaile &c. And then when he came to practise making him beleue they tooke him to be mad.”

This entry proves that Shakespeare's play must have been written before February 1601-2; its absence from the list in Meres' *Palladis Tamia* shows that it could not have been known before September 1598. The introduction in the play of some fragments from the song, “Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone,” further narrows the limits of conjecture; for this song first appeared in 1601 in the *Booke of Ayres* composed by Robert Jones. The play is therefore assigned with great probability to 1601-2; and it has been conjectured by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps

that it was one of four plays acted in the Christmas of that year before the Court at Whitehall by the Lord Chamberlain's company, to which Shakespeare belonged, and that it was probably acted on Twelfth Night, and derived its name from that circumstance.

Manningham, as we have seen, remarks on the likeness of the play to the *Menæchmi* of Plautus and an Italian play named *Gl' Inganni*. There were three plays of this name, one by Nicolo Secchi (Florence, 1562), another by Curzio Gonzaga (Venice, 1592), both containing incidents of a certain resemblance to some of Shakespeare's, and the latter of them a sister who assumes male attire and the name Cesare (which might have suggested *Cesario*); the third play, by Cornaccini (Venice, 1604), has less resemblance. But there is yet another Italian play, named *Gl' Ingannati* (Venice, 1537), which really does bear some likeness to Twelfth Night, the whole outline of the primary plot of the English play being found in the Italian one, and the name *Malevolti* (which might have suggested *Malvolio*—the name only) occurring in the induction. *Gl' Ingannati* was translated by Peacock in 1862; it is given in the 3rd volume of his collected works (Bentley, 1885). The story on which it was founded is told by Bandello (*Novelle*, ii. 36), and in Belleforest's translation (*Histoires Tragiques*, tom. iv., hist. vii.). There is what may be called another version of the same story (though whether or not directly copied, it is hard to say) in Barnabe Riche's *Historie of Apolonius and Silla*, the second story in his *Farewell to Militarie Profession* (1581), reprinted in Malone's *Variorum*, and in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare Library* (pt. I. vol. i. p. 387). This at

¹ i.e. the Candlemas feast at the Middle Temple Hall.

least it seems almost certain that Shakespeare must have seen and made use of as the framework of his comedy; all the underplot, if we may so call what is virtually the mainstay of the play, is so far as we know entirely of his own invention. Grant White, speaking of certain coincidences, remarks on the "reminiscence" which appears in Sir Andrew's complaint to Sir Toby, "Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man," &c., of a passage in Apolonius and Silla, where the servants "debating betweene them, of the likelihood of the marriage, betweene the duke & the ladie, one of them said: that he neuer saw his lady & mistresse, vse so good countenance to the duke himself, as she had done to Siluo his man." Shakespeare has condensed and simplified the entanglements, and he has purified them from certain grossnesses which found place in the plain-speaking pages of his originals.

STAGE HISTORY.

The earliest mention of the performance of this comedy seems to be in a passage in the diary of John Manningham of The Middle Temple, under date February 2nd, 1601-2, already quoted above. The next reference to this play, at least as far as regards its Stage History, is in the verses of Leonard Digges prefixed to Shakespeare's Poems, 1640. After alluding to Henry IV. and Much Ado, the author says:

let but Falstaffe come:

Hall, Paines, the rest you scarce shall have a room
All is so pester'd; let but Beatrice
And Benedicke be seene, loe in a trice
The Cockpit Galleries, Boxes, all are full
To hear *Malvoglio, that cross-garter'd Gull.*

—Ingleby's Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse,
p. 233.

This seems to show that Twelfth Night rivalled Much Ado and the Two Parts of Henry IV. in popularity. It is curious that Digges refers to no other comedy of Shakespeare's except Much Ado about Nothing. Pepys, under date September 11th, 1661, says: "Walking through Lincoln's Inn Fields observed at the Opera a new play 'Twelfth Night,' was acted there, and the King there; so I, against my own mind and resolution, could not forbear

to go in, which did make the play seem a burthen to me, and I took no pleasure at all in it." On January 6th, 1622-23, he again saw Twelfth Night; on which occasion we learn from Downes that "it was got up on purpose to be acted on Twelfth Night" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 32), and appears to have been revived with very great success. Pepys does not seem to have formed any more favourable opinion of its merits; for though he confesses it was acted well, he says that it was "but a silly play, and not related at all to the name or day." He saw the piece again on January 20th, 1669, when it was revived at the Duke of York's play-house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. He adds: "I think one of the weakest plays that I ever saw on the stage." This comedy seems, like most of Shakespeare's plays, to have been suffered to lie on the shelf for a long time. On January 15th, 1741, Genest records that it was revived at Drury Lane, and acted about eight times during that season. The cast was a strong one. It included Macklin as Malvolio, Woodward as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Milward as Sebastian, with Mrs. Pritchard as Viola, and Mrs. Clive as Olivia. Twelfth Night does not seem to have been again represented till 1746, when on April 15th it was revived "for the benefit of Raftor and Miss Edwards," on which occasion Neal was Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Yates the Clown, Mrs. Woffington appearing for the first time as Viola. On the 18th of the same month the play was again represented for Neal's benefit. We may presume the cast was the same. Genest only gives the names of Mills as playing Orsino, and Sparks as Sir Toby Belch, with Mrs. Macklin as Maria. On January 6th and 7th, 1748, at Drury Lane, Twelfth Night was again revived with much the same cast, except that Berry played Sir Toby Belch, and Mrs. Pritchard resumed the part of Viola. On November 9th, 1748, at the same theatre, Woodward played Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a performance which he repeated on January 7th, 1751; on which occasion the part of Malvolio, which hitherto belonged to Macklin, was taken by Yates, Sluter playing the Clown, and Palmer the small part of Sebastian; Mrs.

INTRODUCTION.

Pritchard and Mrs. Clive retaining their original parts of Viola and Olivia respectively. The next performance of this comedy, which is worth recording, was at Drury Lane on January 6th, 1755, when Viola was represented by Mrs. Davies, the pretty wife of Tom Davies, the gossiping biographer of Garrick, and author of the *Dramatic Miscellanies*; to which latter work, in spite of many inaccuracies, the historians of the English stage are so much indebted. Genest, quoting the *State of the Stage*, says of her: "she gave infinite pleasure by her figure, and prejudiced the audience in her favour as soon as she was seen—she was likewise mistress of extreme justice in her enunciation" (vol. iv. p. 406). The next representation of this comedy appears to have been on October 19th, 1763: "not acted five years." This is probably a mistake; at least there is no performance recorded since the one last mentioned in 1755. On this occasion O'Brien was Sir Andrew Aguecheek, and Love Sir Toby Belch, Yates being again Malvolio. Miss Plym made her first appearance as Viola; Miss Haughton was the Olivia, and Mrs. Lee the Maria. About Miss Plym little seems to be known. She continued in the Drury Lane company, playing mostly small parts, till the season 1766-67, when she retired from the stage.¹

For eight years this play seems to have been neglected. It was revived at Drury Lane on December 10th, 1771 with a very strong cast, including King as Malvolio, Dodd as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Love as Sir Toby Belch, with Miss Young as Viola, and Mrs. Abington as Olivia (with a song). What this song was we are not told. This revival was successful, and the piece was performed fourteen times. During this season, on April 1st, 1773, at the same theatre, Palmer played Sir Toby Belch, for the first time, for Dodd's benefit.

Up to this period *Twelfth Night* had never been performed at Covent Garden. It was produced there, for the first time, on March

31st, 1772, with Yates as Malvolio, Woodward as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Dunstall as Sir Toby Belch, Mrs. Yates as Viola, Mrs. Mattocks as Olivia, and Mrs. Green as Maria. It was acted again on May 5th. This comedy does not seem to have been revived at this theatre till March 17th, 1777, when the playbill announces it for Mrs. Barry's benefit "not acted 6 years," with the following cast: Wilson as Malvolio; Quick, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Dunstall, Sir Toby Belch; Lee Lewes, the Clown; and Mrs. Barry for the first time as Viola. We pass over several performances at Drury Lane, Bath, Liverpool, Dublin. On October 23rd, 1779, at Drury Lane, the beautiful Mrs. Robinson, known as Perdita, appeared for the first time as Viola—she had made her debut as an actress there on December 10th, 1776—and at the end of this season she, unhappily, left the stage, of which she promised to be a most distinguished ornament, for the sake of the most contemptible prince that ever appeared in the rôle of Florizel. On May 20th, 1780, at the same theatre, Miss Farren appeared for the first time (with a song) as Olivia.

At the Haymarket Theatre, on August 15th, 1782, *Twelfth Night* was presented for the first time at that house, for Mrs. Bulkley's benefit; on which occasion Bensley played Malvolio; Edwin, Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Palmer, Sir Toby Belch; and Parsons appeared as the Clown; the *bénéficiaire* herself taking the part of Viola, and Miss Harper that of Olivia. On September 21st of the same year Mrs. Bulkley made her first appearance at Drury Lane in the character of Viola, the only other member of the cast mentioned being Bannister, jun., who played Sebastian. On May 7th, 1782, *Twelfth Night* was revived at Covent Garden for the benefit of Edwin, who played Sir Andrew Aguecheek. On this occasion Henderson appeared as Malvolio for the first time; and a Mrs. Robinson² is announced as Viola "for the first time" (Genest, vol. vi. p.

¹ Genest says that in "A Dialogue in the Shades between the celebrated Mrs. Cibber and the no less celebrated Mrs. Woffington, both of amorous memory," published not long after Mrs. Cibber's death in 1766 (Genest, vol. v. p. 102)—"Miss Plym is said to have withstood a regular siege from an experienced and popular general" (*ut supra*, p. 127).

² It does not appear who this Mrs. Robinson was; she played one or two leading characters during this season; but I can find no subsequent mention of her. She appears to have been the original Victoria in Mrs. Centlivre's "Bold Stroke for a Husband."

274). The comedy was repeated twice in the same month. On May 3rd, 1784, at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Suett and Palmer, Miss Phillips made her first appearance as Olivia. The rest of the cast is not given; probably Suett played the Clown, and Palmer Sir Toby Belch; for their names appear in the cast of this comedy at the same theatre on November 11th, 1785, when Dodd played Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Bensley, Malvolio; and Mrs. Jordan made her first appearance as Viola. This was one of her favourite parts, as it gave her the opportunity of showing her figure. On this occasion Mrs. Crouch, that charming actress and beautiful woman, played Olivia; we suppose, "with a song," though Genest does not mention it. With the exception of Moody appearing as Sir Toby Belch in 1788, there was no performance of this comedy worthy of notice till on May 13th, 1789, when—for Mrs. Goodall's benefit, who appeared as Viola—John Kemble played Malvolio, apparently for this occasion only, as I can find no record of his having repeated this impersonation, which must have been a very interesting one. In Boaden's *Life of John Kemble* no mention is made of his Malvolio. On February 10th, 1790, apparently for the first time, the device of making a brother and sister impersonate Sebastian and Viola respectively was attempted; Bland, the brother of Mrs. Jordan, being selected for the former character. Whether he resembled his sister much or not we are not told; but the same device was employed, with great success, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh, February 4th, 1815, when W. Murray, the brother of Mrs. H. Siddons, played Sebastian to his sister's Viola. The resemblance was so close that the mistakes incidental to the plot appeared quite natural. On May 17th, 1797, at Drury Lane, Suett, for his benefit, essayed the part of Sir Andrew Aguecheek, in which no doubt his inimitable power of assuming stolid simplicity, which Charles Lamb so much praises, would stand him in good stead. Young Bannister on this occasion played Malvolio for the first time, Mrs. Jordan was still the Viola, and Mrs. Crouch the Olivia, while Miss Mellon appeared as Maria. Suett repeated this performance on

May 26th, 1801, at Drury Lane, when Dowton, who had succeeded to the part, played Malvolio, and R. Palmer appeared, for the first time, as Sir Toby Belch; and Miss Biggs, for whose benefit the performance was, played Olivia. In this same year, on June 9th, Twelfth Night, after a long interval, was revived at Covent Garden. The bill says "not acted 25 years," but it had been played three times in May, 1783. On this occasion Munden was Malvolio, and Knight Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Emery played Sir Toby Belch, and Bland the Clown.

Passing over some occasional performances of this comedy at Drury Lane in the next six seasons, during which it appears to have been revived now and then for the purpose of Mrs. Jordan appearing in her favourite part of Viola, we find on May 31st, 1808, the elder Mathews played the part of Sir Andrew Aguecheek in a scene in this play, the Viola being Mrs. Jordan. Twelfth Night was revived on January 5th, 1811, at Covent Garden, under Kemble's management, with the following cast:—Liston as Malvolio, Blanchard as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Emery as Sir Toby Belch, Fawcett as the Clown, with Mrs. S. Booth as Viola and Mrs. Charles Kemble as Olivia. Genest says: "Liston was truly comic in the scene when he read the letter, and in that when he entered cross-gartered, but on the whole Malvolio was a part out of his line" (Genest, vol. viii. p. 228). In the next season it seems to have been revived once; and on January 6th, 1813, after an interval of nine years, it was again produced at Drury Lane Theatre with Dowton as Malvolio, Mrs. Davison as Viola, Mrs. Glover as Olivia, and Miss Millar as Maria; but it was only acted once. In the next season, on April 29th, 1814, for the purpose of a young actress, Miss Stanley, making her appearance as Viola, Twelfth Night was performed once; and then, for some time, it seems entirely to have dropped out of the *répertoire* of this theatre. At Covent Garden it was equally neglected; there being only one or two isolated performances in the various seasons until November 8th, 1820, when the relentless Reynolds laid hands upon this charming comedy, and turned it into an opera. Genest,

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in his energetic language, says: "In the Devil's name, why does not Reynolds turn his own plays into Operas?—does he think them so bad, that even with such music as he has put into *Twelfth Night*, they would not prove successful?—or has he such a fatherly affection for his own offspring, that he cannot find in his heart to mangle them?" (vol. ix. p. 100). On this occasion the cast was a strong one; William Farren was Malvolio and Liston was seen to great advantage as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, while Emery retained his part of Sir Toby Belch, and Fawcett that of the Clown; Miss M. Tree was the Viola, Miss Greene Olivia and Mrs. Gibbs Maria. The addition of music seems to have rendered the play more attractive to the audiences of that time, for it was acted seventeen times. It was revived again on June 13th, 1825, for Blanchard's benefit, who played Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

It will be seen, from the above record, that this comedy was never, up to the end of the period of which Genest treats, a popular one; nor has it ever, in more recent times, enjoyed a very lengthened run. It is difficult to explain the causes of this comparative unpopularity; for *Twelfth Night* contains so many admirable characters, so much amusing dialogue interspersed with occasional gems of poetry, that it would seem to be, of all Shakespeare's comedies, one of the most likely to be popular on the stage. Although the female parts are not to be compared with those in *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*, still Viola must always prove an attractive impersonation to any young actress with an elegant figure, and Maria is a good soubrette's part. The male characters are nearly all such as find favour with actors. Malvolio, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, the Clown, are each of them rôles which give great opportunities to those actors who shine in high, or low, or eccentric comedy. Malvolio, which may be considered the chief male character in the comedy, is a very difficult part to act. It reads most amusingly; but the difficulty on the stage is to avoid making the part too serious or too comic. If the actor attempts to render Malvolio's self-conceit at all genial or unctuous in the great letter scene, he finds that this is

completely at variance with other parts of the character. On the other hand, if he takes what is generally considered the right view of the character; if he makes him grave, austere, and almost Puritanical, with something of the sombreadignity of a Spaniard, and with a vanity so supreme in its perfection as almost to take rank with pride; if, in fact, he invests Olivia's steward with sufficient dignity to gain the respect of the audience, the scene in the dark chamber becomes almost a painful one. Many a great actor has been disappointed in the effect he produced by his Malvolio. Very often the disappointment has been exactly in proportion to the care and finish bestowed on the impersonation. Some very good actors have declared that, after all, Sir Toby is the best part in the piece. But the great defect of *Twelfth Night* as an acting comedy lies, no doubt, in the fact that the love interest never takes very much hold on our sympathies. Viola is a charming young woman, and makes a very pretty boy; but who can possibly sympathize with her in her ardent pursuit of such a lover as the Duke, a man whose elaborate sentimentality reminds one of those delicacies which cloy rather than delight the palate, and whose plastic readiness to transfer his affections makes one suspect they were, after all, scarcely worth so much trouble to win? Again, who can be moved by Olivia's spasmodic and almost mechanical passion? However charming the actress may be, she can never, in this part, touch our hearts; and it is probably on this account—that is, owing to the weakness of its love interest—that *Twelfth Night*, as an acting play, never can hold its own with *Much Ado* or *As You Like It*.

Coming to our own times, *Twelfth Night* has been frequently acted, but never for any long run. Malvolio was one of Phelps's great parts; but in spite of this he does not seem to have reproduced the play—after its first production in his fourth season on January 26th, 1848,—till 1857, when it was played for some nights with considerable success. Meanwhile *The Princess's Theatre* was opened in 1850 under the management of Charles Kean and Robert Keeley, the first piece produced being *Twelfth Night* with Mrs. Charles Kean

TWELFTH NIGHT.

as Viola, Mr. J. F. Cathcart as Sebastian, Mrs. Keeley as Maria, Meadows as Malvolio and Harley as the Clown. It would be difficult to find so perfect a representative of Malvolio's lively persecutrix as this bright-faced actress. On June 7th, 1865, this comedy was produced at the Olympic Theatre, when Miss Kate Terry doubled the parts of Viola and Sebastian, a bold device for getting rid of the difficulty caused by the supposed likeness between brother and sister. Viola was one of Miss Kate Terry's favourite parts. This comedy was always a favourite one in the *répertoire* of the old Haymarket Company; Mr. Howe's Malvolio, and Mr. Buckstone's Sir Andrew, being both very successful performances. Nothing could be more irresistibly comic than the fatuous expression of Buckstone's face in this latter character. At the same theatre on February 2, 1878, Miss Adelaide Neilson appeared as Viola with considerable success.

The latest important revival of this comedy was at the Lyceum Theatre on the 8th July, 1884, when Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry were the Malvolio and the Viola. The cast included W. Terriss (Orsino), H. Howe (Antonio), and Miss Rose Leclercq (Olivia). This revival was put on the stage with all the care and good taste which were generally admitted to distinguish the productions at that theatre; and, on the whole, the cast was an admirable one.

Mr. F. Benson produced the piece at the Lyceum, March 22, 1900; himself playing Malvolio. Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree gave his own arrangement in three acts at His Majesty's, Feb. 5, 1901. Mr. Tree played Malvolio; the Sir Toby was Lionel Brough, and the Sir Andrew, Norman Forbes; the Olivia and the Viola were Miss Maud Jeffries and Miss Lily Brayton.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

The play of Twelfth Night, coming midway in the career of Shakespeare, perhaps just between *As You Like It*, the Arcadian comedy, and *All's Well That Ends Well*, a comedy in name, but kept throughout on the very edge of tragedy, draws up into itself the separate

threads of wit and humour from the various plays which had preceded it, weaving them all into a single texture. It is in some sort a farewell to mirth, and the mirth is of the finest quality, an incomparable ending. Shakespeare has done greater things, but he has never done anything more delightful. One might fancy that the play had been composed in a time of special comfort and security, when soul and body were in perfect equipoise, and the dice of circumstance had fallen happily. A golden mean, a sweet moderation, reigns throughout. Here and there, in the more serious parts of the dialogue, we have one of Shakespeare's most beautiful touches, as in the divine opening lines, in Viola's story of the sister who "never told her love," and in much of that scene; but in general the fancy is moderated to accord with the mirth, and refrains from sounding a very deep or a very high note. Every element of the play has the subtlest links and connections with its fellow. Tenderness melts into a smile, and the smile broadens imperceptibly into laughter. Without ever absolutely mingling, the two streams of the plot flow side by side, following the same windings, and connected by tributary currents. Was ever anything more transparently self-contradictory than the theory which removes a minute textual difficulty or two by the tremendous impossibility of a double date? No characteristic of the play is more patent and unmistakable than its perfect unity and sure swiftness of composition, the absolute rondure of the O of Giotto, done at a single sweep of the practised arm. It is such a triumph of construction that it is hard, in reading it, to get rid of the feeling that it has been written at one sitting.

The protagonist of the play, the centre of our amused interest, is certainly Malvolio, but it is on the fortunes of Viola, in her relations with the Duke and Olivia, that the action really depends. The Duke, the first speaker on the stage, is an egoist, a gentle and refined specimen of the class which has been summed up finally in the monumental character of Sir Willoughby Patterne. He is painted without satire, with the gentle forbearance of the profound and indifferent literary artist; shown,

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indeed, almost exclusively on his best side; yet, though sadly used as a lover, he awakes no pity, calls up no champion in our bosoms. There is nothing base in his nature; he is incapable of any meanness, never harsh or unjust, gracefully prone to the virtues which do not take root in self-denial—to facile kindness, generosity, sympathy; he can inspire a tender love; he can love, though but with a desire of the secondary emotions; but he is self-contemplative, in another sense from Malvolio, one of those who play delicately upon life, whose very sorrows have an elegant melancholy, the sting of a sharp sauce which refreshes the palate cloyed by an insipid dish: a sentimental egoist. See, for a revealing touch of Shakespeare's judgment on him, his shallow words on woman's incapacity for love (ii. 4), so contradictory with what he has said the moment before, an inconsistency so exquisitely characteristic; both said with the same lack of vital sincerity, the same experimental and argumentative touch upon life. See how once only, in the fifth act, he blows out a little frothy bluster, a show of manliness, harsh words but used as goblin-tales to frighten children; words whose vacillation in the very act comes out in the "What shall I do?" in the pompous declaration, "My thoughts are ripe in mischief," in the side-touches, like an admiring glance cast aside in the glass at his own most effective attitude,— "a savage jealousy that sometime savours nobly," and the like. When he coolly gives up the finally-lost Olivia, and turns to the love and sympathy he knows he shall find in Viola (as, in after days, Sir Willoughby will turn to his Lætitia), the shallowness of his nature reveals itself in broad daylight.

Olivia is the complement to Orsino, a tragic sentimentalist, with emotions which it pleases her to play on a little consciously, yet capable of feeling of a pitch beyond the duke's too loudly-speaking passion. Her cloistral mourning for her brother's death has in it something theatrical, not quite honest—a playing with the emotions. She makes a luxury of her grief, and no doubt it loses its sting. Then when a new face excites her fancy, the artificial condition into which she has brought

herself leaves her an easy prey, by the natural rebound, to a possessing imagination. She becomes violently enamoured, yet honestly enough, of the disguised Viola, and her passion survives the inevitable substitution. Shakespeare has cleansed her from the stains of the old story, as he cleansed the heroine of *Measure for Measure*: the note of wantonness is never struck. She is too like the duke ever to care for him. She has and she fills her place in the play, but the place is a secondary one, and she is without power over our hearts.

We turn to Viola with relief. She is a true woman, exquisitely beautiful in her mute service of a seeming-hopeless love; yet all the same I cannot give her a place in the incomparable company of Shakespeare's very noblest women. She has a touch of the sentimental, and will make a good wife for the duke; she is without the compelling strength of nature or dignity of intellect which would scorn a delicately sentimental egoist. She is incapable of the heroism of Helena, of Isabella; she is of softer nature, of slighter build and lowlier spirit than they, while she has none of the overbrimming life, the intense and dazzling vitality of Rosalind. Her male disguise is almost unapparent; she is covered by it as by a veil; it neither spurs her lips to sauciness, as with Rosalind, nor frightens her with a shrinking shame and dread, as with Imogen; she is here, as she would be always, quiet, secure, retiring yet scarcely timid, with a pleasant playfulness breaking out now and then—the effect, not of high spirits, but of a whimsical sense of her secret when she feels safe in it, coming among women. Without any of the more heroic lineaments of her sex, she has the delicacy and tender truth that we all find so charming—an egoist supremely, when the qualities are his for possessing. She represents the typical female heart offering itself to the man—an ingenuous spectacle, with the dew upon it of youth and early morn and May. She is permitted to speak the tenderest words in which pathos crowns and suffuses love; and once, under the spell of music, her small voice of low and tender changes rings out with immortal clearness, and for the moment, like the words she says,

TWELFTH NIGHT.

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd."

Of Malvolio it is hopeless hoping to say anything new, and but little shall be said of him here. He is a Don Quixote in the colossal enlargement of his delusions, in the cruel irony of Fate, which twists topsy-turvy, making a mere straw in the wind of him, an eminently sober and serious man of the clearest uprightness, unvisited by a stray glimpse of saving humour. He is a man of self-sufficiency, a noble quality perilously near to self-complacency, and he has passed the bounds without knowing it. His unbending solemnity is his ruin. Nothing presents so fair a butt for the attack of a guerrilla-fighting wit. It is indeed the most generally obnoxious of all tolerable qualities; for it is a living rebuke of our petty levities, and it hints to us of a conscious superior. Even a soldier is not required to be always on drill. A lofty moralist, a starched formalist, like Malvolio is salt and wormwood in the cakes and ale of gourmand humanity. It is with the nicest art that he is kept from rising sheer out of comedy into a tragic isolation of attitude. He is restrained, and we have no heart-ache in the laughter that seconds the most sprightly of clowns, the sharpest of serving-maids, and the incomparable pair of roysterers, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew.

Shakespeare, like Nature, has a tenderness for man in his cups, and will not let him come to grief. Sir Toby's wit bubbles up from no

fountain of wisdom; it is shallow, radically bibulous, a brain-fume blown from a mere ferment of wits. His effect is truly and purely comic; but it is rather from the way in which the playwright points and places him than from his own comic genius—in this how unlike Falstaff, who appears to owe nothing to circumstances, but to escape from and dominate his creator. Sir Toby is the immortal type of the average "funny fellow" and boon-companion of the clubs or the public-houses: you may meet him any day in the street, with his portly build, red plump cheeks, and merry eyes twinkling at the incessant joke of life. His mirth is facile, contagious, continual; it would become wearisome perhaps at too long a dose, but through a single comic scene it is tickling, pervasive, delightful. Sir Andrew is the grindstone on which Sir Toby sharpens his wit. He is an instance of a natural fool becoming truly comic by the subtle handling in which he is not allowed to awaken too keenly either pity or contempt. In life he would awaken both. He is a harmless simpleton, an innocent and unobtrusive bore, "a Slender grown adult in brainlessness;" and he is shown up in all his fatuity without a note or touch of really ill-natured sarcasm. Shakespeare's humour plays round him, enveloping him softly; his self-esteem has no shock; unlike Malvolio he is permitted to remain undeceived to the end. It is to his credit that he is not without glimmerings that he is a fool. The kindness is, that the conviction is not forced upon him from without.



Duke. If music be the food of love, play on.—(Act i. 1. 1.)

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ACT I.

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

*Enter DUKE, CURIO, and other Lords;
Musicians attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour! Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
[O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity ¹⁰
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity¹ and pitch so'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute! so full of shapes is fancy,²
That it alone³ is high-fantastical.]

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke.

What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:

O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart; ²¹
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;

But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element⁴ itself, till seven years' heat,⁵
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress,⁶ she will veiled walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep
fresh ³¹

And lasting in her sad remembrance.⁷

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine
frame

⁴ Element, sky.

⁵ Till seven years' heat, i.e. till seven years' heat have passed.

⁶ Cloistress, nun.

⁷ Remembrance, pronounced *rememberance*, in four syllables.

¹ Validity, i.e. value.

² Fancy, love.

³ Alone, i.e. without a parallel.

To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
 How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
 These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and
 fill'd 38
 Her sweet perfections,¹ with one self king!
 Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!
 Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with
 bowers. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, a Captain, and Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?

My brother he is in Elysium.

Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you,
 sailors?

Cap. It is "perchance" that you yourself
 were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance
 may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you
 with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
 When you, and those poor number sav'd with
 you, 10

Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
 Most provident in peril, bind himself,
 Courage and hope both teaching him the
 practice,

To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
 Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
 I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
 So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:

Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
 Whereto thy speech serves for authority, 20
 The like of him. Know'st thou this country?²

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and
 born

Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name
 him:

He was a bachelor then. 29

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
 For but a month ago I went from hence,
 And then 't was fresh in murmur,—as, you
 know,

What great ones do, the less will prattle of,—
 That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a
 count

That died some twelvemonth since; then
 leaving her

In the protection of his son, her brother,
 Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
 They say, she hath abjur'd the company 40
 And sight of men.

Vio. O that I serv'd that lady,
 And might not be deliver'd³ to the world,
 Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
 What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
 Because she will admit no kind of suit,
 No, not the duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, cap-
 tain;

And though that nature with a beauteous wall
 Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee 49

I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
 With this thy fair and outward character.

I prithee,—and I'll pay thee bounteously,—
 Conceal me what I am; and be my aid

For such disguise as haply shall become
 The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:

It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
 And speak to him in many sorts of music

That will allow me⁴ very worth his service.
 What else may hap, to time I will commit;

Only shape thou thy silence to my wit. 61
 [*Cap.* Be you his eunuch, and your mute
 I'll be:

When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes
 not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on.] [Exeunt.]

¹ *Perfections*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

² *Country*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

³ *Delivered*, i.e. discovered.

⁴ *Allow me*, approve me, make me acknowledged.

SCENE III. *A court-yard in Olivia's house.**Enter* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order. 9

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall¹ a man as any's in Illyria. 20

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys,² and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. 29

Mar. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust³ he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors⁴ that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company. 39

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece:

¹ Tall, stout, valiant.

² Viol-de-gamboys, i.e. viol da gamba, the precursor of the violoncello.

³ Gust, relish.

⁴ Substractors: he means of course to say detractors.

I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he's a coward and a coystril⁵ that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Sir And. [*Without*] Sir Toby Belch,—

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

How now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. [*To Maria*] Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir. 51

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, [board her,] woo her, assail her. 60

Sir And. [By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company.] Is that the meaning of "accost"?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand? 69

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

[*Sir And.* Marry, but you shall have: and here's my hand.

Mar. Now sir, "thought is free": I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jest? 80

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren.] [*Exit.*

⁵ Coystril, a low fellow.

Sir To. O knight, thou lack'st a cup of canary:¹ when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit. 91

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. *Pourquoi*, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is "*pourquoi*?" do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting: O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair. 101

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff; [and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.] 110

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years nor wit; I have heard her swear't. Tut, there's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. 121

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses,² knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard,³ knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper. 129

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

[*Dances fantastically.*]

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard³ and come home in a coranto?⁴ My very walk should be a jig; [I would not so much as make water but in a sink-a-pace.⁵] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? [I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the star of a galliard.]

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a dam'd-colour'd stock.⁶ Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: [*Sir Andrew dances again*] ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Orsino's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, and VIOLA (as CESARIO), in man's attire.

Val. If the duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanc'd: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE ORSINO, CURIO, and Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario, Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd

¹ *Canary*, another brisk dance.

² *Kickshawses*, a corruption of French *quelque-chose*.

³ *Galliard*, a lively dance.

⁴ *Stool*, stocking.

To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto
her;

Be not deny'd access, stand at her doors
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio.

Sure, my noble lord,

If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20
Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil
bounds,

Rather than make unprofit'd return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord,
what then?



Sir To. Let me see thee caper: [*Sir Andrew dances again* ha! higher: ha, ha!—excellent!—(Act I. 3. 149-151.)

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith!
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's¹ of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years, 30
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious;² thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,³
And all is semblative⁴ a woman's part.
I know thy constellation⁵ is right apt

For this affair.—Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company.—Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady—[*Aside*] Yet, a barful⁶
strife! 41

Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. Terrace of Olivia's house.

Enter MARIA and CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast
been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a

¹ *Nuncio's*, messenger's.

² *Rubious*, ruddy.

³ *Sound*, pure in tone.

⁴ *Semblative*, suited to.

⁵ *Constellation*, figuratively used—a number of good qualities.

⁶ *Barful*, full of impediments.

bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me: he that is well hang'd in this world needs to fear no colours.¹

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colours." 10

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away, is not that as good as a hanging to you? 19

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away let summer bear it out.

Mar. You are resolute, then?

Clo. Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins² fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 31

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Wit, an't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man. For what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." 40

Enter OLIVIA, MALVOLIO, and Ladies attending Olivia.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

{ [*Oli.* Go to, you're a dry³ fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna,⁴ that drink and good counsel will amend: for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so: if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.]

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you. 60

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*;⁵ that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof. 71

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? 80

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for twopence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down

⁴ *Madonna* = my lady.

⁵ *Cucullus non facit monachum*, the cowl does not make the monk.

¹ *Fear no colours*, i.e. fear nothing.

² *Gaskins*, breeches. ³ *Dry*, insipid.

the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools,¹ no better than the fools' zanies.² 96

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltless and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts³ that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd⁴ fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing,⁵ for thou speak'st well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man, and well attended. 111

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool,—whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here he comes, one of thy kin, has⁶ a most weak *pia mater*.⁷

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH.

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'T is a gentleman here . . . A

plague o' these pickle-herring!—How now, sot! 130

Clo. Good Sir Toby!

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will; I care not! give me faith, say I! Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*]

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner,⁸ and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says, he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind. 160

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash⁹ is before 't is a peascod, or a codling¹⁰ when 't is almost

¹ These set kind of fools, i.e. the professional jesters.

² Fools' zanies, subordinate buffoons, who mimicked the tricks of the chief clown.

³ Bird-bolts, blunt-headed arrows. ⁴ Allow'd, licensed.

⁵ Leasing, lying. ⁶ Has, i.e. who has.

⁷ Pia mater, the membrane that covers the brain.

⁸ Crowner, coroner.

⁹ Squash, unripe peascod.

¹⁰ Codling, young raw apple.

an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favour'd, and he speaks very shrewishly;¹ one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him. 171

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face.

We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will? 180

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, . . . [*To Maria*] I pray you tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loth to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. [*To Olivia and Maria*] Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,² even to the least sinister usage.]

Oli. Whence came you, sir? 189

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, [that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?]

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from³ my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in 't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping⁴ a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber;⁵ I am to hull⁶ here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger. 220

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. [I bring } no overture of war, no taxation⁷ of homage: } I hold the olive in my hands;] my words are } as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you! 229

Vio. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment.⁸ What I am, and what I would, are [as secret } as maidenhead:] to your ears, divinity; [to } any other's, profanation.]

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text? 240

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the cur-

⁴ *Skipping*, brisk, flighty.

⁵ *Swabber*, one who scrubs the deck of a ship.

⁶ *Hull*, to drive to and fro without sails or rudder.

⁷ *Taxation*, demand. ⁸ *Entertainment*, treatment.

¹ *Shrewishly*, tartly. ² *Comptible*, sensitive.

³ *From*, i.e. apart from.

tain, and show you the picture. [*Unveils.*]
Look you, sir, such a one I was this present:
is't not well done?

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'T is in grain,¹ sir; 't will endure wind
and weather.

Vio. 'T is beauty truly blent, whose red
and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning² hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

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Oli. [*Unveils.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is't not well done?—(Act i. 5. 252, 253.)

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted;
I will give out divers schedules of my beauty:
it shall be inventoried, and every particle and
utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips,
indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids
to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so
forth. Were you sent hither to praise³ me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too
proud;

But, if you were the devil, you are fair. 270
My lord and master loves you: O, such love

Could be but recompens'd, though you were
crown'd

The nonpareil⁴ of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of
fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I can-
not love him:

Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him
noble,

[Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;

¹ *In grain*, innate, natural.

² *Cunning*, i.e. skilful.

³ *Praise*, used in the double sense of "to praise," and
"to appraise."

⁴ *Nonpareil*, paragon.

{ In voices well divulg'd,¹ free, learn'd, and
valiant; 279

{ And in dimension and the shape of nature]
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons² of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate³ hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is
well:
I am a gentleman.

Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again, 300
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your
purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall
love,

And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[Exit.

Oli. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and
spirit, 311
Do give thee fivefold blazon: not too fast:
soft, soft! . . .

Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections⁴
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.

Oli. Run after that same peevish⁵ messenger,
The county's⁶ man: he left this ring behind
him, 320

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [Exit.

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not
owe;⁷

What is decreed must be: and be this so!
[Exit.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you
not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine
darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate
might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I

shall crave of you your leave that I may bear
my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for
your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you
are bound. 10

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate⁸ voyage
is mere extravagancy.⁹ But I perceive in you
so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will
not extort from me what I am willing to keep
in; therefore it charges me in manners the

¹ In voices well divulg'd, i.e. well spoken of.

² Cantons, songs or verses. ³ Reverberate, echoing.

⁴ Perfections, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁵ Peevish, testy. ⁶ County's, counts. ⁷ Owe, own.

⁸ Determinate, fixed.

⁹ Extravagancy, vagrancy.

rather to express myself.¹ You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo; my father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleas'd, would we had so ended! but you, sir, alter'd that; for some hour before you took me from the breach² of the sea was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful; but, though I could not, with such estimable wonder, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drown'd already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble!

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*]

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I have many enemies in Orsino's court,

Else would I very shortly see thee there.

But, come what may, I do adore thee so, 43
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*]

¹ Express myself, make myself known.

² Breach, surf, breaking of the waves.

SCENE II. Near Olivia's house.

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO following.

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?



Seb. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me.—(Act ii. I. 40-43.)

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have sav'd me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate

assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so return'd: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*]

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?

Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her! 19

She made good view of me; indeed, so much, That methought her eyes had lost her tongue, For she did speak in starts distractedly.

She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion Invites me in this churlish messenger.

None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,

Poor lady, she were better love a dream.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness

Wherein the pregnant¹ enemy does much.

How easy is it for the proper-false² 30

In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!

Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

For such as we are made of, such we be.

How will this fadge?³ my master loves her dearly;

And I, poor monster, fond⁴ as much on him;

And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love;

As I am woman,—now alas the day!—

What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe! 40

O Time, thou must untangle this, not I; ~

It is too hard a knot for me to untie! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Olivia's house. The Servants' hall.*

SIR TOBY and SIR ANDREW discovered.

Sir To. [Approach, Sir Andrew:] not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and "*diluculo surgere*,"⁵ thou knowst,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfill'd can. To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. 12

Sir To. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup⁶ of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "We three"?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.⁷

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.⁸ I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. [I sent thee sixpence for thy leman:⁹ hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticoes thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock, my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song. 31

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril¹⁰ of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming? 40

O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low:

¹ *Pregnant*, dexterous, expert.

² *The proper-false*, i.e. the good-looking but false [men].

³ *Fadge*, prosper. ⁴ *Fond*, dote.

⁵ *Diluculo surgere* [*saluberrimum*], to rise early is most healthful (Lilly's Grammar).

⁶ *Stoup*, a drinking-vessel.

⁷ *Catch*, a song in which the parts follow one another.

⁸ *Breast*, voice.

⁹ *Leman*, sweetheart.

¹⁰ *Testril*, tester or sixpence.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;¹
 Journeys end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:

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In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.] But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, *Thou knave*.

Clo. *Hold thy peace, thou knave, knight?* I shall be constrain'd in't to call thee knave, knight. 70

Sir And. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin.

[*They sing the catch, "Hold thy peace."*]

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not call'd up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me. 79

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian,² we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and [*Sings*] Three merry men be we. Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally,³ lady! [*Sings*] There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

¹ *Sweeting*, a term of endearment.

² *Cataian*, term of reproach.

³ *Tillyvally*, an expression of contempt and impatience.

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be dispos'd, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Singing uproariously*] O, the twelfth day of December,— 91

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners nor honesty,⁴ but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'⁵ catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneek up!⁶ 101

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round⁷ with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. [*Sings*] Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone. 110

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. [*Sings*] His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go?

Clo. What an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo. O, no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. [*To Malvolio*] Out o' tune, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub

⁴ *Honesty*, propriety.

⁶ *Sneek up!* go hang!

⁵ *Coziers'*, cobblers'.

⁷ *Round*, plain.

your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you priz'd my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule:¹ she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*]

Mar. Go shake your ears.²

Sir And. 'T were as good a deed as to drink

when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do 't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth. 141

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-



Mar. If I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed!—(Act ii. 3. 145-148.)

day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,³ and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed! I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess⁴ us, possess us; tell us something of him. 150

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affection'd⁵ ass, that cons state without book, and utters it by great swarths:⁶ the best persuaded of himself, so cramm'd, as he thinks with excellencies, that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

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¹ Rule, behaviour.

² Go shake your ears, a common expression of contempt.

³ Nayword, byword.

⁴ Possess, inform.

⁵ Affection'd, affected.

⁶ Swarths, swaths.

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure¹ of his eye, forehead and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly² personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she's in love with him. 180

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 't will be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.³

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover⁴ your niece, I am a foul way out. 201

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.⁵

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and others,
with music.

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.

Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song, That old and antique⁶ song we heard last night:

Methought it did relieve my passion much, More than light airs and recollected terms Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times. Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it. 10

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feste the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out: and play the tune the while. [*Exit Curio. Music plays.*]

[*To Viola*] Come hither, boy. If ever thou shalt love,

In the sweet pangs of it remember me; For such as I am all true lovers are, Unstaid and skittish in all motions else, Save in the constant image of the creature That is below'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat 21
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly: My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye

Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves! Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.⁷

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven! Let still the woman take 30

An elder than herself; so wears she to him, So sways she level in her husband's heart: For, boy, however we do praise ourselves, Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm, More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,⁸

Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,

¹ *Expressure*, expression.

² *Feelingly*, exactly.

³ *Penthesilea*, the queen of the Amazons. ⁴ *Recover*, win.

⁵ *Call me cut*, a term of abuse; a *cut* was a docked horse.

⁶ *Antique*, i.e. old-fashioned and quaint.

⁷ *Complexion*, personal appearance.

⁸ *Worn*, i.e. worn out.

Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;¹ 35
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

[*Re-enter CURIO and CLOWN.*]

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night!

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters² and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread
with bones,³

Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,⁴
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.⁵

Clo. Are you ready, sir? 50

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [Music.]

Song.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet, 60
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir. 70

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure, then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid,
one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee;
and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable
taffeta,⁶ for thy mind is a very opal! I would

have men of such constancy put to sea, that
their business might be every thing, and their
intent every where; for that's it that always
makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

[*Exit.*]

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Exeunt all but Duke and Viola.*]

Once more, Cesario,

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily⁷ as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks⁸ her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir? 90

Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.

Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be an-
swer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,— 100
No motion of the liver,⁹ but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know . . .

Duke. What dost thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may
owe:

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man, 110
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told
her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,

¹ Bent, tension. ² Spinsters, i.e. female spinners.

³ Bones, i.e. bobbins of bone or ivory.

⁴ Silly sooth, simple truth.

⁵ The old age, i.e. the primitive age.

⁶ Taffeta, a silken fabric.

⁷ Giddily, negligently.

⁸ Pranks, decks.

⁹ Liver, formerly held to be the seat of love.

And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
 [Women may say more, swear more, but indeed
 Our shows are more than will; for still we
 prove

Much in our vows, but little in our love.]

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
 And all the brothers too: [*aside*] and yet I know not.

Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
 To her in haste; give her this jewel; say,
 My love can give no place, bide no deny.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, and FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fab. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here. 10

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!²

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close,

in the name of jesting! [*The others hide themselves.*] Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling.

[*Exit.*]

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have



Duke. Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty: Tell her, my love, more noble than the world, Prizes not quantity of dirty lands.—(Act ii. 4. 83-85.)

heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets³ under his advanced plumes!

37

¹ Denay, denial.

² Metal of India, i.e. girl of gold.

³ Jets, struts.

Sir And. 'Slight,¹ I could so beat the rogue!

Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio! 40

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows² him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,³— 50

Sir To. O for a stone-bow,⁴ to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd⁵ velvet gown; having come from a day-bed,⁶ where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,— 61

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now!

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace. 71

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips, then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech;"—

Sir To. What, what? 80

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir To. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. "One Sir Andrew,"—

Sir And. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool. 90

Mal. What employment have we here?⁷

[*Taking up the letter.*]

Fab. Now is the woodcock⁸ near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question,⁹ her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that? 100

Mal. [*Reads*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:" her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure¹⁰ her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads*]

"Jove knows I love"

But who?

Lips, do not move;

No man must know." 110

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers alter'd! "No man must know;" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!¹¹

Mal. [*Reads*]

"I may command where I adore;

But silence, like a Lucrece' knife,

With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:

M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I. 120

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

⁷ i.e. What's to do here?

⁸ Woodcock, a common metaphor for fool, the bird being supposed to have no brains.

⁹ In contempt of question, past question.

¹⁰ Impressure, impression.

¹¹ Brock, badger, a term of contempt.

¹ Slight, a corruption of God's light. ² Blows, puffs up.

³ My state, i.e. my chair of state.

⁴ Stone-bow, a cross-bow for throwing stones (Lat. *ballista*).

⁵ Branch'd, ornamented with leafy patterns.

⁶ Day-bed, couch or sofa.



TWELFTH-NIGHT.
Act II. Scene V, lines 107-108.

Mal. (reads) Jove knows I love,
But who?



Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel¹ checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend? If I could make that resemble something in me, . . . Softly! *M, O, A, I.*

Sir To. O, ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter² will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; *M,*—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.³ 140

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry O!

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you. 150

Mal. M, O, A, I: this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them: and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite⁴ with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang⁵ arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-garter'd: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see

thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champaign discover not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise⁶ the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade⁷ me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-garter'd; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange, stout,⁸ in yellow stockings, and cross-garter'd, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertain'st my love, let it appear in thy smiling: thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee." Jove, I thank thee! I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Erit.*]

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.⁹

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device. 200

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip,¹⁰ and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either? 210

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

¹ Staniel, kestrel.

² Sowter, term contemptuously applied to a hound; a sowter was a cobbler or lotcher.

³ At faults, where the scent is lost.

⁴ Opposite, contrary.

⁵ Tang, ring with.

⁶ Point-devise, precisely.

⁷ Jade, i.e. make me appear like a jade, ridiculous.

⁸ Strange, stout, distant and proud.

⁹ Sophy, i.e. Sufi, Shah of Persia.

¹⁰ Tray-trip, a game at dice.

Mar. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him. 215

Sir To. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady. He will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a colour she abhors, and cross-garter'd, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon

her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar,¹ thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter VIOLA, and CLOWN with a tabor.

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music! Dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

[*Vio.* So thou mayst say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church. 11

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril² glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir. 20

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and car'st for nothing. 31

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for

you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.]

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings,—the husband's the bigger: I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words. 41

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon³ me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expenses for thee. [*Gives him a piece of money.*]

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! 51

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. [Would not a pair of these have bred, sir? [*Showing the piece of money.*]

Vio. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, sir; 't is well begg'd. 60

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar.] My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and

¹ *Tartar, i.e. Tartarus.*

² *Cheveril, kid.*

³ *Pass upon, i.e. make a thrust at.*

what you would are out of my welkin; I might say element, but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*]

Vio. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,

And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time, 70
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly, that he wisely shows, is fit,
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*¹

Vio. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.*²

Sir And. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours. 80

Sir To. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade³ be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean, she is the list⁴ of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better under-stand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs. 90

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance:—but we are prevented.⁵

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you!

Sir And. [*Aside*] That youth's a rare courtier: "Rain odours;" well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant⁶ and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. [*Aside*] "Odours," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed:" I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave

me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world 109

Since lowly feigning⁷ was call'd compliment: You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:

Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts

On his behalf:—

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you, I bade you never speak again of him:

But, would you undertake another suit, I had rather hear you to solicit that 120
Than music from the spheres.

Vio. Dear lady,—

Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send, After the last enchantment you did here,

A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse⁸ Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you: Under your hard construction must I sit, To force that on you, in a shameful cunning, Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?

Have you not set mine honour at the stake And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving⁹ 131

Enough is shown: a cyprus,¹⁰ not a bosom, Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grise;¹¹ for 't is a vulgar proof That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again.

¹ "God keep you, sir."

² "And you too; your servant."

³ Trade, business.

⁴ List, limit.

⁵ Prevented, anticipated.

⁶ Pregnant, ready.

⁷ Lowly feigning, affected humility.

⁸ Abuse, deceive.

⁹ Receiving, i.e. ready apprehension.

¹⁰ Cyprus, transparent stuff.

¹¹ Grise, step.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! 140

[*Clock strikes.*

The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to har-
vest,

Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.

Vio. Then westward-ho!

Grace and good disposition attend your lady-
ship!

You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?

Oli. Stay!

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.



Oli. Stay!

I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.—(Act iii. 1. 149, 150.)

Vio. That you do think you are not what
you are. 151

Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.

Vio. Then think you right: I am not what
I am.

Oli. I would you were as I would have you
be!

Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.

Oli. O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!

A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night
is noon. 160

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,

216

By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre¹ all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter:
Love sought is good, but given unsought is
better.

Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my
youth, 169

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.

¹ *Maugre*, in spite of.

And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps
mayst move

That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The court-yard of Olivia's house.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, and FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason,
Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more
favours to the count's serving-man than ever
she bestow'd upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy?
tell me that. 10

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in
her toward you.

Sir And. 'S light, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon
the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jury-
men since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in
your sight only to exasperate you, to awake
your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart
and brimstone in your liver. You should
then have accosted her; and with some excel-
lent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should
have bang'd the youth into dumbness. This
was look'd for at your hand, and this was
balk'd: the double gilt of this opportunity you
let time wash off, and you are now sail'd into
the north of my lady's opinion; where you will
hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard,
unless you do redeem it by some laudable
attempt either of valour or policy. 31

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with
valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a
Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes
upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the
count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in
eleven places: my niece shall take note of it;
and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in

the world can more prevail in man's commen-
dation with woman than report of valour. 41

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a chal-
lenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be
curst¹ and brief; it is no matter how witty, so
it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt
him with the license of ink: if thou "thou'st"
him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as
many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper,
although the sheet were big enough for the
bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go,
about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink;
though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter:
about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo*:² go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*]

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir
Toby.

Sir Toby. I have been dear to him, lad,
some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him:
but you'll not deliver 't? 61

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all
means stir on the youth to an answer. I think
oxen and wainropes³ cannot hale⁴ them toge-
ther. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and
you find so much blood in his liver as will clog
the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the ana-
tomy.

Fab. And his opposite,⁵ the youth, bears in
his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of
nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will
laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me.
Yond gull Malvolio is turn'd heathen, a very
renegade; for there is no Christian, that means
to be sav'd by believing rightly, can ever be-
lieve such impossible passages⁶ of grossness.
He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-garter'd?

79

¹ *Curst*, sharp, petulant.

² *Cubiculo* (i.e. *cubiculum*), chamber.

³ *Wainropes*, cart-ropes.

⁴ *Hale*, draw.

⁵ *Opposite*, opponent.

⁶ *Passages*, acts.

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant¹ that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogg'd him, like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropp'd to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 't is; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile, and take 't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Market Place.*

Enter SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you,

But, since you make your pleasure of your pains, I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire, More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth; And not all love to see you, though so much As might have drawn one to a longer voyage, But jealousy² what might befall your travel, Beingskillless in these parts, which, to a stranger, Unguided and unfriended, often prove 10 Rough and unhospitable. My willing love, The rather by these arguments of fear, Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make, but thanks, And thanks: and, ever oft,³ good turns Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay: But, were my worth⁴ as is my conscience firm, You should find better dealing. What's to do? Shall we go see the reliques⁵ of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir; best first go see your lodging. 20

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night: I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes With the memorials and the things of fame That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me!
I do not without danger walk these streets: Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys

I did some service; of such note, indeed, That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

[*Seb.* Belike you slew great number of his people?

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature, 30

Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel Might well have given us bloody argument. It might have since been answer'd in repaying What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,

Most of our city did: only myself stood out; For which, if I be lapsed⁶ in this place, I shall pay dear.]

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here's my purse.

In the south suburbs, at the Elephant, Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet, 40 Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge

With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy

You have desire to purchase; and your store, I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for

An hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter OLIVIA and Ladies.

Oliv. [*Aside*] I have sent after him: he says he'll come;

How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?

For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.

I speak too loud.

Where is Malvolio? he is sad⁸ and civil,⁹ And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:

¹ *Pedant*, i.e. pedagogue.

² *Jealousy*, apprehension.

³ *Ever oft*, i.e. with perpetual frequency.

⁴ *Worth*, wealth.

⁵ *Reliques* = monuments.

⁶ *Lapsed*, perhaps = "caught" "taken by surprise" (see note 198).

⁷ *Of*, on.

⁸ *Sad*, grave.

⁹ *Civil*, well-mannered.

Enter MARIA.

Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possess'd, madam. [*Exeunt Ladies.* 9

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.



Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.—(Act iii. 4. 28-31.)

Re-enter MARIA, with MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho!

Oli. Smil'st thou?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 20

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and

commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand. 31

[*Oli.* Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweet-heart; and I'll come to thee.]

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady? 41

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

Oli. What mean'st thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. "Some achieve greatness,"—

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. "And some have greatness thrust upon them." 50

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. "And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd."

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;"—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. "If not, let me see thee a servant still." 60

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry. 70

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*]

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; [for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth.] I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! [And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be look'd to:" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow.¹ Why, every thing adheres

together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous² or unsafe circumstance . . . What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.]

Sir To. [*Without*] Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possess'd him, yet I'll speak to him.

Re-enter MARIA with SIR TOBY BELCH and FABIAN.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private:³ go off. 100

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say? 110

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitch'd!

[*Fab.* Carry his water to the wise woman.]

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.]

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him. 122

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock!⁴ how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

[*Sir To.* Ay, Biddy, come with me. What,

² *Incredulous*, incredible.

³ *Private*, privacy.

⁴ *My bawcock*, my fine fellow

¹ *Fellow*, i.e. companion.

{man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit
with Satan: hang him, foul collier!] 130

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir
Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear
of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle
shallow things. I am not of your element:
you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a stage
now, I could condemn it as an improbable
fiction. 141



Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord!—(Act iii. 4. 118, 119.)

Sir To. His very genius hath taken the in-
fection of the device, man.

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device
take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room
and bound. My niece is already in the belief
that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our
pleasure and his penance, till our very pas-
time, tired out of breath, prompt us to have
mercy on him: at which time we will bring the
device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder
of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here's the challenge, read it: I
warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatso-
ever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy
mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no
reason for't."

Fab. A good note, that; keeps you from the
blow of the law. 169

Sir To. "Thou com'st to the Lady Olivia, and
in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in
thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good
sense—less.

Sir To. "I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,"—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. "Thou kill'st me like a rogue and a villain." 180

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK."

If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, scout me for him at the corner of the orchard, like a bum-bailly: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou draw'st, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earn'd him. Away! 200

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*]

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. 220

[*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*]

Re-enter OLIVIA, with VIOLA.

{ [*Ol.* I have said too much unto a heart of stone,

And laid mine honour too unchary¹ on 't: There's something in me that reproves my fault; But such a headstrong potent fault it is, That it but mocks reproof.

Vi. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears

Goes on my master's grief.]

Ol. Here, wear this jewel² for me, 't is my picture:

Refuse it not, it hath no tongue to vex you! And, I beseech you, come again to-morrow.

What shall you ask of me that I'll deny, 230 That honour sav'd may upon asking give?

Vi. Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

Ol. How with mine honour may I give him that

Which I have given to you?

Vi. I will acquit you.

Ol. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:

A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter SIR TOBY and FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee!

Vi. And you, sir. 230

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy interceptor, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck,³ be yare⁴ in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vi. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man. 250

Sir To. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vi. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubb'd with unhatch'd⁵ rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and

¹ Unchary, recklessly.

² Jewel, any trinket.

³ Dismount thy tuck, draw thy sword. ⁴ Yare, nimble.

⁵ Unhatch'd, unhacked.

bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob nob is his word; give't or take't. 263

Vio. I will return again into the house, and desire some conduct¹ of the lady. I am

no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.² 268

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on, and give him his desire.



Fab. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria.—(Act iii. 4. 292-295.)

Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. 280

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incens'd against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? 289

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find

¹ Conduct, escort.

² Quirk, whim.
223

him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. *[Exeunt. 300]*

Re-enter SIR TOBY with SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a frago.¹ I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck² in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified. Fabian can scarce hold him yonder. *310*

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damn'd ere I'd have challeng'd him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. *[Aside]* Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you. *319*

Enter FABIAN and VIOLA.

[Aside to Fabian] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. [Aside to Sir Toby] He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [Aside to Viola] There's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the sup-portance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you. *330*

Vio. [Aside] Pray God defend me! A little

thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man. *333*

Fab. [Aside to Viola] Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. [Aside to Sir Andrew] Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello³ avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. [Aside to Sir Toby] Pray God he keep his oath! *[Draws.]*

Vio. [To Fabian] I do assure you, 't is against my will. *[Draws.]*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. [To Sir Andrew] Put up your sword. If this young gentleman

Have done offence, I take the fault on me:

If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more

Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,⁴ I am for you. *[They draw. 350]*

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. [To Antonio] I'll be with you anon.

Vio. [To Sir Andrew] Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promis'd you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily, and reins well.

Enter Officers.

First Off. [Points to Antonio] This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino. *361*

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour⁵ well,

Though now you have no sea-cap on your head. Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey.—*[To Viola]* This comes with seeking you:

¹ *Frigo*, corruption of *virago*.

² *Stuck*, corruption of *stoccado*, a thrust in fencing.

³ *Duello*, the laws of the duel.

⁴ *Undertaker*, intermeddler.

⁵ *Favour*, face.

But there's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort. 372

Sec Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Vio. What money, sir?

For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present
trouble,

Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having¹ is not much;
I'll make division of my present² with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it makes me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man 338
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that
you see here

I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What's that to us? The time goes
by: away! 398

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!

Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil³
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him!—Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,

That he believes himself: so do not I.
 Prove true, imagination, O prove true, 409
 That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither,
Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet⁴ or two
of most sage saws. [*They go apart.*]

Vio. Henam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate. O, if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!

[*Exit. Sir Toby, Fabian, and Sir Andrew come forward.*]

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Flab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'S lid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [Exit.

Fab. Come, let's see the event. 481

Sir To. I dare lay any money 't will be
nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Cl^o. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clot. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor

¹ *Having*, property. ² *Present*, i.e. my *present* having.

³ *Evil*, i.e. persons of evil nature. ⁴ *Couplet*, couple.

your name is not Master Cesario; nor is this not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me. 11

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great

lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee, now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me: There's money for thee: if you tarry longer, I shall give worse payment. 21



Seb. [*Beating Sir Andrew*] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there!—(Act iv. 1. 28.)

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, and FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking Sebastian.*]

Seb. [*Beating Sir Andrew*] Why, there's for thee, and there, and there! Are all the people mad? [*Draws his dagger.*]

Sir To. [*Holding Sebastian*] Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house. 31

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I

would not be in some of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit.*]

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I'll go another way to work with him; I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand. 40

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well flesh'd; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. [*Frees himself.*] What wouldst thou now?

If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam! 50

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch, Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves, Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!

Be not offended, dear Cesario.

Rudesby,¹ be gone! [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.*]

I prithee, gentle friend,

Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway In this uncivil and unjust extent²

Against thy peace. Go with me to my house, And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go: 61

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me, He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. [*Aside*] What relish is in this? how runs the stream?

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:

Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;

If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou'dst be rul'd by me!

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Olivia's house. On one side the dark room, in which MALVOLIO is seen, bound: on the other side another room, into which enter MARIA and CLOWN.*

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*]

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in't; and I would I were the first that

ever dissembled in such a gown. [*Putting on gown and beard*] I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student: [but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors³ enter.]

Re-enter MARIA with SIR TOBY.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. *Bonos dies*,⁴ Sir Toby: [for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is is," so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?]

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas. 20

Clo. [*In a feigned voice to Malvolio*] What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

[*Opening door between rooms.*]

Sir To. [*Aside to Maria*] The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within the dark room*] Who calls there?⁵

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies? 30

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: say'st thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas. 39

Clo. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

¹ *Rudesby*, blusterer.

² *Extent*, legal seizure; hence, attack.

³ *Competitors*, confederates. ⁴ *Bonos dies*, good day.

⁵ *Malvolio* speaks from the inner or dark room all through this scene.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abus'd. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant¹ question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'st thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. 60

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou might'st have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not. 70

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber. [*Exit with Maria.*]

Clo. [*Advances and sings*]

"Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

Mal. Fool! 80

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy."²

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

90

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abus'd: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertyed³ me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. [*As Sir Topas*] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [*As Clown*] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas! [*As Sir Topas*] Marry, amen. [*As Clown*] I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say! 110

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent⁴ for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Sings*]

I am gone, sir,

130

And anon, sir,

I'll be with you again,

¹ Constant, consistent, logical.

² Perdy, a corruption of *pardieu*, a common French oath.

³ Propertyed, made a property of, as a thing having no will of its own.

⁴ Shent, reproved.

In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

133

[Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha? to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.]

[Exit.

SCENE III. *Olivia's garden.**Enter SEBASTIAN.*

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't:
And though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?



Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.—(Act iv. 3. 33, 33.)

I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this
credit,¹

That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service,
For though my soul disputes well with my
sense 9

That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance,² all discourse,³

That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades
me

To any other trust but that I am mad,—
Or else the lady's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her
followers,

Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing,
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable.⁴ But here the lady comes.

¹ Credit, intelligence.² Instance, precedent.³ Discourse, reason.⁴ Deceivable, deceptive.

Enter Olivia and Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith:
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it

Whiles¹ you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep 30
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;

And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father: and heavens so shine,

That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE 1. *Before Olivia's house.*

Enter CLOWN and FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir, we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how doest thou, my good fellow? 12

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes, and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me, and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: [so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.]

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. 31

[*Clo.* But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace,² in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. *Primo, secundo, tertio*, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind: one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw:] if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. [I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but,] as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*]

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO and Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;

Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.

¹ Whiles, until.

² Grace, virtue.

[A bawbling¹ vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;²
With which such scathful³ grapple did he
make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet, 60
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What's the
matter?]

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phoenix and her freight from
Candy;

And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.

[Here in the streets, desperate of shame and
state,

In private brabble⁴ did we apprehend him.]

Vio. He did me kindness, sir; drew on my
side;

But in conclusion put strange speech upon
me,— 70

I know not what 't was but distraction.⁵

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their
mercies,

Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,⁶
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you
give me:

Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:

That most ingratul boy there by your side
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:

His life I gave him, and [did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint,

All his in dedication;] for his sake

Did I expose myself, pure⁷ for his love,

Into the danger of this adverse town;

Drew to defend him when he was beset:

Where being apprehended, his false cunning,

Not meaning to partake with me in danger,

Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

And grew a twenty-years-removed thing 92

While one would wink; denied me mine own
purse,

Which I had recommended to his use

Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months
before,

No interim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and night did we keep company.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven
walks on earth. 100

But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are
madness:

[Three months this youth hath tended upon
me;

But more of that anon. Take him aside.]

Enter OLIVIA and Attendants.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may
not have,

Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?

Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my
lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes
me. 110

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat⁸ and fulsome to mine ear

As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil
lady,

To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars

My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd
out

That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall
become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to
do it, 120

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy

That sometime savours nobly. But hear me
this:

¹ *Bawbling*, like a bauble, insignificant.

² *Unprizable*, invaluable.

³ *Scathful*, harmful.

⁴ *Brabble*, brawl.

⁵ *Distraction*, madness; pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

⁶ *Dear*, heart-felt.

⁷ *Pure* = purely.

⁸ *Fat*, dull, cloying.

Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your
favour,

Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant, still;
But this your minion,¹ whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender² dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye, 130
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in
mischief:

I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

[*Going.*]

Vio. And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

[*Following.*]

Oli. [*Staying Viola*] Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love

More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above 140
Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do
you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Duke. [*To Viola*] Come away!

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband,
stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. [*Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear*
{ That makes thee strangle thy propriety:³ } 150
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou
art

As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!

Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended

To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips, 161
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings,
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony;
[Since when, my watch hath told me, toward
my grave

I have travell'd but two hours.]

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt
thou be

When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?⁴

[Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?]

Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little⁵ faith, though thou hast too much
fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW with his head broken.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon!
Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across, and
has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for
the love of God, your help! I had rather than
forty pound I were at home. 181

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario:
we took him for a coward, but he's the very
devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings,⁶ here he is! [*To*
Viola] You broke my head for nothing; and
that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt
you: 190

You drew your sword upon me without cause,
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt,
you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by
a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby

¹ *Minion* (Fr. *mignon*), darling, favourite.

² *Tender*, cherish.

³ *Strangle thy propriety*. i.e. disown what thou really
art.

⁴ *Case*, skin.

⁵ *Little*, i.e. a little.

⁶ *'Od's lifelings*, corruption and diminutive of *God's life*.

halting; you shall hear more: but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates¹ than he did.

Enter SIR TOBY with his head broke, and CLOWN.

Duke. How now gentleman! how is't with you? 200

Sir To. That's all one: 'has hurt me, and there's the end on't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour ago: his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dress'd together. 211

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave! a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[Exeunt Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.]

Enter SEBASTIAN.

[All start at sight of Sebastian.]

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;

But, had it been the brother of my blood, I must have done no less with wit and safety.

[You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that

I do perceive it hath offended you: 220

Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows

We made each other but so late ago.]

Duke. *[Points to Sebastian and Viola]* One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons! A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio! How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me, Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?

Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?

Ant. How have you made division of yourself? *[Points to Viola.]*

An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin 230
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?

Oli. Most wonderful!

Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother; Nor can there be that deity in my nature,



Enter Sir Toby with his head broke, and Clown.—(Act v. 1. 199.)

Of here and every where. I had a sister, Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.

[To Viola] Of charity, what kin are you to me? What countryman? what name? what parentage?

Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father; Such a Sebastian was my brother too; 240

¹ Othergates, otherwise.

So went he suited¹ to his watery tomb:
[If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.]

Seb. [A spirit I am indeed,
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.]
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!"

[*Vio.* My father had a mole upon his brow.

Seb. And so had mine. 250

Vio. And died that day when Viola from
her birth

Had number'd thirteen years.

Seb. O, that record² is lively in my soul!
He finished, indeed, his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.]

Vio. If nothing lets³ to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump⁴
That I am Viola: [which to confirm, 260
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds;⁵ by whose gentle
help

I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it, lady, you have
been mistook:

But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Now are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.]

Duke. [Be not amaz'd; right noble is his
blood.] 271

If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thou-
sand times

Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orb'd continent⁶ the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on
shore 281

Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio
hither:

And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
[A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.]

Re-enter CLOWN with a letter, and FABIAN.

[*To Clown*] How does he, sirrah? 290

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Beelzebub at
the stave's end as well as a man in his case
may do: 'has here writ a letter to you; [I should
have given't you to-day morning, but as a
madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills⁷
not much when they are deliver'd.]

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look, then, to be well edified when the
fool delivers the madman. [*Shouting*] "By the
Lord, madam!"... 300

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness: [an
your ladyship will have it as it ought to be,
you must allow *Vox*.⁸

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his
right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend,⁹
my princess, and give ear.]

Oli. [*To Fabian*] Read it you, sirrah.

Fab. [*Reads*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong
me, and the world shall know it. Though you have
put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin
rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as
well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that
induced me to the semblance I put on; with the
which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or
you much shame. Think of me as you please. I
leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out
of my injury. THE MADLY-US'D MALVOLIO."

Oli. Did he write this? 320

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him
hither. [*Exit Fabian.*

¹ *Suited*, dressed.

² *Record*, remembrance.

³ *Lets*, hinders.

⁴ *Jump*, agree.

⁵ *Weeds*, garments. ⁶ *That orb'd continent*, i.e. the sun.

⁷ *Skills*, matters.

⁸ *Vox*, i.e. a voice in keeping; a loud and frantic tone.

⁹ *Perpend*, consider.

My lord, so please you, these things further
thought on, 324

To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on't, so
please you,

Here at my house, and at my proper cost.¹

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace
your offer.

[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and, for
your service done him,

[So much against the mettle of your sex, 330
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,]
Here is my hand; you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli.

A sister! you are she.



Cl. [Sings] When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.—(Act v. 1. 398, 399.)

Re-enter FABIAN, with MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse
that letter: 338

* You must not now deny it is your hand:

Write from it if you can, in hand or phrase;

Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:

You can say none of this. Well, grant it then,

And tell me, in the modesty of honour,

Why you have given me such clear lights of
favour,

Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown

Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;

And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck² and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? Tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.

And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad: then cam'st³
in smiling,

And in such forms which here were presup-
pos'd

Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice⁴ hath most shrewdly pass'd upon
thee; 340

But, when we know the grounds and authors
of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

¹ My proper cost, my own expense.

² Geck, dupe. ³ Cam'st=thou cam'st. ⁴ Practice, trick.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak;
 And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
 Taint the condition of this present hour, 365
 Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
 Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
 Set this device against Malvolio here,
 Upon¹ some stubborn and uncourteous parts
 We had conceiv'd against him: Maria writ
 The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;²
 In recompense whereof he hath married her.
 How with a sportful malice it was follow'd,
 May rather pluck on³ laughter than revenge,
 If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
 That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled⁴
 thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, some
 achieve greatness, and some have greatness
 thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this
 interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all
 one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad!"
 But do you remember? "Madam, why laugh
 you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not,
 he's gagg'd." And thus the whirligig of time
 brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of
 you. *[Exit.]*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

¹ Upon, in consequence of.

² Importance, importunity.

³ Pluck on, excite.

⁴ Baffled, treated contemptuously

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.
 He hath not told us of the captain yet: 390
 When that is known, and golden time con-
 vents,⁵

A solemn combination shall be made
 Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
 We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
 For so you shall be, while you are a man;
 But when in other habits you are seen,
 Orsino's mistress and his fancy's⁶ queen.

[Exeunt all, except Clown.]

Cl. *[Sings]*

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 A foolish thing was but a toy, 400
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas, to wive,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 By swaggering could I never thrive,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

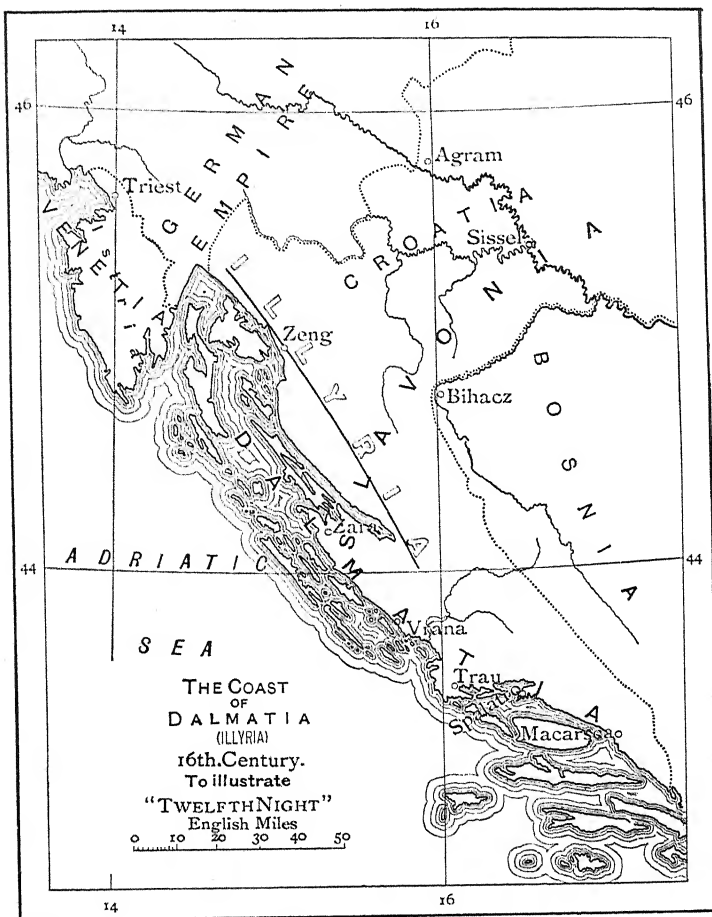
But when I came unto my beds, 410
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
 For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
 With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
 But that's all one, our play is done,
 And we'll strive to please you every day.

[Exit.]

⁵ Convents, suits (or invites).

⁶ Fancy's, love's.



NOTES TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 5: *O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound.*—So in Ff. Pope substituted *south*, and has been followed by Dyce, Cowden Clarke, Singer, and many editors. Surely this is a very unnecessary emendation. "*Sound*," as Grant White remarks, "appears in the authentic text, and, to say the least, is comprehensible and appropriate, and is therefore not to be disturbed, except by those who think that Shakespeare must have written that which they think best." But we may go further than this, and contend that *sound* is decidedly superior to *south*. The allusion to the *sound* or murmur of the breeze as it passes over the flowers is dexterously combined with a reference to the odours caught and carried from the flowers by the

breeze: the metonymy by which it is apparently the *sound* that "steals and gives" the "odours" is thoroughly Shakespearean.

2. Line 21: *That instant was I turn'd into a hart.*—The play on sound is sufficiently obvious; it may be compared with the melancholy punning of the dying Gaunt on his own name (Rich. II. ii. 1. 73-87)—both little flights of fancy by which a sad man strives to blunt the edge of his sorrow. The allusion in the next two lines is of course to the story of Diana and Actaeon; suggested, possibly, as Malone thinks, by a sonnet of Daniel's (Sonnets to Delia, 1594, No. v.: "My thoughts, like hounds, pursue me to my death"), who in turn may have derived his comparison from Whitney's Emblems, 1586, and Whitney his from

the dedication of Adlington's Translation of the Golden Ass of Apuleius, 1566.

3. Line 26: *The element itself, till seven years' heat*.—Rowe altered *heat* into *hence*, and his reading is adopted and defended by Dyce. Schmidt explains the word as a substantive meaning a course at a race; i.e. "till seven years have run their course." Johnson would understand *heat* as a participle, signifying "heated" (compare King John, iv. 1. 61: "though *heat* red-hot"), which gives but indifferent sense. It is best to take it in its simplest sense—"till seven years' heat have passed."

4. Line 27: *Shall not behold her face at ample view*.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 89, where "at ample point" is used for "in full measure."

5. Lines 35, 36:

*How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else.*

Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 160, 170:

I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,

See note 30 on that play. The allusion to the gold and leaden tipped arrows of Cupid is a common one, particularly in Massinger.

6. Line 36: *the flock of all affections*.—Cf. Sidney's Arcadia, book first: "*the flocks of unspeakable virtues laid up delightfully in that best builded folde*" (ed. 1590, leaf 2, verso).

7. Lines 37-39:

*when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections, with one self king!*

F. reads:

When Liver, Braine, and Heart,
These souveraigne thrones, are all supply'd and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one selfe king.

The words, *her sweet perfections*, are usually taken as an exclamatory parenthesis, referring to *thrones*. Capell substituted *perfection*, taking the word to mean her husband (compare King John, ii. 1. 440, and the passages quoted from Froissart, Overbury, and Donne in Rolfe). The Cambridge edd. insert a comma after *supplied*, which is a step in the right direction. Furnivall and Stone, in their Old-Spelling Shakespeare, add another comma after *perfections*, which may be accepted as the simplest, clearest, and most probable conjecture yet made. Pointed in this way, the sense of the passage is, "when these sovereign thrones are supplied, and her sweet perfections filled, with one self king." For *self* compare Lear, iv. 3. 36, 37:

Else one *self* mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

8. Line 2: *This is ILLYRIA, lady*.—Peter Heylyn gives a detailed account of *Illyria* in his Cosmographie, 1652, bk. ii. p. 92. I extract a few sentences: "Contado di Zara, or the Countrie of Zara, called anciently Liburnia, and *Illyris* specially so named, is bounded on the East with Dalmatia, on the West with Histria, on the North with Croatia, and on the South with the Adriatick Sea, or Golfe of Venice. It took this latter name (the former being

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long discontinued) from Zara, the chief town thereof, the Jadera of Ptolemie and the Ancients; a Roman Colonie at that time, now an Archbishops See; enjoying a safe and large Port, situate on a low Chersonese thrusting out like a Promontorie into the Adriatick; belonging to the State of Venice, by whom well fenced and fortified against forein invasions. . . . The ancient name of this Countrey was Liburnia, as before is said, but extending more Northwards beyond the mountains of Ardiun or Scardonici; this and Dalmatia being then the Membra dividientia of the whole Illyricum."

9. Line 6: *It is "PERCHANCE" that you yourself were saved*.—Following the Old-Spelling Shakespeare I have put *perchance* in inverted commas, to show better the play upon words—*perchance* here meaning "by chance."

10. Line 10: *THOSE poor number*.—Changed by Capell to *this*. The alteration is unnecessary. Shakespeare evidently regarded *number* as plural.

11. Line 14: *a strong mast that LIV'D upon the sea*.—Compare the phrase still used of a vessel: "No boat could *live* in such a sea." Aldis Wright quotes Admiral Smyth, The Sailor's Wordbook: "To *Live*. To be able to withstand the fury of the elements; said of a boat or ship," &c. (Clarendon Press ed. p. 81).

12. Line 15: *like Arion on the dolphin's back*.—Ff., by an obvious misprint, read *Orion*. The allusion is to the story of the poet and musician Arion, who, having gained much treasure in a musical contest in Sicily, was in fear of death from the sailors as he returned on board ship to Corinth; but obtaining leave for one last song, he, as soon as it was finished, threw himself into the sea, and was borne to land on the back of one of the dolphins who had gathered round for delight in his music.

13. Line 39: *for whose dear LOVE*.—Walker unnecessarily altered *love* to *loss*, and Dyce unreasonably declared, in adopting the emendation, that it was "*made certain* by other passages of Shakespeare," which he gives.

14. Lines 40, 41:

*she hath abjur'd the COMPANY
AND SIGHT of men.*

Hammer's emendation, adopted by most editors. The Ff. read:

*she hath abjur'd the sight
And company of men.*

15. Lines 43, 44:

*Till I had made mine own occasion mellow
What my estate is!*

So Ff. Most editors introduce a comma after *mellow*, and understand, with Johnson, "I wish I might not be made public to the world, with regard to the state of my birth and fortune, till I have gained a ripe opportunity for my design;" or, with Clarke, "till I have myself prepared the occasion for declaring what my condition really is." The Old-Spelling editors retain the reading of the Ff., taking *mellow* as a verb, and understanding, "till I had made my service improve my present bad condition."

16. Line 56: *Thou shalt present me as an EUNUCH to him*.—As Malone notes, "Viola was presented to the

duke as a *page*, not as a *eunuch*, which would have been inconsistent with the course of the play."

17. Line 59: *That will ALLOW me very worth his service.*—Shakespeare often uses *allow* in the sense of "acknowledge," but only here with the meaning, "cause to be acknowledged," or approve.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

18. Line 5: *your COUSIN, my lady.*—*Cousin* was frequently used in the general sense of relation (see the list of Shakespeare references in Schmidt). Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders *cousin* by *consanguineus*.

19. Line 7: *except before excepted.*—This is a legal phrase (*exceptis exceptiendis*), which Halliwell illustrates from West's Symbolography, 1594 (part i. book 2, sect. 44): "and the said R. . . shall and may peaceably & quietly hane, hold, occupie, and inioy all the said Church, Rectorie, and Parsonage, mansion house, cottage, glebe landes, tithes, and all other the demised tenementes and premisses with the appurtenances (*except before excepted*) according to the true meaning of these presentes" (edn. 1594, vol. i. leaf E E, 4).

20. Line 30: *almost natural.*—Dyce reads *almost natural*, and gives as authorities Upton and Collier's MS. Corrector. It is a needless change, and a change for the worse. The meaning is "almost naturally," in its double sense of by nature and like a natural, or idiot.

21. Line 43: *coystriL.*—"Properly, an inferior groom, or a lad employed by the esquire to carry the knight's arms and other necessities. Probably from *coustiller*, Old French, of the same signification. See Cotgrave. It is surely not a corruption of *kestrel*, as Mr. Todd and others have supposed."—Nares' Glossary, 1867, s.v. "*CoystriL*, or *CoystriL*." Cotgrave has: "*Coustillier*: M. An Esquire of the bodie; an Armourbearer vnto a Knight; the seruant of a man at Armes; also, a groom of a stable, a horse-keeper." Above he has: "*Coustille*: f. A kind of long Pouniard, vsed heretofore by Esquires." A *Coustillier* is perhaps one who bears a *coustille*. See the note in the Clarendon Press edition of Twelfth Night, pp. 84, 85.

22. Line 44: *like a parish-top.*—"A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather, that the peasants might be kept warm by exercise, and out of mischief, when they could not work" (Steevens).

23. Line 45: Castiliano vulgo!—"Spanish of Sir Toby's own making, good enough to impose on Maria and Sir Andrew, and very unnecessarily changed to *Castiliano volto* by some modern editors" (Schmidt). Warburton, who proposed the reading *volto*, took the phrase to mean: "Put on your Castilian countenance, i.e. grave serious looks;" the Spaniards being famed for a solemnity which was thought to carry craftiness enough beneath it. Aldis Wright compares, "for a similar bacchanalian shout, Marlowe, Jew of Malta, iv. 5: 'Hey, *Rivo Castiliano*! a man's a man' (Works, ed. Dyce, 1862, p. 172); and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 124: '*Rivo*! says the drunkard' (Clarendon Press ed. p. 85).

24. Line 52: *Accost.*—Cotgrave has: "*Accoster*. To accost, or ioine side to side; to approach or draw neere vnto; also, to wax acquainted, or grow familiar with."

25. Line 72: "*thought is free.*"—An allusion to Lyly's Euphues, 1581: "A noble man in Sienna, disposed to iest with a gentlewoman of meane birth, yet excellent qualities, between game and earnest gan thus to salute hir. 'I know not how I shold commend your beutie, because it is somewhat too brown, nor your stature being somewhat to low, and of your wit I can not iudge.' 'no,' quoth she, 'I beleene you, for none can iudge of wit, but they that haue it,' 'why then,' quoth he, 'doest thou thinke me a foole,' '*thought is free* my Lord,' quoth she, 'I will not take you at your word'" (Arber's Reprint, p. 281). The phrase is found in Gower. See Confessio Amantis, book v.:

I haue heard said, that *thought is free*.

—Ed. Pauli, ii. 277.

26. Line 74: *bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.*—"A proverbial phrase among forward Abigailis, to ask at once for a kiss and a present" (Dr. Kenrick).

27. Line 77: *It's dry, sir.*—A dry hand was formerly considered a sign of bodily weakness, or of a disposition not prone to love. Compare Othello, iii. 4. 36-38:

Oth. Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady.

Des. It yet hath felt no age nor known no sorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart.

28. Line 90: *I am a great EATER OF BEEF.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 1. 14: "thou mongrel *beef-witted* lord!" It seems, from the passages cited by Halliwell and Aldis Wright, that beef was considered both a "grosse diot," and one tending to melancholy. See the latter part of note 160 to the Taming of the Shrew.

29. Line 100: *Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.*—The joke is an allusion to Sir Andrew's previous remark, "I would that I had bestowed that time in the *tongues* that I have in fencing," &c. Sir Toby's imagination "seizes upon Sir Andrew's *tongues* and converts them into *tongs*—curling-tongs—the very article required in Sir Andrew's toilet to 'mend' his hair withal, which, without their assistance, hung 'like flax on a distaff, and most persistently and stubbornly refused to 'curl by nature'" (Joseph Crosby, article on Shakespeare's Puns in the American Bibliopolist, June 1875).

30. Line 105: *curl by nature.*—This is Theobald's emendation. The Ff. read *coole my nature*.

31. Line 122: *Art thou good at these KICKSHAWSES, knight?*—Some editors read *kickshaws*; but the plural seems to add a point to the fooling. It is used again in the Ff. of II. Henry IV. v. 1. 29. The word is a corruption of *quelque chose*, and it is spelt by Cotgrave, s.v. "*Fricandeaux*," *Quelkchoses*. In F. 1 it is printed *kicke-chawses*.

32. Line 128: *and yet I will not compare with AN OLD MAN.*—Theobald proposed to read a *nobleman*, understanding the allusion to be to Orsino ("it's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her," lines 112-114, above). The change is quite unjustifiable. Of the phrase as it stands, Clarke's is perhaps the

best attempt at explanation: "We take its signification to be, that the knight by the term 'an old man' means 'a man of experience,' just as he has before deferred to 'his betters;' while the use of the word 'old' gives precisely that absurd effect of refraining from competing in dancing, fencing, etc., with exactly the antagonist incapacitated by age, over whom even Sir Andrew might hope to prove his superiority" (Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare, *ad loc.*).

33. Line 128: *What is thy excellence in a GALLIARD, knight?*—Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 87) quotes Barnaby Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession (p. 4, Shakespeare Soc. ed.): "Our galliardes are so curious, that they are not for my daunsyng, for they are so full of trickes and tournes, that he which hath no more but the plaine sinquepace, is no better accompted of them then a verie bungler."

34. Line 131: *back-trick*.—A caper backwards in dancing; perhaps a quibble; the trick of going back in a fight (Schmidt).

35. Line 135: *Missress Mall's picture*.—"No doubt a mere impersonation, like 'my lady's eldest son' in Much Ado About Nothing, ii. 1. 10. She is merely a type of any lady solicitous for the preservation of her charms even when transferred to canvas" (Singer). Schmidt gives the rather far-fetched suggestion that "perhaps Sir Toby means only to say: like a picture intended for a beauty but in fact representing Mall the kitchen-wench." That no allusion can be intended to Mall Cutpurse (Mary Frith, born 1589), the notorious heroine of Day's lost comedy of 1610, and Middleton and Dekker's Roaring Girl, 1611, is evident from the date of the play (1601 probably).

36. Line 145: *a DAM'D-COLOUR'D stock*.—So Ff. Rowe suggested *flame-coloured* (cf. "*flame-coloured taffeta*," I. Henry IV. i. 2. 11), and his reading has been generally adopted; Knight reads *damask-coloured*, and is followed by Delius. The Old-Spelling Shakespeare preserves the reading of the F., from which I see no reason to deviate. Sir Andrew is a little peculiar in his phrases, and it would be a pity to reduce him to a mere respectable level of verbal propriety. Probably he got his word, more or less consciously, from the French. Cotgrave has "*couleur d'enfer*, a darke and smoakie browne."

37. Line 146: *Taurus*.—"In that classic annual, The Old Farmer's Almanac, may still be seen the ancient astronomical figure of the human body with lines radiating from its various parts to the symbols of the zodiacal signs; and in the column devoted to the 'moon's place' in the calendar pages the names of the parts of the body are given instead of the corresponding signs. It is to be noted that Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are both wrong in the parts they assign to *Taurus*. The latter either burlesques the other's ignorance, or takes advantage of it for the sake of argument. *Taurus* was supposed to govern the neck and throat" (Rolfe). Compare Chaucer, Astro-labe: "and euerich of thise 12 signes hath respecte to a certain parcell of the body of a man and hath it in gouernance; as aries hath thin head, and *taurus* thy nekke and thy throte | gemyni thyn armholes and thin arnes, and so forth" (Early English Text Society ed. p. 13).

ACT I. SCENE 4.

38. Line 9: *Here comes the COUNT*.—Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that in i. 2. 25 he has called Orsino a *duke*; and as *count* he appears in the rest of the play.

39. Lines 13, 14:

*I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.*

This metaphor, which is pretty obvious, is found several times in Shakespeare. Browning uses a very similar expression in The Inn Album, p. 93:

I'll so far open you the *locked and shelved*
Volume, my soul, that you desire to see.

40. Line 28: *Than in a NUNCIO's of more grave aspect*.—Theobald, with needless grammatical precision, reads *nuntio*.

41. Lines 32, 33:

*thy small PIPE
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound.*

Compare Coriolanus, iii. 2. 112-115:

my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a *pipe*,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
That babies lulls asleep!

Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "*Puellatorius*, a, um, *child-ishly, maidenly*. *Tibia puellatoria, a shrill pipe*."

ACT I. SCENE 5.

[This scene is scene 1 of act ii. in the acting-version.—F. A. M.]

42. Line 6: *fear no colours*.—Probably a military term meaning to fear no enemy. Cotgrave has: "*Aduentureux*, hazardous, aduenturous, that *feares no colours*." The phrase is often used by the Elizabethan dramatists.

43. Line 9: *A good LENTEN answer*.—That is, dry and scanty, like lenten fare. Compare "*lenten entertainment*," Hamlet, ii. 2. 329.

44. Line 24: *on two POINTS, &c.*—*Points* were tagged laces, used to tie the breeches (*gaskins*, or galligaskins) to the doublet. The play on words is very obvious. It is used again in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 238.

45. Line 34: *you were best*.—Compare Julius Cæsar, iii. 3. 13: "Ay and truly, *you were best*." The construction (like that in "if you please") was very common; compare Whetstone, Promos and Cassandra, iv. 1. 9: "Be packing both, and that betymes, *you are best*."

46. Line 39: *Quinapalus*.—The clown is not the only humorist who, for variety, will father his wit or his wisdom upon an apocryphal philosopher—Quinapalus or Sauerteig.

47. Line 62: *that's as much to say as*.—So Ff. Many editors read "that's as much as to say," unnecessarily, as both forms were used in Shakespeare's time, and by Shakespeare (e.g. II. Henry VI. iv. 2. 18: "which is *as much to say as*," &c.).

48. Line 66: *Dexteriously*.—So in F. 1. The mispronunciation is no doubt intentional, though some editors have been careful to smoothen it over, after the fashion of

F. 4, which reads *dexterously*. Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 93) quotes two examples (one from Bacon) of the word actually being printed *dexteriously*.

49. Line 69: *good my MOUSE of virtue*.—*Mouse* was used as a term of endearment. Compare *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 183: "call you his *mouse*." The French colloquial use of *mon chat* is very similar. Compare Guy de Maupassant, *La Maison Tellier*, p. 288: "Il lui demanda d'une voix très douce . . . Elle répondit:—'Oui, mon chat.'"

50. Lines 94–96: *I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies*.—Capell, preferring grammar to Shakespeare, would read (for *no better*) *to be no better*. *Zany* is derived from the Italian *zane*, which Florio renders: "Zane, the name of Iohn [i.e. in the Venetian dialect]. Also a sillie Iohn, a gull, a noddie. Vsed also for a simple vice, clowne, foolle, or simple fellowe in a plaie or comedie." Cotgrave has: "*Zaniti*. m. *A Vice to a Tumbler, &c, or in a Play*." The Clarendon Press editor quotes Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iv. 1:

He's like a tumbler,

That tries tricks after him, to make men laugh;

and Cynthia's Revels, ii. 1: "The other gallant is his *zany*, and both ends of these tricks after him." Shakespeare uses the word only here and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 463: "some please-man, some slight *zany*."

51. Line 96: *no better*.—Capell, preferring grammar to Shakespeare, would read *to be no better*.

52. Lines 105, 106: *Mercury endure thee with leasing; i.e. give thee the gift of lying*. Compare Chaucer, *Knights Tale*, 1069:

Charmes and force, *lesynges* and flatterye.

Aldis Wright remarks with dry humour: "Warburton, who was afterwards a bishop, read '*pleasing*.' But Mercury, as the patron of thieves and cheating, may be supposed to have had the power of endowing his devotees with a faculty which was of the first importance to them" (Clarendon Press ed. p. 95).

53. Line 115: *he speaks nothing but madman*.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 156: "I speak to thee plain soldier."

54. Lines 122, 123: *for here he comes, one of thy kin, has a most weak pia mater*.—The Ff. read: "for here he comes. One of thy kin has a most weak *Pia-mater*." The reading in the text is that of the Old-Spelling editors; *has* of course = *who has*; as *desires* in line 108 above. The Cambridge edd. read: "For,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has," &c. Rolfe adopts the emendation; Dyce, who omits *he*, observes that the reading "would have surprised Shakespeare." *Pia mater* is referred to again in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 77; also, probably, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 2. 71. Aldis Wright quotes from Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, part i. sec. i. mem. 2, subs. 5: "Nature hath covered it [the brain] with a skull of hard bone, and two skins or membranes, whereof the one is called *dura mater*, or *meninx*, the other *pia mater*. The *dura mater* is next to the skull, above the other, which includes and protects the brain. When this is taken away, the *pia mater* is to be seen, a thin membrane, the next and immediate cover of the brain, and not covering only, but entering into it."

55. Line 129: *these pickle-herring*.—This is an example of the singular form used in the plural, as in *trout*, *deer*, &c.

56. Line 140: *above HEAT*.—That is, says Schmidt, *thirst*. Compare King John, iii. 1. 341, 342:

A rage whose *heat* hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood.

Steevens understands it as the proper degree of warmth.

57. Line 142: *Go thou and seek the CROWNER*.—*Crowner* for coroner is employed again in the churchyard scene in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 4; and, below, line 24, "*crowner's* quest law." "*Crowner's* quest" is still used in the country for coroner's inquest.

58. Line 157: *sheriff's post*.—This was the name given to painted posts set up at the sheriffs' doors, to which notices and proclamations were affixed. Warburton quotes Ben Jonson, *Every Man Out of His Humour*, iii. 3:

How long should I be ere I should put off
To the lord chancellor's tomb, or the *shrieves' posts*?

59. Line 168: *IN standing water*.—Capell, followed by Dyce, &c., reads *e'en*. The meaning is, between ebb and flow.

60. Line 211: *If you be NOT mad*.—So Ff. Mason proposed to omit *not*, and is followed by many editors. In defence of the Ff. reading Clarke says: "We believe Shakespeare means Olivia to say, 'If you are not quite without reason, begone; if you have some reason, be brief, that you may soon be gone;' giving the effect of antithetical construction without actually being so."

61. Line 218: *Some mollification for your GIANT, sweet lady*.—Maria was a little person, as pert waiting-maids usually are. See below, ii. 5. 16: "Here comes the little villain;" and iii. 2. 70: "Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes." The transposition of sense is quite enough for the purpose (as Falstaff, II. Henry IV. i. 2. 1, addresses his page, "Sirrah, you *giant*"); but, perhaps, as some have thought, there is a further allusion to the household giants in old romances, who acted as guardians of the heroines.

62. Lines 219, 220: *Vio. . . . Tell me your mind: I am a messenger*.—So Ff. Warburton, followed by many editors, gives the earlier clause to Olivia, and prints thus:

OL. . . . Tell me your mind.
VIO. I am a messenger.

"Viola, I think," Mr. W. G. Stone writes me, "speaks impatiently, eager to hear Olivia's mind, and discharge the irksome part of messenger; a duty which is retarded by Maria's resolve to be pleasant. The connection in Viola's mind between Maria's obstruction and the wished-for answer from Olivia is, I fancy, so close as to warrant us in following the Ff.'s arrangement of the sentence."

63. Line 252: *such a one I was THIS PRESENT*.—So Ff.; and to be understood, "*this* (sc. woman) *present*, i.e. before you" (Old-Spelling Shakespeare). Many emendations have been proposed.

64. Line 261: *And leave the world no copy*.—This thought is developed in the 3rd, 9th, and 13th of Shakespeare's sonnets.

65. Line 274: *With adorations, fertile tears*.—So Ff.

Pope reads: "With adorations, *with* fertile tears;" and his reading is accepted by most editors, though not by the Cambridge or the Old-Spelling. Possibly, as the former suggest, something is lost before *adorations*; *with*, if admitted, would force us to say *adoratious*.

66. Line 289: *Write loyal CANTONS of contemned love*.—*Cantons* has been needlessly altered by Capell to *canzons*, by Rowe to *cantos*. Heywood describes his Troia Britannica; or, Great Brittaines Troy, 1600, as "a Poem deuided into xvii seuerall cantons;" and on the second page of the address "to the two-fold Readers" he says: "I haue taskt my selfe to such succinctnesse and breuity, that in the iudiciall perusall of these fewe Cantons (with the Scolies annexed) as little time shall bee hazzarded, as profite from them be any way expected." Compare The London Prodigal, 1605, iii. 2: "What-do-you-call-him hath it there in his third canton" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 247).

67. Line 291: *Halloo your name to the REVERBERATE hills*.—*Reverberate* is here obviously used in the sense of "reverberant." For an instance of a participle similarly formed compare Coriolanus, i. 1. 106: "mutually participate [= participant]." Stevens cites a precisely similar use of *reverberate* from Ben Jonson, The Masque of Blackness:

which skill Pythagoras
First taught to men by a *reverberate* glass.

68. Line 313: *Unless the master were the man*.—A vague and unfinished phrase, meaning, "If only the master were the man!" or something to that effect.

69. Line 320: *The COUNTY'S man*.—This is Capell's emendation. F. 1 has *countes*, the other Ff. *counts*.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

[This scene, in the acting-version, becomes scene 2 of act iii.; thus the action of the play is rendered more consecutive.—F. A. M.]

70. Line 12: *my determinate voyage is mere EXTRA-VAGANCY*.—This is the only instance of the word *extravagancy* (that is, vagrancy) in Shakespeare; but he uses *extravagant*, in the same sense, in Othello, i. 1. 136-138:

Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an *extravagant* and wheeling stranger
Of here and every where;

in Hamlet, i. 1. 154:

The *extravagant* and erring spirit;

and, probably in the same sense, in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 68: "a foolish *extravagant* spirit."

71. Line 18: *Messaline*.—A place unknown in prose geography, possibly intended for *Mitylene*, as Capell conjectured.

72. Lines 28, 29: *but, though I could not, with such ESTIMABLE WONDER, overfar believe that*.—"I suppose," Mr. Stone writes me, "that Sebastian, modestly depreciating his good looks, means that he could not regard himself with wonder (cf. *βερωίς*—Odyssey, xi. 286—said of a beautiful woman) of such high estimation as beauty deserves."

73. Line 36: *If you will not murder me for my love*.—"Knight," says Aldis Wright, "suggests that Shakespeare in this may have referred to a superstition of which Scott

makes use in The Pirate, that any one who was saved from drowning would do his preserver a capital injury. But Antonio seems only to appeal to Sebastian not to kill him as a reward for his love by abandoning him" (Clarendon Press ed. 104).

74. Line 41: *the manners of my mother*.—Compare Henry V. iv. 6. 31, 32:

And *all my mother* came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

75. Line 13: *She took THE ring of me*.—Malone substituted *no*, and is followed by Dyce and other editors. Such a substitution quite spoils the idea. Viola, with quick-witted consideration, accepts the fiction of the ring, and so avoids exposing Olivia's fond deception to her steward.

76. Line 16: *there it lies IN YOUR EYE*; i.e. "In your sight." Compare Hamlet, iv. 4. 5, 6:

If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty *in his eye*;

and Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 211, 212:

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her *'t' the eyes*.

77. Line 21: *That methought her eyes had lost her tongue*.—So Ff. Most editors follow the reading of F. 2: "that *sure* methought." Dyce would read "that *as* methought." No alteration is necessary, for the line as it stands is quite rhythmical, like Chaucer's "In a gowne of faldyng to the kne" (Canterbury Tales, Prologue, 391). Such lines not unfrequently occur in Shakespeare (cf. *inf.* iii. 1. 122 and 133).

78. Lines 30, 31:

*How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!*

Had not Johnson thought well to misunderstand this passage, it would scarcely have seemed necessary to say that its meaning is, "How easy is it for handsome and deceitful persons to make an impression, or to fix their image, in the yielding hearts of women!"

79. Line 32: *our frailty*.—So F. 2, and all modern editors. F. 1 reads O.

80. Line 33: *For such as we are made OF, such we be*.—Ff.: "For such as we are made, *if* such we bee." The reading in the text is Tyrwhitt's conjecture, universally received.

81. Line 34: *How will this FADGE?*—Boswell quotes Florio: "*Andar* a vango, to fadge, to prosper with, to go as one would have it." Skeat derives the word from A.S. *fégan*, to fit (see Love's Labour's Lost, note 162).

82. Line 36: *AND she, &c.*—Dyce would read, "as she," with only a comma after *him*. This would make excellent sense, but so does the reading of the Folio; and why change?

ACT II. SCENE 3.

83. Line 10: *Does not our LIFE consist of the four ELEMENTS?*—Ff. print *lives*. The reading in the text is the emendation of Rowe, justified by it in Sir Andrew's an-

swer; it is followed by most modern editors. The allusion is to the absurd medical theory of the four elements in the human frame, choler being ascribed to fire, blood to air, phlegm to water, and melancholy to earth. "And there is none, let him have the humors never so well balanced within him, but is subject unto anxiety of mind sometimes, for while we are composed of *four differing Elements*, wherewith the humours within us symbolise we must have perpetual ebbings and flowings of mirth and melancholy, which have their alternatiff turnes in us, as naturally as it is for the night to succeed the day" (Howell, Instructions for Forraine Travell, 1642, Arber's Reprint, p. 24). Compare Antony and Cleopatra, v. 292, 293:

I am fire and air; my other *elements*
I give to baser life.

84. Line 14: MARIAN, I say!—Some editors, with over precision, read *Maria*. Marian is only another form of Mary or Maria.

85. Line 17: *did you never see THE PICTURE OF "WE THREE"?*—An allusion to a common old sign representing two fools or loggerheads, under which was inscribed "*We three* Loggerheads be," the spectator being the third. There is at the present day a public-house in Upper Red-Cross Street, Leicester, which has the same figure and device on its sign-board. Dekker (The Gull's Hornbook, ch. vi.: "How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse") says, speaking of the fops whose fancy it was to sit on the stage: "Assure yourself by continual residence, you are the first and principal man in election to begin the number of *We three*."

86. Line 19: *the fool has an excellent BREAST*.—*Breast*, for voice, is often met with in early literature. Warburton cites the statutes of Stoke College: "which said queristers, after their *breasts* [i.e. voices] are broken;" and Fildes, Life of Wolsey: "singing-men well-breasted."

87. Line 20: *I had rather than forty shillings*.—Compare Merry Wives, i. 1. 205: "*I had rather than forty shillings* I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here;" and Henry VIII. ii. 3. 89: "*forty pence*, no!"

88. Lines 23-25: *Pigrogromitus, . . . the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Querubus*.—These Rabelaisian-sounding freaks of nomenclature are attributed by Mr. Swinburne to the direct influence of Rabelais. "We cannot but recognize on what far travels, in what good company, Feste the jester had but lately been on that night of 'very gracious fooling,' when he was pleased to enlighten the forgetful mind of Sir Andrew as to the history of Pigrogromitus, and of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Querubus" (A Study of Shakespeare, pp. 155, 156).

89. Lines 27-29: *I did impeticoos thy gratillity*, &c.—Intentional nonsense, upon which it is amusing to see grave commentators bending their spectacles. *Impeticoos thy gratillity* very likely means, so far as it means anything, "impeticoat (or impocket) thy gratuity," as Johnson suggested.

90. Line 34: *There's a TESTRIL of me too*.—A *testril*, or *tester* (which is used in II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 296), was the name of a coin worth at different times from twelve pence to 2½d. The word is a corruption of the French *teston*,

which Cotgrave defines as "a piece of siluer coyne worth xviijd. sterling."

91. Line 35: *if one knight give a*.—F. 1 has no stop after *a*, which comes at the end of a line; the later Ff. add a dash. The hiatus may or may not be intentional, but the sense may very likely be (as Singer proposes): "if one knight give another should." Mr. Marshall writes me: "I think it is quite clear that a portion of a line (*—another knight should*) has been left out here in printing. There is no sign of Sir Andrew being interrupted by the clown. Dramatically speaking an interruption here would be out of place. Sir Andrew would take a little time to get the coin out of his pocket; the completion of the sentence would give him that time. I should certainly myself not scruple to print *a* *nother* [knight] *should*, according to Singer's suggestion."

92. Line 40: *O mistress mine*, &c.—"This tune is contained in both the editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It is also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, arranged by Boyd. As it is to be found in print in 1599, it proves either that Shakespeare's *Twelfth-Night* was written in or before that year, or that, in accordance with the then prevailing custom, *O mistress mine* was an old song, introduced into the play." [The latter supposition is doubtless the true one.] Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 209, sec. ed." (Dyce's note).

93. Line 44: *Journeys end in LOVERS meeting*.—Warburton, followed by Dyce, &c., reads *lovers' meeting*.

94. Line 61: *a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver*.—Compare Much Ado, ii. 3. 60-62: "Is it not strange that sheeps' guts should *hale* souls out of men's bodies?" Weavers were supposed to be good singers: compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 147: "I would I were a *weaver*; I could sing psalms or any thing." Many of them were Calvinistic refugees from the Netherlands: hence their predilection for psalm-singing. The whole phrase is no doubt a picturesque equivalent of "thrice delightful."

95. Line 64: *I am DOG at a catch*.—A familiar phrase of the time, meaning to be apt at anything. Some editors unnecessarily alter, with Ff. 2 and 3, to *a dog*; which is used in Two Gent. of Verona, iv. 4. 14: "to be, as it were, a *dog* at all things." Compare Middleton, Women beware Women, i. 2: "I'm *dog* at a hole."

96. Line 65: *By'r lady*.—With reference to this corruption of "By our Lady," so frequently met with in the dramatists, I can corroborate the statement given in note 145 to A Midsummer Night's Dream, that the oath is still occasionally (not, I think, commonly) used by the lower classes at Atherstone, in Warwickshire. The word is pronounced more like *be-lady* than *birdedly*.

97. Line 68: *Let our catch be, Thou knave*.—This catch is to be found in "Pammelia, Musickes Miscellanie, or mixed Varietie of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 Parts in one," 2nd ed. 1618. It is extant, says Dyce, in Ravenscroft's Deuteronomia, 1609. The words are:

Hold thy peace, and I prithee hold thy peace,
Thou knave, thou knave! hold thy peace, thou knave!

"It appears to be so contrived," says Sir John Hawkins, "as that each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn."

98. Line 80: *Cataian*.—A native of Cathay, or China; that is, as we should say now, "a heathen Chinese." Nares says the word "was used to signify a sharper, from the dexterous thieving of those people; which quality is ascribed to them in many old books of travel." Shakespeare uses it again in *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 148: "I will not believe such a *Cataian*, though the priest o' th' town commended him for a true man." Compare Dekker, *Honest Whore*, Part II. iv. 1: "I'll make a wild *Cataian* of forty such."

99. Line 81: *Peg-a-Ramsey*.—There are two tunes that go under the name of *Peg-a-Ramsey*, both as old as the time of Shakespeare. The oldest is found in William Ballet's *Lute Book*, and this, according to Sir John Hawkins, is the one referred to here. The words of the original ballad have not come down to us; but in *Durley's Wit and Mirth*, or *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719, vol. v. p. 139), there is a song called "Bonnie Peggie Ramsey."

"Three merry men be we."—"The tune [by W. Lawes] is contained in a MS. commonplace book, in the handwriting of John Playford, the publisher of *The Dancing Master*" (Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 216). See Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1673. The words are quoted as follows in Peele, *Old Wives' Tale*, 1595:

Three merrie men and three merrie men,
And three merrie men be wee,
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jacke sleeps in the tree.

—Works, ed. Dyce, 1861, p. 445.

The song is found again in Dekker and Webster's *Westward Ho*, v. 4; in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, ii. 5; and *The Bloody Brother*, iii. 2; and in *Ram Alley*, ii. 1 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley's Old Plays*, vol. x. p. 298).

100. Line 83: *Tillyvally*.—"Is not this house, quoth he, as high heaven as my own? To whom she after her accustomed homely fashion, not liking such talk, answered, Tylle-valle, Tylle-valle" (Roper's *Life of Sir Thomas Moore*, p. 79, ed. 1822, cited by Nares). Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 90: "*Tilly-fally*, Sir John."

101. Line 84: *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*—From the old ballad of *Susanna*, licensed by T. Colwell in 1562, under the title of *The Goodly and Constant Wyfe Susanna*. Probably quoted again in *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 4. 151, where Mercutio mocks the nurse with, "*lady, lady, lady*."

102. Line 90: *O, the twelfth day of December*.—Probably the opening of a ballad now lost to us. Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 111) compares the beginning of the ballad of *Brave Lord Willoughby*: "The fifteenth day of July."

103. Line 94: *to gabble like TINKERS*.—"Proverbial tipplers and would-be politicians" (Schmidt). Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 19-21: "I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any *tinker* in his own language during my life." I should like to add, in reference to the latter passage, the very curious fact

that Shakespeare seems to have been aware of the language peculiar to the tinkers, and known as *Shelta*, or, as the Gipsies call it, "Mumper's talk." This is a language perfectly distinct from *Romany*, or from common slang. Mr. Leland was the first to give some account of it, with a partial vocabulary, in his book *The Gypsies* (Trübner, 1882), where he notes the remarkable fact that the single reference to this language found in print during three centuries is to be found in the pages of Shakespeare.

104. Line 96: *COZIER'S catches*.—Minshew has, "A Cosier or sowter, from the Spanish word *coser*, i.e. to sew. Vide *Botcher*, *Souter*, or *Cobler*."

105. Line 101: *Sneek up!*—"This was a scoffing interjection, tantamount to 'Go hang!' and here has the added humorous effect of a hiccup" (Clarke). Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, iii. 2: "Give him his money, George, and let him go *sneek up*" (Works, vol. ii. p. 86, col. 1); and see the quotations given in the *Variorum Shakspeare*, *ad loc.*

106. Line 110: *Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone*.—This line, and those which follow, are taken, with a good many alterations, from Corydon's *Farewell to Phillis*, in *The Golden Garland of Princely Delights*, reprinted in *Percy's Reliques* (1857, vol. i. p. 222). Halliwell-Phillipps (*Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, 5th edn. pp. 520, 521) says: "The song 'Farewell, dear love' first appeared in the *Booke of Ayres* composed by Robert Jones, fol., London, 1601. Jones does not profess to be the author of the words of this song. . . . As the tune and ballad were evidently familiar to Shakespeare, the original of the portion to which he refers in the comedy is here given,—

Farewel, dear love, since thou wilt needs be gon,
Mine eies do show my life is almost done;
Nay, I will never die,
so long as I can spie;
There be many mo,
though that she do go.
There be many mo, I feare not;
Why, then, let her goe, I care not.

Farewell, farewell, since this I find is true,
I will not spend more time in wooing you;
But I will seekke elsewhere,
if I may find her there.
Shall I bid her goe?
what and if I doe?
Shall I bid her go and spare not?
Oh, no, no, no, no, I dare not.

107. Line 122: *Out o' tune, sir?*—So the Cambridge edd. ff. have *Out o' tune, sir, ye lie*. Many editors read *Out o' time, sir* (Theobald's emendation). Various explanations have been suggested; and some have supposed the words are addressed to the clown. It seems to me that the whole speech is addressed to Malvolio, and that Sir Toby is still harping on Malvolio's offensive remark about "squeaking out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice." He has already replied, playing on Malvolio's "Is there no respect of place, persons nor *time*, in you?"—"We did keep *time*, sir, in our catches;" and now, after his parenthesis in song, he returns, still profoundly aggrieved, and with the drunkard's recurrent memory, to the injurious insinuation,

108. Line 129: *rub your chain with crumbs*.—Stewards formerly wore *chains* of silver or gold as a badge of office. Crumbs were much used for cleaning them. See the passage quoted by Steevens from Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, iii. 2:

4th Off. Well, let him go.

1st Off. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to *scur* his gold chain.

Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press ed. p. 113) gives references to six other parallel passages from dramatists of the period.

109. Line 131: *this uncivil RULE*; i.e. "behaviour." See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 170.

110. Line 134: *'Twere as good a deed as to drink*.—Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 1. 32, 33: "An 'twere not as good deed as drink, to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain."

111. Line 136: *challenge him THE FIELD*.—So Ff. Rowe would read *to the field*; Schmidt, *to field*.

112. Line 146: *a nayword*.—Ff. an *ayword*. Rowe's emendation is almost universally adopted. *Nayword* is used in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 131 and v. 2. 5 for a password; here it evidently means a byword.

113. Line 149: SIR TO. *Possess us*, &c.—Dyce would give this speech to *Sir Andrew*, quoting Walker: "Surely Sir Toby needed no information respecting Malvolio." But there is nothing unnatural in the remark coming from Sir Toby. It was not so much that he "wanted information" as that he wanted to hear what the sharp-tongued Maria had to say of Malvolio, and what handle she could find against him.

114. Line 164: *his GROUNDS of faith*.—So F. 1. Later Ff. read *ground*, and are followed by some editors.

115. Line 188: SIR AND. *And your horse*, &c.—Dyce, following Tyrwhitt's conjecture, gives this to *Sir Toby*. The change is worse than unnecessary; the infinitesimal witticism is not a hair's-breadth above Sir Andrew's capacity.

116. Line 184: ASS, *I doubt not*.—Walker would see a pun here: "As I doubt not;" compare Hamlet, v. 2. 43: "And many suchlike 'As'es of great charge."

117. Line 195: *She's a beagle, true-bred*.—A kennel metaphor, quite in the style of the Sir Tobys of to-day.

118. Line 203: *call me CUT*.—Steevens suggests that *cut* is used here for gelding; but it is probably no more than an abbreviation of *curtal*, a docked horse. *Cut* or *curtal* was often used as a term of abuse. Compare The London Prodigal, ii. 4: "An I do not meet him, chill give you leave to call me *cut*" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 238).

119. Line 206: *I'll go burn some sack*.—See I. Henry IV. note 41, for a long note on *sack*.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

[With this scene, in the acting-edition, act iii. commences.—F. A. M.]

120. Line 5: *recollected terms*.—"Studied" (Warburton), "repeated" (Johnson), "refined" or "trivial" (Schmidt). "I incline," Mr. W. G. Stone tells me, "to accept Warburton's explanation, that *recollected*=studied. The old

simple language (terms), which pleased Orsino, is opposed to a highly artificial composition, in which invention and memory are strained to gather together new and uncommon phrases."

121. Line 22: *Thou dost speak masterly*.—Clarke observes that this is "one of the few instances in which Shakespeare indirectly (and of course unconsciously) comments upon himself. Certainly there never was more masterly speaking on the effect produced by music upon a nature sensitively alive to its finest influences than Viola's few but intensely expressive words."

122. Line 35: *sooner lost and worn*.—So Ff. Hanmer proposed to read *won*, and the reading has been adopted by Johnson and others. But *worn* in the sense of *worn out* is supported by II. Henry VI. ii. 4. 69: "These few days' wonder will be quickly *worn*."

123. Line 53: *in sad CYPRESS let me be laid*.—By *cypress* Warton understood a shroud of the crape known as *cypress*, Malone a coffin of *cypress*-wood. The words *let me be laid* seem to confirm Malone's explanation, as does also the epithet *sad*. Although *cyprus* was, like modern crape, made both black and white, the black seems to have been always used as an emblem of mourning. (See Nares *sub Cyprus*.) Douce (Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 56) says, on the authority of Gough's Introduction to Sepulchral Monuments, p. lxxvi, that *cyprus*-wood was used for *coffins*. Note also that the *shroud* is expressly mentioned in line 56 below.

124. Line 54: *Fly away, fly away, breath*.—Ff. print *Fye away, fie away breath*. The reading in the text is Rowe's obvious emendation.

125. Line 66: *Sad TRUE LOVER*.—So Ff. Some editors read *true-love*, which certainly makes a smoother line, but there is no authority for the change.

126. Line 74: *Give me now leave to leave thee*.—A courteous form of dismissal, as Dyce notes. Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 20: "You have good leave to leave us."

127. Line 76: *changeable taffeta*.—*Taffeta* denoted a sort of thin silk. Compare Chaucer, Prologue, line 440:

In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lined with *taffeta* and with sendal.

Changeable taffeta apparently means some sort of shot-silk. Compare Taylor the Water-Poet: "No *taffaty* more *changeable* than they" (Works, 1630, ii. 40, quoted by Halliwell).

128. Line 77: *a very OPAL*.—Compare Drayton, The Muses Elizium, 1630, 9th Nimphall (p. 78):

With *Opalls*, more then any one,
We'll deck thine Altar fuller,
For that of every precious stone,
It doth retaine some colour.

129. Line 89: *pranks*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 10: "Most goddess-like *prank'd* up."

130. Line 91: *I cannot be so answer'd*.—Hanmer's emendation. Ff. read: "It cannot."

131. Lines 117, 118:

She sat like *Patience* on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Compare Pericles, v. 1. 138-140:

yet thou dost look
Like *Patience* gazing on kings' graves, and *smiling*
Extremity out of act.

132. Line 127: *denay*.—Compare II. Henry VI. i. 3. 107:
Then let him be *denay'd* the regentship.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

133. Line 6: *sheep-biter*.—Originally a cant term for a thief, as in Taylor the Water-Poet:

And in some places I have heard and seene
That currish *sheep-biters* have hanged beene.

It came to mean, as Schmidt understands it, a surly malicious fellow. Compare Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 215: "They comfort in vain, and therefore they went awaie like sheepe, &c. If anie *sheepbiter* or witchmonger will follow them, they shall go alone for me." Shakespeare has *sheep-biting* in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 359: "your *sheep-biting* face."

134. Line 17: *How now, my METAL of India!*—F. 1 reads *mettle*; F. 2 *nettle*. Many editors follow the Second Folio, supposing that by *nettle of India* is meant the *Urtica marina*, a plant of itching properties; but the reading of F. 1 is at least as good, and quite as likely to come from Sir Toby.

135. Line 25: *here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling*.—"This fish of nature loveth flatterie: for, being in the water, it will suffer itselfe to be rubbed and clawed, and so to be taken" (Cogan, *Haven of Health*, 1595, cited by Steevens). [This mode of taking fish is still practised with great success in mountain streams, especially when the water is low, and the fish are compelled to take refuge in the "dubs" or deep holes. Last year (1887) two youths in Westmoreland, in one day, took 75 trout out of one stream by *tickling*.—F. A. M.]

136. Line 36: *jets*.—Compare *Cymbeline*, iii. 3. 5: "arch'd so high that giants may *jet* through;" *Pericles*, i. 4. 26:

Those men and dames so *jetted* and adorned;
and see Richard III. note 287.

137. Line 45: *the lady of the STRACHY married the yeoman of the wardrobe*.—This is one of the insoluble puzzles in Shakespeare. Payne Knight conjectured that *Strachy* is a corruption of *Stratici*, a title anciently given to governors of Messina; and that the phrase therefore means, "the governor's lady." Halliwell derives it from a Russian word (which he supposes Shakespeare to have met with in some novel or play) meaning judge or lawyer. Such names as *Strozzi*, *Stracci*, *Stratarch*, &c., have been suggested. Prof. Dowden, in his *Shakespeare Primer*, pp. 116, 117, observes: "It has been suggested (see Hunter, *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 380) that Shakespeare ridicules, in the scene between the clown, as Sir Topas, and Malvolio, the exorcisms by Puritan ministers, in the case of a family named *Starchy* (1596-99), and that the difficult word *Strachy* was a hint to the audience to expect subsequent allusion to the *Starchy* affair. But all this is highly doubtful." "The solution of the mystery contained in this name probably lies hid," says the Clarendon Press ed. (p. 123), "in some forgotten novel or play. The incident of a lady of high

rank marrying a servant is the subject of Webster's *Dutchess of Malfi*, who married the steward of her household, and would thus have supplied Malvolio with the exact parallel to his own case of which he was in search."

[The story on which the *Dutchess of Malfi* is founded was published in Painter's Palace of Pleasure, and in Beard's Theatre of God's Judgments, both of which books were printed before this comedy was written. If in any story or play relating to this subject of a lady marrying her servant, such a title as *the yeoman of the wardrobe* were given to the latter, it would afford a strong clue to the source of Malvolio's allusion.—F. A. M.]

138. Line 51: *O for a STONE-BOW, to hit him in the eye!*—Cotgrave has "Arbaleste a boulet. A *Stone-bow*." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, gives it as the equivalent of *balista*. The Clarendon Press ed. (p. 123) compares Wisdom, v. 22: "And hailstones full of wrath shall be cast as out of a *stone bow* (*ἐκ πέτρας βόλου*)."

139. Line 54: *my BRANCH'D velvet gown*.—Boyer, French Dictionary, has "Branched velvet, *Veleurs à ramage*, *Veleurs figuré*, ou *en feuillage*." Cotgrave renders *Velours figuré*, "branched velvet."

140. Line 55: *a day-bed*.—Compare the Qq. of Richard III. iii. 7. 72, where the Ff. read *love-bed*. A *day-bed* was an old and excellent name for a couch or sofa. Compare Richard III. note 423.

141. Line 66: *play with MY—SOME RICH JEWEL*.—F. 1 reads *my some rich jewel*. F. 3 and F. 4 omit *my*. The dash was inserted by Collier. The meaning is no doubt what Dr. Brinsley Nicholson has suggested, that Malvolio was about to say "my chain," but remembering that he would no longer be a steward, nor wearing the chain of office, he changes his phrase, in his own lofty way, into *some rich jewel*.

142. Line 71: *with cars*.—So F. 1; later Folios, *with cares*. *Carts*, *cords*, &c., have been suggested. Hammer would read by *th' ears* (pronounced "*bith ears*," easily corrupted into *with cars*), and is followed by Dyce and others. Whether or not it is true, as Steevens asserted, that *cars* and *carts* have the same meaning (compare Two Gent. of Verona, iii. 1. 265: "a team of horses shall not pluck that from me"). I see no reason why the F. reading should be changed. I fancy it should be taken as a mere piece of impromptu extravagance, Fabian of course having in mind such a phrase as I have just quoted.

143. Line 72, &c.—Singer remarks on the resemblance of this situation to that of Alnaschar in the Arabian Nights. He adds: "Some of the expressions too are very similar. Many Arabian fictions had found their way into obscure Latin and French books, and from thence into English ones, long before any version of the Arabian Nights had appeared. In the Dialogues of Creatures Moralized, black letter, printed early in the sixteenth century, a story similar to that of Alnaschar is related."

144. Line 96: *these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's*.—Ritson suggests that the full direction of the letter may have been "To the Unknown Beloved, this, and my good wishes, with Care Present."

145. Line 114: *Marry, hang thee, brock!*—Boyer, French Dictionary, has “Brock (or Badger), *Blereau, Taisson*.” The term was frequently used in contempt. Compare Day’s Ile of Guls, v. 1. (p. 101, ed. Bullen): “I faith, olde brocke, hane I tane you in the maner?”

146. Line 123: *What dish o’ poison*, &c.—This and the following speech are followed in Ff. by a note of interrogation. The meaning obviously is, “What a dish,” &c.

147. Line 124: *staniel*.—The Ff. by an obvious misprint read *stallion*. The correction, which is generally adopted, is Hamner’s. *Check* is defined by Dyce as “a term in falconry applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game, and follows some other of inferior kind that crosses her in her flight.”

148. Line 135: *Sowter*.—Boyer, French Dictionary, ed. 1702, has “Sowter (an obsolete Word for a Shoo-maker or Cobler) *V. Shoo-maker*, &c.”

149. Line 154: *every one of these letters ARE in my name*.—Compare Julius Caesar, v. 1. 33:

The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

150. Line 157: *some ARE BORN great*.—Ff. print *become*. The correction, which is Rowe’s, is confirmed by the recurrence of the same phrase in iii. 4. 45, where the Ff. properly read *born*.

151. Line 166: *yellow stockings*.—These were much in use at the time, and the fashion still survives in the saffron-coloured stockings of the Blue-Coat boys, who preserve unchanged the costume worn at the time of the foundation of Christ’s Hospital in the reign of Edward VI. “They appear,” says the Clarendon Press ed. (p. 128), “to have been specially worn by the young, if any importance is to be attached to the burden of a song set to the tune of Peg a Ramsey (Chappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 218), in which a married man laments the freedom of his bachelor days:

Give me my yellow hose again,
Give me my yellow hose!”

The passage quoted by Steevens from Dekker’s *Honest Whore*, Part ii. l. 1, is scarcely to the point, I think, in proving the fashionableness of yellow stockings, for we see by the context that there is a special allusion to yellow as the colour of jealousy. Lodovico says to Infelice: “What *stockings* have you put on this morning, madam? if they be not *yellow*, change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband.” And Infelice replies: “O sir, you cannot make me jealous.”

152. Line 167: *cross-garter’d*.—This was another fashion of the time. Steevens cites Ford, *The Lover’s Melancholy*, 1629: “As rare a youth as ever walk’d *cross-gartered*.” Singer suggests that Olivia’s dislike of these fashions arose from thinking them coxcombical. Rather the reverse, one would think, from the allusion in iii. 2. 80 to a *pedant*.

153. Line 176: *point-devise*.—See *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, note 146.

154. Line 185: *I will be STRANGE, STOUT*.—That is, distant and proud. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, ii. 2. 112: “look *strange* and frown;” and II. Henry VI. i. 1. 187:

As *stout* and proud as he were lord of all.

155. Line 192: *dear my sweet*.—So all editors, I believe, but the Old-Spelling, who, following Mr. P. A. Daniel’s conjecture, read “Therefore in my presence still smile, *deer!* O my *sweete*, I *prethee!*” This seems to me very far-fetched. The F. reads *deero my sweete*. Surely the o is an obvious misprint for e, and could never have been intended for an exclamatory O. *Deer my sweet* is just such a phrase as “good my mouse,” i. 5. 69 above.

156. Line 198: *a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy*.—For the word *Sophy* compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 25: “the *Sophy*, and a Persian prince;” and see note 114 of that play. There is probably some allusion to Sir Robert Shirley, who had just returned from an embassy to Persia, greatly enriched by the liberality of the Shah. See Day, Rowley and Wilkins’ indifferent play, *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, a *rifacimento* of scenes developed from the apocryphal accounts of the Shirley brothers’ biographer.

157. Line 208: *tray-trip*.—A game at dice, which depended upon throwing a *tray* or *trois*. Tyrwhitt thinks it was something in the nature of draughts. See the long quotation from Machiavel’s *Dogge*, 1617, in Malone’s Var. Ed. vol. xi. p. 428.

ACT III. SCENE I.

[In the acting-edition, this scene forms a continuation of the previous one, and concludes act iii. The arrangement is perfectly justifiable, as the events of act ii. scenes 4 and 5, and of acts iii. iv. and v. all take place on the same day. For stage purposes such a division of the acts is preferable, as, with Olivia’s declaration of love to the supposed Cesario, an important step in the more serious interest of the play is reached.—F. A. M.]

158. Line 2: *tabor*.—An instrument much used by professional fools, perhaps in imitation of Tarleton, the celebrated jester, who appears with one in his hands in a print prefixed to his *Jests*, 1611.

159. Line 8: *lies*.—So Ff. Some editors have altered *lies* into *lives*. But the word was often used in the sense of “dwells” or “lodges.”

160. Line 13: *cheveril*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 87: “O, here’s a wit of *cheveril*, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.” Steevens cites a proverb in Ray’s Collection: “He hath a conscience like a *cheveril*’s skin.” Boyer, in his French dictionary, has “Cheveril Conscience, (made of stretching Leather) *Une Conscience large, une Conscience qui prête*.”

161. Line 39: *fools are as like husbands as PILCHARDS are to HERRINGS*.—Pilchards are often sold as small herrings, and many people are unable to distinguish between them. Ff. spell *pilchers*, which in Shakespeare’s time was an alternative spelling of the word.

162. Line 43: *Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere*.—Dyce prefers to insert a semicolon after *orb*, thus re-writing Shakespeare’s sentence for him.

163. Line 49: *there’s EXPENSES*.—No doubt a *pour-boire*, or drinking-money. Dr. Badam (cited in Dyce) would read *sixpence!*

164. Line 55: *have bred*.—Malone believes that Shakespeare wrote *have breed*, but does not introduce it into his text.

165. Line 62: *Cressida was a beggar*.—Malone cites Henryson, Testament of Cresseid (ed. Laing, p. 86):

And greit penairtie
Thow suffer sall, and as ane beggar die.

166. Line 63: *I will CONSTRUE to them*.—Ff. spell *conster*, which was simply a variant of *construe*.

167. Line 71: *NOT, like the haggard*.—Ff. have *and*; the reading in the text was suggested by Johnson. "The wise clown is discriminative in his jests: he does not play the fool with everybody and on all occasions, like a hawk which (I quote Bailey's Dictionary, 1753, s.v. 'Chick') 'for-sakes her natural flight to follow Rooks, or other Birds, when they come in view.' If we read *and*, where is the contrast?" (W. G. Stone). For *haggard*, see Much Ado, note 170.

168. Line 75: *But wise men, FOLLY-FALL'N, quite taint their wit*.—So Capell, after Theobald and Tyrwhitt's conjecture. F. 1 reads *wisemens* [F. 2 *wise mens*] *folly false, quite taint their wit*. Hammer and Warburton would read *wise men's folly shown*. Rolfe adopts this reading. The reading in the text is that most generally adopted, and seems the nearest to the Ff. It means, of course, "wise men, fallen into folly." The Clarendon Press editor quotes, very appositely, Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 75-78:

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise, when wit doth do; yet
Since all the power thereof it doth apply
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

169. Line 78: *SIR AND. Dieu vous garde, &c.*—Theobald gives the French to Sir Toby, and the *Save you, gentleman*, to Sir Andrew, because in i. 3. 96 the latter did not know the meaning of *pourquoi*. But as Malone remarks: "The words, *Save you, gentleman*, which [Theobald] has taken from Sir Toby, and given to Sir Andrew, are again used by Sir Toby in a subsequent scene; a circumstance which renders it the more probable that they were intended to be attributed to him here also. With respect to the improbability that Sir Andrew should understand French here, after having betrayed his ignorance in a former scene, it appears from a subsequent passage that he was a picker-up of phrases, and might have learned by rote from Sir Toby the few French words here spoken. If we are to believe Sir Toby, Sir Andrew 'could speak three or four languages word for word without book.'"

170. Line 83: *if your TRADE be to her*.—Compare Hamlet, iii. 2. 346: "Have you any further trade with us?"

171. Line 86: *she is the LIST of my voyage*.—Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:

The very *list*, the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes;

and Hamlet, iv. 5. 99:

The ocean, overpeering of his *list*.

172. Line 87: *TASTE your legs*.—Steevens cites Aristophanes, Frogs, 462: *γούρου τῆς θύρας*, taste the door, i.e. knock gently at it; but I suppose he did not attribute to Shakespeare a familiarity with the Greek of Aristophanes?

173. Line 89: *My legs do better UNDERSTAND me*.—I have printed this word as a compound, to show the pun at a glance.

174. Line 94: *but we are PREVENTED*.—*Prevented*, in the sense of "anticipated," is familiar to all from its use in the Bible, e.g. "Mine eyes prevent the night-watches" (Psalm cxix. 148).

175. Line 102: *I'll get 'em all three ALL READY*.—F. 1 has *already*. The reading in the text is Malone's, who says: "The editor of the 3rd Folio reformed the passage by reading only *ready*. But omissions ought always to be avoided if possible. The repetition of the word *all* is not improper in the mouth of Sir Andrew."

176. Line 122: *beseech you*.—So F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4 insert *I*, and Steevens, Dyce, &c., follow them. But *I* is frequently omitted in Shakespeare, and the line certainly reads better without it.

177. Line 123: *After the last enchantment you DID HERE*.—Ff. *did heare*; and some editors would read, with no small violence to the sense, *did hear*. The emendation is Warburton's. Malone cites instances of *here* being spelt *heare* from the Qq. and Ff. of Shakespeare, and adds: "Throughout the first edition of our author's Rape of Lucrece, 1594, which was probably printed under his own inspection, the word we now spell *here*, is constantly written *heare*."

178. Lines 132, 133:

*a CYPRUS, not a bosom,
Hides my heart.*

Compare ii. 4. 53 above (and note 123), and Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 221:

Cyprus black as e'er was crow.

The *cyprus* or *cypress* here is of course the crape. Halliwell quotes the Ballad of Robin Hood, Will Scadlock, and Little John:

Her riding-suit was of sable-hew black.
Cypress over her face
Through which her rose-like cheeks did bluish
All with a comely grace.

Aldis Wright (Clarendon Press Ed. pp. 135-137) gives an exhaustive note on the subject, chiefly on the etymology of the word.

179. Line 133: *Hides my heart*.—So F. 1. F. 2: *hides my poor heart*. Many editors follow this reading. The line is perfectly good without the interpolation. It must be read with a heavy accent on the first syllable, as in line 122: "Give me leave, beseech you. I did send."

180. Line 135: *No, not a GRISE*.—*Grise* is from the Latin *gressus*, through Old French *grès*, a step. It is used again in Othello, i. 3. 200: "Which, as a *grise* or step;" and in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 16, 17:

every *grise* of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below.

181. Line 146: *westward-ho!*—A cry of the watermen on the Thames. Used by Webster and Dekker as the name of a comedy (1607). It is referred to in Peele's Edward 1st (first printed in 1593), in a stage-direction [*Make a noise, WESTWARD HO!*] (Dyce's Peele, 2nd edn. vol. i. p. 132). The village of that name, and Kingsley's novel, render *Westward-ho* very familiar to our ears.

182. Line 147: *Grace and good disposition ATTEND your ladyship!*—Many editors adopt Steevens' reading of *'tend*, and the Cambridge edd. alter (and spoil!) the arrangement of the lines. The line as it stands is perfectly rhythmical.

183. Line 162: *maidenhood*.—This form of "maidenhood" occurs again in *Othello*, i. 1. 172-174:

Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and *maidenhood*
May be abused?

ACT III. SCENE 2.

[In the acting-edition this and the following scene are transposed, forming scenes 1 and 2 respectively of act iv. —F. A. M.]

184. Line 9: *Did she see THEE the while?*—F. 1 and F. 2 omit *thee*, which was added in F. 3.

185. Line 23: *PIRE-NEW from the mint*.—Brand-new. Cf. *Richard III.* i. 3. 256:

Your *fire-new* stamp of honour is scarce current;
and see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 12.

186. Line 34: *Brownist*.—A Puritan sect, the frequent butt of dramatic ridicule. They obtained their name from Robert Browne, a noted separatist of the time. Steevens cites mocking references to the sect from L. Barry's *Ram-Alley*, 1611, and Sir W. D'Avenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649. Aldis Wright (*Clarendon Press* ed. p. 139) quotes Earle's *Micro-cosmographia* (ed. Arber, p. 64), where, speaking of "A shee precise Hypocrite," the author says: "No thing angers her so much as that Woemen cannot Preach, and in this point onely thinke the *Brownist* erroneous."

187. Line 46: *curst*.—Generally used of women, in the sense of shrewish (compare Taming of Shrew, *passim*).

188. Line 48: *if thou "THOU'ST" him some thrice*.—To *thou* anyone was a mark of disrespect. Compare the French *tutoyer*, which Cotgrave renders "to *thou* one."

189. Line 51: *the bed of Ware*.—This hugest of beds (capable of holding twelve persons) was ten feet nine inches square and seven feet and a half high. It was formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware, and is now, says the *Clarendon Press* editor, to be seen at the Rye-House. A cut of it is given in Halliwell's folio ed. and Knight's Pictorial, as well as in Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 229.

190. Line 70: *the youngest wren of NINE*.—So Theobald. Ff. read *nine*. "The wren generally lays *nine* or ten eggs at a time, and the last hatched of all birds are usually the smallest and weakest of the whole brood" (Steevens).

191. Line 72: *If you desire the SPLEEN, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me*.—See note 174 to *Love's Labour's Lost*. Aldis Wright (*Clarendon Press* ed. p. 140) quotes Holland's *Pliny*, xi. 37 (vol. i. p. 343d): "For sure it is, that intemperate laughers have alwaies great *Spleens*."

192. Line 81: *that keeps a school & the church*.—This appears to have been no very unusual custom. The *Clarendon Press* editor (p. 141) refers to Fosbroke, *Encyclopædia of Antiquities* (ed. 1825), pp. 395 and 452. It is there mentioned that in 1447 several clergymen in London

petitioned Parliament for leave to open school in their parish churches. Halliwell states that the grammar-school at Stratford was kept in the adjacent chapel of the Guild, at intervals, during the time of Shakespeare.

193. Lines 84, 85: *he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map*.—Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 465: "*That smiles his cheek in years*," and see note 197 to that play. I have come across a curious parallel passage, or confirmation of Shakespeare's observation, in Stendhal, *La Chartreuse de Parme* (ed. Michel Lévy, 1869, pp. 103, 104): "*La marquise Balbi, jeune femme de vingt-cinq ans . . . vue de près, sa peau était parsemée d'un nombre infini de petits rides fines, qui faisaient de la marquise comme une jeune vieille . . . Elle prétendait à une finesse sans bornes, et toujours souriait avec malice . . . Le comte Mosca disait que c'étaient ces sourires continuels, tandis qu'elle baillait intérieurement, qui lui donnaient tant de rides.*"

194. Line 85: *the new map with the augmentation of the Indies*.—"The editors have generally followed Steevens in seeing here an allusion to a map engraved for Linschoten's *Voyages*, an English translation of which was published in 1598. Knight has a cut (not perfectly accurate in its details) showing the multilinear character of the map. But, as Mr. [C. H.] Coote has proved [in a paper read before the New Shakspeare Society, June 14, 1878], this map was not a *new* one, but 'a feebly reduced copy of an old one, the latest geographical information to be found on it when T. N. appeared being at least thirty years old,' and 'it showed no portion of the great Indian peninsula.' The true *new map* was pretty certainly one which Hallam in his *Literature of Europe* calls 'the best map of the 16th century,' and which he says is 'found in a few copies of the first edition of Hakluyt's *Voyages*.' This edition, however, was published in 1589, while the map records discoveries made at least seven years later. 'The truth,' as Mr. Coote remarks, 'seems to be that it was a separate map well known at the time, made in all probability for the convenience of the purchasers of either one or the other of the two editions of Hakluyt' [the 2nd was published in 1598-1600]. The author of the map was probably Mr. Enmerie Mollineux of Lambeth, who was also the first Englishman to make a terrestrial globe.

"The *augmentation of the Indies* on this map consists in 'a marked development of the geography of India proper, then known as the land of the Mogores or Mogol, the island of Ceylon, and the two peninsulas of Cochinchina and the Corea.' . . . It may be added that this map has *more lines* than the one in Linschoten's *Voyages*, there being *sixteen* sets of rhumb-lines on the former to *twelve* in the latter" (Rolfe).

ACT III. SCENE 3.

195. Line 15: *And thanks: and, ever oft, good turns*.—F. 1 reads, *and thanks: and euer oft good turnes*. Theobald's emendation is followed by some edd.: *and thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns*. The reading in the text is that of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare, and the explanation given in the foot-note is due to Furni-

vall and Stone. The Camb. edd. treat the line as hopelessly corrupt and print *and thanks; and ever . . . oft good turns*.

196. Line 17: *worth*.—For *worth* in the sense of wealth or fortune, see Romeo and Juliet, ii. 6. 32:

They are but beggars that can count their *worth*, &c.

M. Mason quotes Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, iii. 2:

Such as the satirist paints truly forth,
That only to his crimes owes all his *worth*.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 283.

197. Line 26: *the count his galleys*.—This was frequently the form of the genitive in Shakespeare's time, owing to a mistaken notion that the "s" of the genitive was merely a contraction of the possessive pronoun *his*. Malone, however, thinks the right reading may have been *the county's* [=count's] *galleys*. See Love's Labour's Lost, note 191.

198. Line 36: *lapsed*.—Schmidt explains as "surprised, taken in the action," and refers to a passage in Hamlet, iii. 4. 107, of doubtful interpretation. *Straying* has also been suggested by Clarke, and *transgressing* by Singer.

199. Lines 47, 48:

*I'll be your purse-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.*

F. 1 reads:

He be your purse-bearer, and leave you
For an houere.

Most editors print as in text; the Cambridge edd. follow the F. precisely; some print as prose.

ACT III. SCENE 4.

200. Line 1: *he says he'll come*.—This is of course hypothetical: "suppose him to say . . ."

201. Line 2: *what bestow of him?*—Compare All's Well, iii. 5. 103:

I will bestow some precepts of [F. 2 *one*] this virgin.

202. Line 5: *Where is Malvolio? he is SAD and civil*.—*Sad* means here grave, serious; there is a play upon the two meanings of the word in lines 20, 21 below. A good instance of *sad* in the sense of grave is found in Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra, part ii. i. 9 (stage-direction after line 30): "During the first parte of the song, the King faineth to talke *sadlie* with some of his Counsell."

203. Lines 24, 25: *it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all"*.—A ballad of this name was entered on the Stationers' Registers in January 18, 1591-92. It is entitled "A prettie newe Ballad, intytuled: The Crowe sits vpon the wall, Please one and please all. To the tune of, Please one and please all." The initials at the end, "R. T.," are perhaps those of Richard Tarleton, the actor. The ballad is printed in Staunton's edition of Shakespeare. *Sonnet*, in Shakespeare's time, was often used loosely for a short song or poem. Compare the second title of The Passionate Pilgrim, "*Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musick*"—not one *sonnet*, in the proper sense of the word, being contained in that part of the book. Cotgrave gives: "Sonnet: m. A *sonnet*, or *canzonet*, a song (most commonly) of 14 verses."

204. Line 26.—Ff. have *Mal*. for *Oli*.

205. Line 46: *Ha?*—So Ff. Most editors change the note of interrogation into a note of exclamation; but the word is probably, as the Old-Spelling edd. suggest—"eh?"

206. Line 59: *Am I MADE?*—Some, who believe Manningham's hasty and preposterous conjecture that Olivia was a widow, would read *maid*. Clarke explains the sentence as an expression of surprise on the part of the wealthy Olivia that she should be supposed to have a chance of making her fortune, of becoming a *made* woman. Compare Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 124: "You're a *made* old man."

207. Line 61: *midsummer madness*.—Steevens cites from Ray's Proverbs: "'Tis *midsummer moon* with you," i.e. you are mad; and Halliwell refers to Poor Richard's Almanack: "Some people about *midsummer moon* are affected in their brain."

208. Lines 67-70.—"Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to" refers to Malvolio; the latter part of the speech to Viola. "I would not have him miscarry" is explained by the Old-Spelling edd. "*him* (Viola) *miscarry*, &c. through Toby's violence." Malvolio understands it all as applying to him, and is nightly gratified.

209. Line 78: *tang with*.—F. 1 has *langer with*. Some editors omit *with* in order to make the phrase precisely uniform with the first version of it; but these little variations are very natural.

210. Line 82: *but it is JOVE'S doing, and JOVE make me thankful*.—Here, and in one or two other places, it is probable that Shakespeare wrote *God's* and *God*, and that in printing it was changed on account of the act of James I. against the stage use of the name of God. Halliwell reads *God's* and *God* in his edition.

211. Line 86: *no dram of a scruple*.—Compare a similar pun in II. Henry IV. i. 2. 146: "but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some *dram of a scruple*, or indeed a scruple itself."

212. Line 114: *Carry his water to the wise woman*.—Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2. 2, and Macbeth, v. 3. 51. See note 61 to the former play. Douce says, speaking of the present passage: "Here may be a direct allusion to one of the two old ladies of this description mentioned in the following passage from Heywood's play of 'The Wise Woman of Hogsdon, ii. 1: "You have heard of Mother Nottingham, who for her time, was prettily well skill'd in *casting of Waters*; and after her, Mother Bombye" (Works, vol. v. p. 292).

213. Line 128: *Ay, BIDDY, come with me*.—Malone says that "Come, *Bid*, come, are words of endearment used by children to chickens." In Cornwall, and perhaps in other parts of the country, children will speak of or to a chicken as *ticky-biddy*.

214. Line 129: *to play at CHERRY-PIT*.—This was a game in which cherry-stones were pitched into a small hole. Steevens cites Day, Isle of Gulls, 1606: "if she were here, I would have a bout at cobnut or *cherry-pit*."

215. Line 130: *collier*.—The devil was called so for his

traditional attribute of blackness: "Like will to like, quoth the Devil to the *Collier*" (proverb cited by Johnson). *Collier* was a frequent and most obnoxious term of reproach in Shakespeare's time. See *Romeo and Juliet*, note 4.

216. Line 154: *a finder of madmen*.—"Finders of madmen must have been those who acted under the writ 'De lunatico inquirendo'; in virtue whereof they found the man mad" (Ritson).

217. Line 156: *More matter for a MAY MORNING*.—This is an allusion to the festive celebration of *May-day*, when it was customary to have the morris-dance, comic interludes, &c. The Clarendon Press editor quotes from Stow's Survey of London, 1603, p. 9: "I find also that in the month of May, the Citizens of London of all estates, lightly in every Parish, or sometimes two or three parishes ioyning together, had their severall mayings, and did fetch in Maypoles, with diuerse warlike shewes, with good Archers, Morrice dauncers and other deuices for pastime all the day long, and towards the Euening they had stage playes, and Bonefiers in the streetes." "Merry England" is getting too sober for that sort of thing now; but at least the children do not forget to keep up *May-day*. In Shakespeare's county it is customary for them to go round in the morning, carrying sticks wreathed and crowned with flowers, and singing a song or hymn about "the merry month of May" at all the doors where pennies are likely to be forthcoming. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 20.

218. Line 168: *A good note, that; keeps you, &c.*—This is the reading of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare. There is no special authority for the punctuation, but it seems to me vigorous, and I have adopted it. The customary reading is *A good note: that keeps you*. Ff. have simply a comma after note.

219. Line 185: *He may have mercy upon MINE*.—Johnson would read *thine*, but as Mason remarks: "The present reading is more humorous than that suggested by Johnson. The man on whose soul he hopes that God will have mercy, is the one that he supposes will fall in the combat: but Sir Andrew hopes to escape unhurt, and to have no present occasion for that blessing." Compare Henry V. ii. 3. 20-23: "Now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet."

220. Lines 215, 216: *they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices*.—See II. Henry VI. note 185.

221. Line 223: *AND LAID mine honour too unchary ON 'T*.—So Ff. Theobald's emendation of *out* is very frequently adopted by modern edd. Schmidt takes *laid* in the sense of *staked*. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 174: "he hath *laid* on twelve for nine."

222. Line 227: *GOES on my master's GRIEF*.—This is Rowe's emendation. Ff. have *greefes*. Some editors read "Go on my master's griefs."

223. Line 244: *DISMOUNT thy TUCK*.—Cotgrave has "Verdun, m. *The little Rapier, called a Tucke*." Boyer (French Dictionary) gives "Tuck, *subst. (or Rapier) Estoc*,

longue Epée." It is from *estoc* that the word came into English. The Clarendon Press editor very aptly remarks: "The hangers or straps by which the rapier was attached to the sword belt are called in the affected language of Osric the 'carriages' (Hamlet, v. 2. 158, &c.), and Sir Toby's 'dismount' is in keeping with this phraseology" (p. 149).

224. Line 257: *dubb'd with UNHATCH'D rapier*.—Some editors (after Pope) read *unhacked*. In either case the sense is the same, and, as Singer remarks, we have still the word *hatch* in the technical term *cross-hatching* used of engravings. Mr. P. A. Daniel has four illustrations of the word *unhatched* in his Notes and Conjectural Emendations of certain Doubtful Passages in Shakespeare's Plays, 1870. One of these illustrations is quite pat:

Unharden'd with relentless thoughts; *unhatch'd*
With blood and bloody practice.

—Fletcher, Knight of Malta, iv. 5.

Another illustration (from Fletcher's Tragedy of Valentinian, ii. 3) refers to "swords, *hatch'd* with the blood of many nations."

225. Line 258: *on carpet consideration* = a *carpet-knight*. There is a long quotation in the Variorum Ed. (vol. xi. pp. 458, 459) concerning carpet-knights from Francis Markham's Booke of Honour, 1625. "*Carpet knights*" are explained as being "men who are by the prince's grace and favour made knights at home and in the time of peace by the imposition or laying on of the king's sword." The word came to have a sense worse than that of mere idleness and absence from active service. Cotgrave gives "Mignon de couchette: *A Carpet-Knight, one that euer loves to be in womens chambers*." Compare the expression *carpet-mongers*, in *Much Ado*, v. 2. 31, and see note 374 thereon.

226. Line 262: *HOB NOB is his word*.—This is said to be a corruption of *hab or nab*, have or have not, hit or miss. Malone cites Hollinshed's History of Ireland: "The Citizens in their rage . . . shot *habbe or nabbe* at randon." Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Hab-nab, *temerè, sine consilio*," and Cotgrave renders "Conjecturament. *Coniecturally, by ghesse, or coniecture, habnab, little-missie*."

227. Line 268: *quirk*.—Compare All's Well, iii. 2. 51:

I've felt so many *quirks* of joy and grief;

and Pericles, iv. 6. 8: "she has me her *quirks*, her reasons."

228. Line 275: *MEDDLÉ you must*.—Malone compares the common phrase, "I'll not make nor *meddle* with it." Schmidt explains *meddle* as "have to do."

229. Line 298: *I am one that had rather go with SIR priest than sir knight*.—*Sir* (the English equivalent of the Latin *dominus*) was a title customarily given to the clergy as well as to those of the rank of knights. Compare "*Sir Topas the curate*," iv. 2. 2 below. See Richard III. note 345.

230. Line 300: *Re-enter Sir Toby*.—Dyce begins a new scene (5) with this entry. I give his remarks, acknowledging their justice, but not making any change in the text because of the practical inconvenience of doing so. "Higher up in the same page, Sir Toby, before going out,

has desired Fabian to 'stay by this gentleman' (Viola) till his return from talking with Sir Andrew: a little while after, Fabian says to Viola, 'Will you walk towards him' (Sir Andrew)? and accordingly makes his exit with her. Sir Toby now enters accompanied by Sir Andrew; and though the F. does not mark a new scene, it is certain that, previous to the entrance of the two knights, the audience of Shakespeare's days (who had no painted movable scenery before their eyes) were to suppose a change of scene. Presently Antonio enters, draws his sword in defence of Viola (whom he mistakes for Sebastian), and is arrested by the Officers: and from the speech of the First Officer in v. 1. 67, 68, we learn distinctly where his arrest took place:

Here *in the streets*, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Sir Andrew, then, was waiting for the pretended page 'at the corner of the orchard' (iii. 4. 194), 'at the orchard-end' (iii. 4. 244), that is, in the street at the extremity of Olivia's orchard or garden; there Sir Toby had joined him; and thither Fabian and Viola walk.

[In the acting-edition of this play, as prepared for the Lyceum Theatre, scene 4 of act iv. commences here, the place being *The Orchard End*. There can be no doubt that a change of scene is necessary here.—F. A. M.]

231. Line 302: *fiago*.—A corruption of *vtrago*; "the expression," says Schmidt, "is used at random by Sir Toby to frighten Sir Andrew, who 'has not bestowed his time in the tongues.'"

232. Line 303: *stuck*.—*Stuck* or *stock* is the same thing as *stoccado* or *stoccata*, a thrust in fencing. Compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 162: "your venom'd *stuck*;" Marston, Antonio's Revenge, 1602: "I would pass on him with a mortal *stock*."

233. Line 322: *He is as HORRIBLY CONCEITED* of him.—"That is, he has as horrid an idea or conception of him" (Malone). *To conceit* is used three times in Shakespeare in the sense, "to form an idea" (Julius Caesar, i. 3. 162; iii. 1. 192; Othello, iii. 3. 149).

234. Line 326: *for's OATH SAKE*.—Compare "for *conscience sake*." The change made, after Capell, by some modern edd. (*oath's sake*), is quite needless.

235. Line 349: *undertaker*.—The Old-Spelling edd. cite Cotgrave: "Entrepreneur. An . . . *undertaker*; also a Broker, Pettifogger or Intermeddler in other mens controversies."

236. Line 389: *Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness*.—Ff. have *Then lying, vainnesse, babbling drunkenness*. Editors are almost equally divided as to whether this line should be read as in the text or connecting *lying vainness* and *babbling drunkenness*.

237. Line 404: *empty trunks o'erflourish'd*.—An allusion to the ornamental chests, richly decorated with carving and scroll work, which in Shakespeare's time were part of the furniture of handsome houses.

238. Line 412: *couplet*.—This word, meaning "couple, is used by Shakespeare only here and in Hamlet, v. i. 309, 310;

patient as the female dove,
When that her golden *couplets* are disclosed.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

[In the acting-edition this scene forms part of the preceding one.—F. A. M.]

239. Lines 14, 15: *I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney*.—"That is, affectation and foppery will overspread the world" (Johnson). Douce would read, "this great lubberly *word*" (i.e. *vent*), and various far-fetched explanations have been put forward by ingenious persons who are not content with a straightforward meaning. Shakespeare has used the word *cockney* again in Lear, ii. 4. 123, 124: "Cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive."

240. Line 19: *foolish Greek*.—*Merry Greek* was a sort of slang term for a jolly companion. *Mathewee Merrygreeke* is the name of one of the characters in Roister Doister. Coles has "Pergreacor, ari., to revel, to play the merry Greek, or boon companion." Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 118: "Then she's a *merry Greek* indeed;" and iv. 4. 58:

A woeful Cressid 'mongst the *merry Greeks*!

241. Line 24: *after FOURTEEN years' purchase*; i.e. at a high rate, the current price in Shakespeare's time being *twelve years' purchase*.

242. Line 28: *Why, there's for thee, and there, and there!*—So Ff. Capell added, in order to make the line complete, a third and *there*. It does not seem certain, though it is probable enough, that Shakespeare left the line imperfect, as in Ff., so I have not altered the text.

243. Line 43: *you are well FLESH'D*.—Schmidt explains *fleshed* as "made fierce and eager for combat (as a dog fed with flesh only)," and compares Henry V. iii. 3. 11: "the *flesh'd* soldier," &c. See Day, Ile of Gulls, ii. 2 (ed. Bullen, p. 33): "he expects your presence to see the *fleshing* of a couple of Spartane hounds in the wasting blood of the spent Deare."

244. Line 55: *RUEDESBY, be gone!*—This word is used again in Taming of the Shrew, iii. 2. 10: "a mad-brain *rudesby* full of spleen." Nares gives no example except these two Shakespearean ones.

245. Line 57: *extent*.—"I conjecture that, by a bold metaphor, Sir Toby is said to make an '*extent*' (the writ so called) upon Viola's peace; depriving her of it wholly or in great measure. In Phillips's New World of Words, ed. Kersey, 1720, s.v. '*Extent*,' it is said that in 'Common Law an *Extent* signifies 1. a Writ or Commission to the Sheriff for the valuing of Lands or Tenements; 2. the Sheriff's Act upon that Writ; 3. the Estimate or Valuation of such Lands; which when done to the utmost Value, was said to be to the full *extent*.' Shakspeare was fond of legalities" (W. G. Stone).

246. Line 62: *BESHREW his soul for me*.—See note 137 to A Midsummer Night's Dream.

247. Line 64: *What relish is in this?*—"How does this taste? What judgment am I to make of it?" (Johnson).

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

248. Line 2: *Sir Topas the curate*.—See note 229 above. The name of *Sir Topas* is a little compliment to Chaucer; see Chaucer's tale of *Sir Thopas* in the *Canterbury Tales*.

249. Line 7: *I am not TALL enough to become the function well*.—The innocent word *tall* has been a stumbling-block to some editors, whose ideas of the clerical profession are not to be harmonized with *tall*. Farmer would read *fat*, and Tyrwhitt *pale*. Perhaps the Clown plays upon the double sense of the word *tall*, which is commonly used as -hold, sturdy.

250. Line 8: *student*.—F. print *student*, as in *Merry Wives*, iii. 1. 38. The Clarendon Press editor thinks that perhaps the misspelling is intentional, common as it is to the Clown and to Justice Shallow.

251. Line 15: *the old hermit of Prague*.—Douce says that by this is meant, "not the celebrated heresiarch, Jerome of Prague, but another of that name, born likewise at Prague, and called the *hermit of Camaldoli* in Tuscany."

252. Line 16: *King Gorboduc*.—An ancient British king, the hero of the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, written by Sackville and Norton, and represented in 1562.

253. Line 41: *barriadoes*.—*Barriado* was the unnaturalized form of this word in Shakespeare's time. It is used again in *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 204, and as a verb in *All's Well*, i. 1. 124. Cotgrave has "*Barriade*: f. *A barriado*; a defence of barrets, timber, pales, &c."

254. Line 41: *clear-stories*.—F. 1 has *cleere stores*; F. 2 *cleare stones*. The reading in the text (Blakeway's conjecture in Boswell) is the most generally accepted, and seems to me far the best. *Clear-story* or *clerestory* is the name given to the windows above the arches of the nave of a Gothic church.

255. Lines 54, 55: *What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wildfowl?*—Compare *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 131 and *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 187, and see note 285 to the former play.

256. Line 68: *I am FOR ALL WATERS*.—Malone interprets: "I can turn my hand to anything; I can assume any character I please; like a fish, I can swim equally well in all waters." He quotes Nash's *Lenten Stuffe*, 1599, "Not a sloop of a rope halter they send forth to the Queenes ships, but hee is first broken to the Sea in the Herring mans Skiffe or Cockboate, where hauing learned to brooke all waters, and eate poor Iohn out of swuttie platters, there is no ho with him but once hartned thus, he will needes be a man of warre, or a Tobacco taker, and weare a siluer whistle."

257. Line 78: "*Hey, Robin*," &c.—This song is printed in *Percy's Reliques* (ed. 1794, vol. i. p. 194). It begins:

A Robyn
Jolly Robyn,
Tell me how thy leman doeth,
And thou shalt knowe of myn.
"My lady is unkind perde."
Alack! why is she so?

"She loueth another better than me;
And yet she will say no."

258. Line 92: *Alas, sir, how fell you BESIDES your FIVE WITS?*—The *five wits*, we learn from Stephen Hawes' poem, the *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. (cited by Malone), were: "common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, and memory."—*Besides* was often used as a preposition. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 78-81, where the phrase "*besides myself or thyself*" occurs three times.

259. Line 99: *They have here PROPERTIED me*.—Compare *King John*, v. 2. 79-82:

I am too high-born to be *propertied*,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world."

260. Line 104: *endeavour thyself*.—Halliwell cites Lati-mer, *Sermons*: "The devil, with no less diligence, *endeavoureth himself* to let and stop our prayers;" and Holinshed, *Chronicles*: "He *endeavored himself* to answer the expectation of his people, which hoped for great wealth to ensue by his noble and prudent governance."

261. Line 134: *Like to the old VICE*.—The *Vice* was the clown of the old moralities. "He was grotesquely dressed in a cap with ass's ears, a long coat, and a dagger of lath. One of his chief employments was to make sport with the devil, leaping on his back and belabouring him with his dagger till he made him roar. The devil, however, always carried him off in the end" (Singer). Compare *Henry V.* iv. 4. 74-77: "Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger." See note 305 to *Richard III.*

262. Line 141: *goodman devil*.—F. 1 has *good man diuell*; F. 2 *good man Diuell*; F. 3 and F. 4 *good man Devil*. Rowe suggested *goodman drivell*, and so many modern edd. read.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

[In the acting-edition this scene is the first scene of act v.—F. A. M.]

263. Line 6: *credit*.—According to some this means merely "current belief," according to others, "oral intelligence." Singer quotes from a letter of Elizabeth to Sir Nicholas Throckmorton among the Conway Papers: "This beror came from you with great spede. . . . We haue heard his *credit* & fynd your carefulness and diligence very great."

264. Line 12: *discourse*.—Singer quotes from Granville: "The act of the mind which connects propositions, and deduceth conclusions from them, the schools call *discourse*, and we shall not miscall it if we name it *reason*." Compare *Hamlet*, i. 2. 150: "a beast, that wants *discourse* of reason."

265. Lines 20, 21:
there's something in't

That is DECEIVABLE.

Deceivable is again used in the sense of deceptive in *Richard II.* ii. 3. 84, 85:

Show me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whose duty is *deceivable* and false.

266. Line 24: *chantry*.—A private chapel endowed with revenues for priests to chant masses for the souls of their donors.

267. Line 26: *Plight me*, &c.—Douce has shown that this was not a marriage, but a betrothal, formerly known as *espousals*, a term which has come to be applied to the marriage ceremony.

268. Line 27: *jealous*.—This is spelt in F.1 *iealous*. In Arden of Feversham the word is always a trisyllable, and in Q.1 it is usually spelt "Jelious."

269. Line 28: *May live at peace. He shall conceal it*.—Hammer reads "henceforth live," to fill up the missing foot in the metre. The interpolation does not commend itself to my mind.

270. Line 29: *WHILES you are willing it shall come to note*.—While is used again in the sense of "until" in Macbeth, iii. 1. 44. Schmidt compares Euphues' Golden Legacy (ed. Collier), p. 47: "and stood there while the next morning," p. 89: "to pass away the night while bedtime."

ACT V. SCENE 1.

271. Line 23: *conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives*.—Farmer cites Lust's Dominion, i. 1:

Queen. Come, let's kiss.

Moor. Away, away.

Queen. No, no, says, ay; and twice away, says stay.

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xiv. p. 98.

272. Line 36: *grace*.—Compare Rape of Lucrece, 712: "Desire doth fight with Grace" [i.e. virtue].

273. Line 39: *PRIMO, SECUNDO, TERTIO, is a good play*.—See Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 198: "I omit to speake anie thing of the lots comprised in verses, concerning the lucke ensuing, either of *Virgil, Homer*, or anie other, wherein fortune is gathered by the sudden turning unto them: because it is a childish and ridiculous toie, and like unto children's plaie at *Primus secundus*, or the game called The philosopher's table." On this Dr. Nicholson remarks (p. 549 of his reprint): "This goes far to show—proves, I think—that the Clown's '*Primo, secundo, tertio*' is a good play" (Twelfth Night, v. 1), a passage on which no commentator known to me has touched, thinking it merely a jocular remark, is, in fact, taken from a well-known play or game. What the game was is unknown to me, but children still use various numerals, provincial or otherwise, mingled with rhyme, to settle anything, as, for instance, who shall hide in the game of hide and seek."

274. Line 43: *the bells of SAINT BENNET*.—This church, according to Halliwell, was *St. Bennet's*, Paul's Wharf, London, destroyed in the great fire of 1666.

275. Line 46: *at this throw*.—The allusion is, of course, to a throw at dice. Some, however, would take *throw* to be from Anglo-Saxon *thrah*, *thrag*, "a half space of time," "a truce." Compare Chaucer, The Man of Lawes Tale, 5373:

Now let us stint of Custance but a *throw*.

276. Lines 57, 58:

A BAWBLING vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulke UNPRIZABLE.

Bawbling is used here for insignificant, as *bauble* in Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 34-37:

the sea being smooth,
How many shallow *bauble* boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk!

Unprizable is used for invaluable, not, as some have taken it, "what is without value." Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Unprisable, *Adj.* (or unvaluable) *inestimable, qu'on ne peut assez estimer*"; "Coles renders the word by *inestimabilis*; and Cotgrave gives "Impreciable . . . *unprisable, invaluable [i.e. invaluable]."*

277. Line 68: *In private BRABBLE did we apprehend him*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 62:

This petty *brabble* will undo us all.

The word occurs four times in Merry Wives as *prabbles*, the Welsh mispronunciation of Evans and Fluellen. Boyer (French Dictionary) has "Brabble, *S.* *Dispute, querelle, Debat, Chamaillis.*"

278. Line 74: *dear*.—Heart-felt, touching the heart, used of disagreeable as well as agreeable affections (Schmidt). Compare Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 874:

Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans;
and see note 223 on that passage, and Richard II. note 78.

279. Line 82: *wreck*.—Ff., here as always, spell *wracke*.

280. Lines 85-87:

for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
INTO the danger of this adverse town.

Compare Henry V. i. 2. 102:

Look back into your mighty ancestors;
and All's Well, i. 3. 259, 260:

I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt.

281. Line 97: *three months*.—Compare i. 4. 3: "he hath known you but *three days*." Shakespeare seems to have overlooked the contradiction: the *three days* were necessary for stage-purposes, the *three months* would be nearer the probabilities of things.

282. Line 117: *My soul the faithfull'st offerings HATH breath'd out*.—Hath is Capell's emendation; Ff. print *have*, which may have been written by Shakespeare. Similar instances are not uncommon of a plural verb being used by attraction from a substantive in the plural immediately before it.

283. Line 121: *Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death*.—Theobald pointed out that Shakespeare here refers to the story of Theagenes and Chariclea in the Ethiopica of Heliodorus. The hero and heroine were carried off by Thyamis, an Egyptian pirate, who fell in love with Chariclea, and being pursued by his enemies, shut her up in a cave with his treasure. When escape seemed impossible, he was determined that she should not survive him, and going to the cave, thrust her through, as he thought, with his sword. "If ye barbarous people," says the Greek novelist, "be once in despair of their owne safetie, they haue a custome to kill all those by whome they set much, and whose companie they desire after death (fol. 20, ed. 1587). There was an English

translation of Heliodorus by Thomas Underdowne, which was licensed to Francis Colclouke in 1568-9, and of which a copy, without date, is in the Bodleian Library. Another edition appeared in 1587, "and Shakespeare may very well have read it, as it was a popular book" (Clarendon Press ed. p. 104).

284. Line 129: *tender dearly*.—Schmidt explains the verb *to tender*, as "to regard or treat with kindness: to like; to hold dear; to take care of." Compare Comedy of Errors, v. 132: "so much we *tender* him."

285. Lines 149, 150:

*Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee STRANGLE THY PROPRIETY.*

Strangle thy propriety is a somewhat forced expression for "disown what thou really art." Compare Henry VIII. v. 1. 157, 158:

He has *strangled*
His language in his tears.

And for *propriety*, in the sense here used, compare Othello, ii. 3. 175, 176:

Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the isle
From her *propriety*.

286. Line 150: *A contract of eternal bond of love*.—So ff. and most editors. Dyce (following a conjecture of Malone) reads *and*.

287. Line 160: *Confirm'd by mutual JOINER of your hands*.—*Joiner* occurs nowhere else in Shakespeare, but *rejoindure* is used in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 4. 37, 38:

rudely beguiles our lips
Of all *rejoindure*.

288. Line 162: *interchangement of your rings*.—Douce (Illustrations of Shakspeare, 1839, pp. 67-72) held that the ceremony which the priest describes was a betrothal, not a marriage (compare what Olivia says in iv. 3. 28-31). In the note which Douce has written on this subject he does not quote any real authority for the interchange of rings between the parties. He says (pp. 67, 68): "The form of betrothing at church in this country has not been handed down to us in any of its ancient ecclesiastical service books; but it is to be remembered that Shakspeare is here making use of foreign materials, and the ceremony is preserved in a few of the French and Italian rituals."—[Douce's long note on this passage is, in the main, correct; but a great deal of confusion appears to exist in the minds of many persons as to the exact nature of the Betrothal, or Espousal, as it is called in the Catholic Church, and of the relations which it bears to the ceremony of marriage. As has been stated in Much Ado, note 259, many of the ceremonies observed in the Service of Matrimony, as it now exists in the Roman Catholic Church, belonged originally to the Betrothal; and what Douce does not clearly state in his note is that the Church of Rome has always, from the earliest times, held the Betrothal or Espousal of two persons to be as binding as marriage itself. Such a solemn contract, as that described in the text, entered into between two adults, whether in the presence of a priest or not, and whether confirmed by the interchange of rings or not, would be held binding—provided there were no impediment to the marriage of the two persons—till such an

engagement had been dissolved by mutual consent. Cohabitation could not lawfully take place without the sacrament of Matrimony; but neither would be free to contract any other marriage as long as such Betrothal or Espousal remained in force. There is at present, as far as I can find out, no extant ritual in the Church of Rome for the ceremony of Espousal. In the Greek Church the ceremony of Espousal always precedes that of marriage, and in this ceremony "two rings, one of gold and another of silver, are placed on the altar and given by the priest to bridegroom and bride respectively" (Addis and Arnold's Catholic Dictionary, *sub voce* Marriage). The giving of "the ring, or *annulus pronubus*, was used to plight troth before Christian time by the Romans" (*ut supra*). The joining of hands accompanied by a kiss is alluded to by Tertullian (De Virg. Veland. 11). Another ceremony, not mentioned here, but still observed in the Order of Matrimony in the Church of Rome, is the giving to the bride by the bridegroom of a gold and a silver coin; and this ceremony, curiously enough, is also of ante-Christian origin; it having existed among the Franks as well as among the Jews. The ceremony of placing the ring on the fourth finger of the left hand of the bride is retained in the order of Matrimony both by the Church of Rome and by the Church of England.—F. A. M.]

289. Line 168: *When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy CASE*.—Malone cites Cary, Present State of England, 1626: "Queen Elizabeth asked a knight, named Young, how he liked a company of brave ladies? He answered, as I like my silver-haired conies at home: the *cases* are far better than the bodies." The Clarendon Press editor (p. 166) quotes Chapman, Bussy d'Ambois: "And why not? as well as the Asse, stalking in the Lion's *case*, beare himseife like a Lion, braying all the huger beasts out of the Forrest?" (Works, ii. 19).

290. Line 176: *Send one*.—So F. 1; F. 3 and one. Dyce combines both readings, and prints *and send one*.

291. Line 198: *othergates*; i.e. otherwise. The word is still used, provincially, in the North. Nares quotes Hudibras, part I. canto iii. line 42:

When Hudibras, about to enter
Upon an *othergates* adventure.

In Walker's Dictionary (ed. 1837) the word is given, but marked "obsolete."

292. Line 206: *a passy measures PAVIN*.—F. 1 *paynyn*, F. 2 *pavin*. Halliwell says that the *passy measures pavin* is described in an early MS. list of dances [printed in the Old Shakespeare Soc.'s Papers, vol. i. p. 24] as "The passing measure *Pavyon*,—2 singles & a double forward, & 2 singles syde.—Reprynce back." *Passy measure* is a corruption of the Italian *passamezzo* ("a *passa-measure* in dancing, a cinque paces," Florio, 1598); "a slow dance, differing little from the action of walking" (Sir John Hawkins). Sir John derives *pavin* (or *pavan*) from *pavo*, a peacock; it was a grave Spanish dance, many allusions to which (e.g. "a doleful *pavin*," Davenant) are given in the Variorum Ed. There is a curious allusion to the dance and its Spanish origin in Dekker's Old Fortunatus, iii. 1, where the Spanish lord Insultado says, "Oyerer la a pavan española; sea vuestra musica y gravidad, y ma-

jestad"—i.e. "You shall hear the Spanish *pavan*; let your music be grave and majestic." After Insultado has danced, Agripyne says: "The Spaniard's dance is as his deeds are, full of pride." The meaning of the phrase in the text is, according to Malone, "that the surgeon is a rogue, and a *grave solemn coxcomb*." A metaphor derived from dances comes very characteristically from Sir Toby.

293. Line 212: *Will you help?* &c.—Ff. have *Will you helps an Asse-head, and a coxcombe, & a knave: a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?* The pointing in the text is Malone's, which is generally accepted. Steevens follows the reading of the F., understanding these reproaches to be addressed to Sir Andrew.

294. Line 224: *perspective*.—"A glass cut in such a manner as to produce an optical delusion" (Schmidt). Compare Richard II. ii. 2. 18-20 (and see note 150 on the passage):

Like *perspectives*, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd away
Distinguish form.

Tollet quotes from *Humane Industry*, 1661, pp. 66, 67: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, men make one picture to represent several faces—that being viewed from one place or standing, did show the head of a Spaniard, and from another, the head of an ass. . . . A picture of a chancellor of France presented to the common beholder a multitude of little faces; but if one did look on it through a *perspective*, there appeared only the single pourtraiture of the chancellor himself."

295. Lines 258-260:

*Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and JUMP
That I am Viola.*

Compare Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 195:

Both our inventions meet and *jump* in one.

Jump is sometimes used joined to *with* (as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 32), and sometimes as an adverb (as in Hamlet, i. 1. 65), meaning always "to agree precisely with, to be just so and so." Coles, in his Latin Dictionary, renders "To jump with" by *cum altero sentire*.

296. Line 262: *Where lie my MAIDEN WEEDS*.—Theobald changed *maiden* to *maid's*, and *preserved* in the next line to *preferred*. Both readings are followed by Dyce. For *weeds* in the sense of garments, compare Lucrece, 196: "love's modest snow-white *weed*." Milton in his translation of the fifth ode of the first book of Horace renders *uida vestimenta*, "dank and dropping *weeds*."

297. Line 267: *But nature to her BIAS drew in that*.—A metaphor taken from the game of bowls. Compare Taming of Shrew, iv. 5. 24, 25:

thus the bowl should run,
And not unluckily against the *bias*.

298. Line 272: *the glass*.—*The glass* perhaps refers to the *perspective*, line 224 above.

299. Line 288: *extracting*.—So F.1; F.2 *exacting*. Schmidt explains *extracting* as "drawing other thoughts from my mind." The metaphor in the word is very forcible, and there is no reason in the world why it should

be toned down to the F.2 *exacting* or Hammer's *distracting*.

300. Line 290: Re-enter *Clown*, &c.—This entry occurs in Ff. and most editors after line 287. The Old-Spelling edd. make the transposition which I follow in the text. It seems to me very desirable.

301. Line 292: *at the stove's end*.—Halliwell quotes Withals, Dictionary: "To hold off, keepe aloofe, as they say, *at the stove's end*."

302. Line 308: *therefore PERPEND, my princess, and give ear*.—See note to Hamlet, ii. 2. 105.

303. Line 313: *your drunken COUSIN*.—*Cousin* was used for any kinsman (see Richard III. note 242); Rowe's emendation of *uncle* is therefore unnecessary as well as unjustified.

304. Line 326: *the alliance ON'T*.—Dyce reads *on's*, and Heath conjectured *an't so please you*. But compare II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 270: "grow till you come unto it."

305. Line 351: *geek*.—Used by Shakespeare only in one other passage, viz. in Cymbeline, v. 4. 67, 68:

And to become the *geek* and scorn
O' th' other's villany.

306. Line 370: *against*.—So Ff. I am tempted to adopt Tyrwhitt's conjecture *in*, which would simplify both metre and sense. But there is a meaning in *against*. Mr. Stone writes: "The emendation '*in*' gives a much clearer sense, and '*against*' may have been, as you suggest, caught from line 368. The metre does not seem to me to be affected by the reading '*against*.' If this reading is to stand, we must suppose an ellipsis of 'to be' before '*against*;' and may compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 297, 298: 'I will chide no breather in the world but myself, *against* whom I know most faults.'

307. Lines 370-372:

*Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.*

Importance, meaning "importunity," is used again in King John, ii. 1. 7:

At our *importance* hither is he come.

Daniel seems to have found it singular that Fabian should here say that Maria writ "the letter at" Sir Toby's "great *importance*," when it originated entirely with her. But he evidently says it to shield her. Sir Toby, Olivia's kinsman, could bear the blame of the mischief better than a mere serving-maid, who might get her dismissal for it. Not that this would have mattered if it is true that Sir Toby married her. But is this true, or is it another of Fabian's fbs? Daniel, in his "time-analysis" of the play, asks: "When could Sir Toby have found time for the marriage ceremony on this morning, which has been so fully occupied by the plots on Malvolio and Sir Andrew Aguecheek? It could not have been since he last left the stage, for he was then drunk and wounded, and sent off to bed to have his hurts looked to." Were it not for Sir Toby's remark in ii. 5. 200, "I could marry this wench for this device," I should quite suppose the marriage to have been a mere fiction; nor is it very

strongly confirmed by even this line, which may seem to point to it. If Sir Toby really is supposed to marry Maria, I fancy the hasty marriage must have been thrown in to end the play merrily and in good humour, without much thought of its likelihood or much care in providing for its possibility. (Neither Sir Toby nor Maria are on the stage in this last scene (at least not after line 214). It may be noted that no *Exit* is marked for the Friar or Priest; if he were to go off with Sir Toby and Fabian after line 214, we might suppose a hasty stage-marriage to take place in the interval before Fabian's re-entrance at line 335.—F. A. M.]

308. Line 374: *pluck on*.—Compare Richard III. iv. 2. 63: "sin will *pluck* on sin."

309. Line 377: *poor fool*.—The term is often used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment and pity. Compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 326; "Yea, my lord; I thank it [my heart], *poor fool*, it keeps on the windy side of care;" As You Like It, ii. 1. 22: "the *poor* dappled *fools*;" and, most prominently of all, Lear's allusion to Cordelia (Lear, v. 3. 305): "And my *poor fool* is hang'd!"

310. Line 380: *thrown*.—Theobald reads *thrust*, and is followed by Dyce, who takes *thrown* to have been either an oversight of the author or a printer's error. Staunton very properly replied: "We believe it to be neither one nor the other, but a purposed variation common to Shakespeare in cases of repetition, possibly from his

knowing, by professional experience, the difficulty of quoting with perfect accuracy."

311. Line 393: *Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister*.—Hammer reads, for the metre, *in the meantime*. Walker indulges in the delightful supposition that Shakespeare may have written *sister-in-law*—by anticipation!

312. Line 398: *When that I was and a little tiny boy*.—*And* is often used redundantly in old ballads. Compare the fragment of much the same song in Lear, iii. 2. 74-77:

He that has *and* a little tiny wit,—
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—
Must make content with his fortunes fit,
For the rain it raineth every day.

The words and the music are given by Chappell, Popular Music of the Olden Time, p. 225.

313. Lines 404, 410, 412: *knaves and thieves, and beds and heads* (the readings of Ff.), have been changed by many modern editors to *knave and thief, bed and head*. I take them to have been intentional doggerel.

Very different opinions are held as to the merit of this song by way of epilogue. Knight holds it to be the most philosophical clown's song upon record, and is of opinion that a treatise (of which he supplies the heads) "might be written upon its wisdom." Staunton describes this "philosophical song" as "evidently one of those jigs with which it was the rude custom of the clown to gratify the groundlings upon the conclusion of a play." It is doubtless an old song altered.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TWELFTH NIGHT.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Accost.....	{ i. 3 52	Breast ⁴	ii. 3 22	*Clear-stories..	iv. 2 41	Cubiculo ¹¹	iii. 2 55
	{ iii. 2 23	Bristle ⁵ (sub.)..	i. 5 3	Clodpole.....	iii. 4 209	Curly (verb intr.)	i. 3 105
Affectioned....	ii. 3 159	Brock.....	ii. 5 114	Cloistress.....	i. 1 28	Dam'd-coloured	i. 3 145
Affirmatives...	v. 1 25	Bum-bailly....	iii. 4 194	Cloyment.....	ii. 4 102	Decay ¹² (verb tr.)	i. 5 82
Alphabetical..	ii. 5 130	*Buttery-bar..	i. 3 74	Codling.....	i. 5 167	Dedication ¹³ ..	v. 1 85
Alter ¹	ii. 5 171			Coffer ⁸	iii. 4 381	Denay (sub.)...	ii. 4 127
Augmentation.	iii. 2 85	Can (sub.).....	ii. 3 7	Comptible.....	i. 5 187	Determinate ¹⁴ (adj.)	ii. 1 11
		*Cannon-bullets	i. 5 101	Consanguineous	ii. 3 82	Dexteriously... i.	5 67
Back-trick.....	i. 3 131	Cantons.....	i. 5 289	Constant ⁹	iv. 2 53	Dissemble ¹⁵ ...	iv. 2 5
Barful.....	i. 4 41	Caper ⁶ (sub.)..	i. 3 129	Convents (verb) ¹⁰	v. 1 391		
Bawbling.....	v. 1 57	Changeable ⁷ ...	ii. 4 76	Cowardship....	iii. 4 423		
*Bay-windows.	iv. 2 40	Chapter.....	i. 5 242	Coziers.....	ii. 3 97		
Biddy.....	iii. 4 128	Cherry-pit....	iii. 4 129		ii. 5 167,		
Blank ² (sub.)..	{ ii. 4 113	Clause.....	iii. 1 165	*Cross-gartered	{ 181, 186, 220		
	{ iii. 1 115				{ iii. 4 55		
Bounteously... i.	2 52			Cross-gartering (sub.)	iii. 4 22		
*Box-tree.....	ii. 5 18						
Branched.....	ii. 5 54						
Breach ³	ii. 1 23						

1 = to exchange.

2 = a blank sheet of paper.
Sonn. lxxxvii. 10.

3 = the breaking of waves, surf.

4 = voice.

5 Venus and Adonis, 625.

6 i.e. a pickled caper; used in a punning sense; *caper* = a leap (in dancing) occurs in As You Like It, ii. 4. 56, and Pericles, iv. 2. 116.

7 = varying in colour; used elsewhere in sense of *inconstant*.

8 Used figuratively for money, i.e. the contents of a *coffer*.

9 = consistent, logical.

10 here = suits; or, perhaps, invites. Used three times elsewhere = to summon.

11 Used by Sir Toby as = apartment: really the ablative of Latin *cubiculum*, a bedroom.

12 Sonn. lxxv. 8; and compare Cymb. i. 5. 56, where it means "to destroy."

13 = devotedness. Used absolutely here; the word occurs in different senses; Timon, i. 1. 19; Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 577.

14 Sonn. lxxxvii. 4.

15 = to disguise. Used by the Clown in this sense; it is used transitively also (in a figurative sense) several times.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TWELFTH NIGHT.

	Act Sc. Line
Distractedly ¹ ..	ii. 2 22
Dormouse (adj.)	iii. 2 21
*Double-dealing	v. 1 32
Draught ²	v. 1 58
Endure ³	ii. 3 53
Enwraps.....	iv. 3 8
Epistles.....	{ ii. 3 169
	{ v. 1 295
Equinoctial....	ii. 3 27
Expressure ⁴ ...	ii. 3 171
Extravagancy..	ii. 1 12
Eye-offending..	i. 1 30
Fall ⁵ (sub.)....	i. 1 4
Firago ⁶	iii. 4 302
Fivefold.....	i. 5 312
Foamy.....	v. 1 31
*Folly-fallen...	iii. 1 75
Fond (verb)....	ii. 2 35
Foreknowledge	i. 5 150
*Fortunate-un- happy.....	{ ii. 5 172
Gagged.....	{ i. 5 94
	{ v. 1 384
Gaskins.....	i. 5 27
Giddy-paced....	ii. 4 6
Goose-pen.....	iii. 2 52
Gospels.....	v. 1 295
*Grand-jurymen	iii. 2 17
Gratillity ⁷	ii. 3 26
Grizzle.....	v. 1 168
Grossness ⁸	iii. 2 77
*Gull-catcher..	ii. 5 205
Gust ⁹ (sub.)...	i. 3 33
Halloo (verb tr.)	i. 5 291
High-fantastical	i. 1 15
Hob ¹⁰	iii. 4 262

1 Lover's Complaint, 28.

2 Of a ship.

3 = to last. Venus and Adonis, 507; Sonn. clix. 6.

4 = accurate description; occurs in other senses twice; in Troilus, iii. 3. 204, and Merry Wives, v. 5. 71. 5 = a cadence.

6 Sir Toby's form of *virago*.

7 A coined word, used by the Clown.

8 Used figuratively = stupidity; used five times in other senses.

9 = taste, relish. Sonn. cxiv. 11.

10 In the phrase *hob nob*. See note 226.

	Act Sc. Line
Impetuous ¹¹ ...	ii. 3 26
Impetuosity...	iii. 4 214
Implacable....	iii. 4 260
Improbable....	iii. 4 140
Incardinate ¹² ..	v. 1 185
Incensement...	iii. 4 259
Interceptor....	iii. 4 242
Interchangement	v. 1 162
Inure ¹³	ii. 5 160
Inventoried...	i. 5 204
Joinder.....	v. 1 160
Knitters.....	ii. 4 45
Labelled.....	i. 5 265
Legitimate ¹⁴ ...	iii. 2 15
Lifelings.....	v. 1 187
Lived ¹⁵	i. 2 14
Love-broker....	iii. 2 39
Love-thoughts.	i. 1 41
Maid ¹⁶	v. 1 270
Malignancy....	ii. 1 4
Manakin.....	iii. 2 56
Marble-breasted	v. 1 127
Mellifluous....	ii. 3 54
Misdemeanours	ii. 3 106
Mollification..	i. 5 218
Murmur ¹⁷	i. 2 32
Natural ¹⁸	i. 3 30
Natural ¹⁹	ii. 3 89
Nayword.....	ii. 3 146
Negatives (sub.)	v. 1 24
Nob ²⁰	iii. 4 262
Non-regardance	v. 1 124
Notoriously....	{ iv. 2 94
	{ v. 1 338
Nuncio.....	i. 4 28
O'erflourished..	iii. 4 404
Opal ²¹	ii. 4 77

11 A word coined by the Clown.

12 Sir Andrew's blunder for *incarnate*.

13 Lucrece, 321.

14 = logical.

15 = floated.

16 Used of a man.

17 Figuratively = a rumour.

18 = idiotic.

19 Used adverbially.

20 In the phrase *hob nob*. See note 226.

21 Lover's Complaint, 215.

	Act Sc. Line
Othergates....	v. 1 198
Overfar.....	ii. 1 29
*Over-swear...	v. 1 276
*Parish-top....	i. 3 45
Participate (verb)	v. 1 245
Passy (measures)	v. 1 206
Peevishly.....	ii. 2 14
Pepper (sub.)...	iii. 4 158
Perverseness...	v. 1 115
*Pickle-herring	i. 5 129
Pilchards.....	iii. 1 39
Pistol (verb)...	ii. 5 42
*Point-devise ²²	ii. 5 176
Position ²³	ii. 5 130
Presupposed...	v. 1 358
*Proper-false...	ii. 2 30
Purse-bearer...	iii. 3 47
Quarreller.....	i. 3 31
Rank ²⁴ (adj.)..	ii. 5 136
Reins (verb intr.)	iii. 4 357
Renegado.....	iii. 2 75
Reverberate (adj.)	i. 5 291
Rubious.....	i. 4 32
Saucy ²⁵	iii. 4 159
Scathful.....	v. 1 59
Scoundrels....	i. 3 36
Scout ²⁶ (verb)..	iii. 4 193
Sea-cap.....	iii. 4 364
Semblative....	i. 4 34
Shackles.....	ii. 5 62
Sheep-biter....	ii. 5 6
Shrewishly....	i. 5 169
Simulation....	ii. 5 151
Sink-a-pace ²⁷ ..	i. 3 140
'Slight.....	{ ii. 5 38
	{ iii. 2 14
Sneek ²⁸	ii. 3 101

22 Used adverbially.

23 = place; used three times = assertion.

24 = strong-scented; and used figuratively in the same sense, Hamlet, iii. 3. 36.

25 = pungent; frequently used by Shakespeare in other senses.

26 = to keep a look-out; = to sneer at, Tempest, iii. 2. 130.

27 This is merely the anglicized form of *cinque-pace*, which occurs twice in Much Ado.

28 In the exclamation *sneek up!* See note 105.

	Act Sc. Line
Stable (adj.)...	iv. 3 19
Staniel.....	ii. 5 125
Stitches.....	iii. 2 73
Stone-bow.....	ii. 5 51
Straps.....	i. 3 14
Subtractors...	i. 3 37
Supportance ²⁹ .	iii. 4 328
Swarths.....	ii. 3 161
Swearings.....	v. 1 277
Syllogism.....	i. 5 55
Tang (verb)....	{ ii. 5 163
	{ iii. 4 78
Taxation ³⁰	i. 5 225
Testril.....	ii. 3 34
*Thin-faced....	v. 1 213
Thouest (verb)	iii. 2 48
Thriftless ³¹ ...	ii. 2 40
Toss-pots.....	v. 1 412
Tray-trip.....	ii. 5 208
Trip (sub.)....	v. 1 170
Triplex.....	v. 1 41
Twanged.....	iii. 4 198
Twin (adj.)....	v. 1 230
Unauspicious..	v. 1 116
Unchary.....	iii. 4 222
Uncourteous..	v. 1 369
Ungird.....	iv. 1 16
Unhatched ³² ..	iii. 4 257
Unhospitable..	iii. 3 11
Unprizable ³³ ..	v. 1 58
Unprofited....	i. 4 22
Unsound.....	iii. 4 384
Viol-de-gamboys	i. 3 27
Vox.....	v. 1 304
Wainropes....	iii. 2 64
Wears ³⁴ (intr.)	ii. 4 31
*Westward-ho.	iii. 1 146
Whirligig.....	v. 1 384
Wittily ³⁵	iv. 2 16

29 Used figuratively; occurs in its literal sense of "support" in Rich. II. iii. 4. 32.

30 = demand, claim. Used several times in its fiscal sense, and once = censure, As You Like It, i. 2. 91.

31 = unprofitable. Sonn. ii. 8.

32 = not blunted by blows.

33 = valueless.

34 Used with *to* = "becomes gradually fitted."

35 Venus and Adonis, 471.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.¹

JULIUS CÆSAR.		A Soothsayer.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	} Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.	CINNA, a Poet.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		Another Poet.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		LUCILIUS,
CICERO,		TITINIUS,
PUBLIUS,	} Senators.	MESSALA,
POPILIUS LENA,		Young CATO,
MARCUS BRUTUS,		VOLUMNIUS,
CASSIUS,	} Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.	VARRO,
CASCA,		CLITUS,
TREBONIUS,		CLAUDIUS,
LIGARIUS,		STRATO,
DECIUS BRUTUS,		LUCIUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,		DARDANIUS,
CINNA,		PINDARUS. Servant to Cassius.
FLAVIUS,	} Tribunes.	CALPURNIA; Wife to Cæsar.
MARULLUS,		PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.		

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE, during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis,
and near Philippi.

HISTORIC PERIOD: From March 15th, B.C. 44, to November 27th, B.C. 43.

TIME OF ACTION.

Six days represented on the stage, with intervals:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval, one month.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3.
Day 3: Acts II. and III.—Interval.

Day 4: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.
Day 5: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval, one day at least.
Day 6: Act V.

¹ Rowe was the first to give the list of *Dramatis Personæ* imperfectly. Theobald supplied some of the omissions. *Decius Brutus* should be *Decimus Brutus*, strictly speaking, but this mistake came from North's Plutarch, and indeed is found both in the early French translation and in the Greek text of the original (edn. 1572).

The name *Marullus* is throughout spelt *Murellus* in Ff.,

except in i. 2. 288, where it is spelt *Murrellus*. Theobald corrected this name to the form given in North's Plutarch, *Marullus*.

Calpurnia, wife to Cæsar, is uniformly called *Calphurnia* in the Folio; and so she is called in North's Plutarch, at any rate in the early editions of that work. Many editors retain the spelling *Calphurnia*.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

This play was first published, so far as we know, in the Folio of 1623, where it occupies pages 109-130 in the division of "Tragedies." At the beginning of the play, and at the head of each page, it is entitled "The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar;" but in the Table of Contents (or, as it is called, "A CATALOGVE of the seuerall Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies contained in this Volume") it is set down as "The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar." No play in the Folio is printed with greater accuracy, and none presents fewer textual difficulties for the editor or critic.

The date of composition has been the subject of considerable discussion. Malone believed that the play "could not have appeared before 1607;" and Chalmers, Drake, and the earlier commentators generally, were unanimous in accepting his conclusions. There was a natural disposition at first to associate it chronologically with the other Roman plays, neither of which can be placed earlier than 1607; but, though Knight considers it "one of the latest works of Shakespeare," the great majority of recent editors are inclined to put it five years or more earlier than Antony and Cleopatra. Collier argues that it must have been performed before 1603; and Gervinus also decides that it "was composed before 1603, about the same time as Hamlet." He adds that this is "confirmed not only by the frequent external references to Cæsar which we find in Hamlet, but still more by the inner relations of the two plays." Halliwell, in his folio edition, 1865, takes the ground that it was written "in or before the year 1601." This is evident, he says, "from the following lines in Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, printed in that year—lines which unquestionably are to be traced to a recollection of Shake-

speare's drama, not to that of the history as given by Plutarch:

The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

I am inclined to believe that this is a reference to Shakespeare's play, though Halliwell appears to have modified his own opinion since the above was written. In his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (6th ed. 1886, vol. ii. p. 257) he says: "There is supposed to be a possibility, derived from an apparent reference to it in Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, that the tragedy of Julius Cæsar was in existence as early as 1599; for although the former work was not published till 1601, the author distinctly tells his dedicatee that 'this poem, which I present to your learned view, some two yeares agoe was made fit for print.' The subject was then, however, a favourite one for dramatic composition, and inferences from such premises must be cautiously received. Shakespeare's was not, perhaps, the only drama of the time to which the lines of Weever were applicable; and the more this species of evidence is studied, the more is one inclined to question its efficacy. Plays on the history of Julius Cæsar are mentioned in Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, 1579; the *Third Blast of Retraite* from Plaies, 1580; Henslowe's *Diary*, 1594, 1602; *Mirror of Policie*, 1598; *Hamlet*, 1603; Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, 1612. There was a French tragedy on the subject published at Paris in 1578, and a Latin one was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582. Tarlton, who died in 1588, had appeared as Cæsar, perhaps on some unauthorized occasion, a circumstance alluded to in the *Ourania*, 1606."

The allusion in Weever's book does not fit

any of the other plays on the story of Cæsar that have come down to our day; and it does fit Shakespeare's play so exactly that, since it was first pointed out, the editors have unanimously accepted Halliwell's original view of it. It does not follow necessarily that Julius Cæsar must have been written as early as 1599. Even if the *Mirror of Martyrs* was written then, an allusion like this may have been inserted just before it went to press two years later. The date 1599, however, may not be too early. The internal evidence of metre and style is not inconsistent with that date. Fleay (*Chronicle History of Shakespeare*, 1886, p. 214) makes it 1600; "at any rate Cæsar must be anterior to the *Quarto Hamlet* which was produced in 1601." Stokes (*Chronological Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, 1878, p. 88), after a careful discussion of all the evidence, sums up the matter thus: "The great similarity of style between this play and *Hamlet* and *Henry V.* has been pointed out by Gervinus, Spedding, Dowden, Hales, and others, and, I suppose, must have been felt by nearly every reader. It is not only shown by the many allusions to Cæsar in these plays [allusions, by the by, which show a co-ordinate estimation of his character], but by the 'minor relations' of these plays. This point is so strong that, taking into consideration some of the references mentioned above, there can scarcely be any doubt that the original production of this play must be placed in 1599-1600. It may have been revised afterwards, and the appearance of several works bearing similar titles in 1607 suggests, as Mr. Fleay says, its reproduction at that date."

It is not necessary, however, to suppose, as Fleay does, that the play was revised by Ben Jonson. He lays considerable stress on "the spelling of Antony without an *h*: this name occurs in eight of Shakespeare's plays, and in every instance but this invariably is spelled Anthony." But if the scholarly Ben had made this orthographical correction, is it likely that he would have permitted the impossible Latin form *Calphurnia* to stand? Or would he have retained the *Decius Brutus* for *Decimus Brutus*, or such palpable anachronisms as striking clocks and the like? It is as absurd

to suppose that Jonson could have overlooked these things as that Bacon could have originated them. To the latter, as to the former, *Decius Brutus* for *Decimus Brutus* would have been like Sly's "Richard Conqueror" for the well-known William.

It may be mentioned here, as a curious instance of judicial blindness, that Judge Holmes, by far the ablest of the advocates of the Baconian lunacy, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare* (3rd ed. 1886, vol. i. p. 289), quotes Bacon's *Essay on Friendship* as a parallel to the second act of the play (and one by which, "if there be a lingering doubt in any mind" as to Bacon's authorship of the latter, that doubt "must be removed"); and yet in the very passage quoted Bacon has "*Decimus Brutus*" and "*Calpurnia*," instead of the "*Decius Brutus*" and "*Calphurnia*" of the drama. The judge does not see that he is himself furnishing indisputable evidence that the philosopher was perfectly familiar with what the dramatist was palpably ignorant of.

We have no reason to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to any of the earlier plays on the same subject. The only source from which he appears to have drawn his material was Sir Thomas North's version of *Plutarch's Lives*, translated from the French of Bishop Amyot, and first published in 1579. He has followed North closely, almost slavishly, as the illustrative extracts given in the notes will show. As Gervinus says: "The component parts of the drama are borrowed from the biographies of *Brutus* and *Cæsar* in such a manner that not only the historical action in its ordinary course, but also the single characteristic traits in incidents and speeches, nay, even single expressions and words, are taken from *Plutarch*; even such as are not anecdotal or of an epigrammatic nature, even such as one unacquainted with *Plutarch* would consider in form and manner to be quite *Shakespearian*, and which have not unfrequently been quoted as his peculiar property, testifying to the poet's deep knowledge of human nature. From the triumph over *Pompey* (or rather over his sons), the silencing of the two tribunes, and the crown offered at the *Lupercalian feast*, until *Cæsar's murder*,

INTRODUCTION.

and from thence to the battle of Philippi and the closing words of Antony, which are in part exactly as they were delivered, all in this play is essentially Plutarch. The omens of Cæsar's death, the warnings of the augur and of Artemidorus, the absence of the heart in the animal sacrificed, Calphurnia's dream; the peculiar traits of Cæsar's character, his superstition regarding the touch of barren women in the course, his remarks about thin people like Cassius; all the circumstances about the conspiracy where no oath was taken, the character of Ligarius, the withdrawal of Cicero; the whole relation of Portia to Brutus, her words, his reply, her subsequent anxiety and death; the circumstances of Cæsar's death, the very arts and means of Decius Brutus to induce him to leave home, all the minutest particulars of his murder, the behaviour of Antony and its result, the murder of the poet Cinna; further on, the contention between the republican friends respecting Lucius Pella and the refusal of the money, the dissension of the two concerning the decisive battle, their conversation about suicide, the appearance of Brutus's evil genius, the mistakes in the battle, its double issue, its repetition, the suicide of both friends, and Cassius's death by the same sword with which he killed Cæsar—all is taken from Plutarch's narrative, from which the poet had only to omit whatever destroyed the unity of the action."

Archbishop Trench, in his Lectures on Plutarch, in referring to North's translation of the *Lives*, remarks:

"But the highest title to honour which this version possesses has not hitherto been mentioned, namely, the use which Shakespeare was content to make of it. Whatever Latin Shakespeare may have had, he certainly knew no Greek, and thus it was only through Sir Thomas North's translation that the rich treasure-house of Plutarch's *Lives* was accessible to him. . . . It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the whole play—and the same stands good of *Coriolanus* no less—is to be found in Plutarch. Shakespeare indeed has thrown a rich mantle of poetry over all, which is often wholly his own; but of the incident there is almost nothing which he

does not owe to Plutarch, even as continually he owes the very wording to Sir Thomas North."

STAGE HISTORY.

Julius Cæsar always seems to have been one of the most popular of Shakespeare's plays on the stage, in spite of its want of any female interest, and of the fact that Cæsar, who is virtually the hero, is killed in the middle of the play. We find that on the 20th May, 1613, Lord Treasurer Stanhope paid John Heminges "for presentinge before the Princes Highnes the Lady Elizabeth and the Prince Pallatyne Elector fowerteene several plays," of which "*Cæsar's Tragedye*" was one. When Thomas Killigrew, after the Restoration, established the King's Company, and opened a new theatre at Drury Lane, 1665, Julius Cæsar was one of the stock pieces of the company. Downes gives us the cast as follows: "Julius Cæsar, Mr. Bell, Cassius Major Moun, Brutus, Mr. Hart, Anthony Mr. Kynaston, Calphurnia,¹ Mrs. Marshal, Portia, Mrs. Corbet." The only other plays of Shakespeare, which were included in the fifteen stock plays of which Downes gives the casts, are "*The Moor of Venice*" (*Othello*), and *King Henry the Fourth*; while amongst the other plays, of which he gives merely the names, are included *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Titus Andronicus*; so that however much we may decry Julius Cæsar as an acting play, it had the honour of being one of the four—for we cannot include *Titus Andronicus*—which helped to keep alive Shakespeare's fame at a time when his rivals, Beaumont and Fletcher and Ben Jonson, were held to be his superiors by the general public. During the reigns of Charles II. and James II. Julius Cæsar seems to have been frequently played. In 1682, at the Theatre Royal, it was again acted with identically the same cast as in the above-mentioned performance. In 1684 Killigrew's and Davenant's companies coalesced, and, under the title of the King's Company, removed to the Theatre

¹ This name is spelt *Calphurnia*, as in F. 1, both in Downes and Genest throughout, and I have not thought it necessary to alter the spelling, though *Calpurnia* is the correct form.

Royal, Drury Lane; some time in that year¹ they presented this play, Betterton appearing—for the first time apparently—as Brutus, supported by William Smith as Cassius, Goodman as Julius Cæsar, Mrs. Cooke as Portia, and Lady Slingsby² as Calphurnia. Langbaine (p. 453) says that this play was printed in Quarto, London, 1684; and he adds: "There is an Excellent Prologue to it, printed in Covent Garden Drollery, p. 9." Genest says this edition "differs very little from the original play, except that the part of Marullus is given to Casca, and that of Cicero to Trebonius" (vol. i. p. 423). Lowndes mentions a Quarto of Julius Cæsar with the title-page "a Tragedy, as it is now acted at the Theatre Royal, Lond. n. d. (1680) 4to. On the reverse of the title is a List of Actors, in which Betterton is set down for acting Brutus." He also mentions two Quartos printed in 1684 and 1696 respectively, and another n. d. (1696); so that evidently, during this period, the play was popular among readers as well as among playgoers.

It would appear that Julius Cæsar was not again represented till February 14th, 1704, when it was played at Lincoln's Inn Fields. The cast is not given. This, as will be seen, is nearly twenty years from the last recorded performance. It is most probable that it was represented in the interval more than once, though there is no record of its revival. Betterton was still acting, so he probably played his old part of Brutus. On October 30th, 1705, the company removed to the Haymarket Theatre from Lincoln's Inn Fields, and Julius Cæsar was revived on March 14th, 1706. No

particulars are given, but the cast must have been a strong one; for Betterton, Booth, Verbruggen, Bowman, as well as Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Bracegirdle, were included in the company. The next performance was on January 14th, 1707, at the Haymarket Theatre, when Genest says it was performed "For the encouragement of the Comedians acting in the Haymarket, and to enable them to keep the diversion of plays under a separate interest from Operas—By Subscription" (vol. ii. p. 363).

The cast was, Brutus = Betterton: Cassius = Verbruggen: Antony = Wilks: Julius Cæsar = Booth: Octavius = Mills: Casca = Keen: Calphurnia = Mrs. Barry: Portia = Mrs. Bracegirdle. The minor parts were also played by well-known actors, viz. "Plebeians" = Johnson, Bullock, Norris and Cross. It would appear that "Lord Halifax proposed a subscription for reviving 3 plays of the best authors with the full strength of the company" (*ut supra*). The next play of this series, King and no King, was given on January 21st; and on February 4th the third, Marriage a la Mode, or the Comical Lovers; a compound manufactured by Cibber out of two of Dryden's plays, Marriage a la Mode and Secret Love. Cibber in his Apology (edn. 1740) says: "not only the Actors, (several of which were handsomely advanc'd, in their Sallaries) were duly paid, but the Manager himself too, at the Foot of his Account stood a considerable Gainer" (p. 195).

On April 1st of the same year Julius Cæsar was revived for the benefit of Keen, probably with much the same cast. On December 22nd, 1709, at Drury Lane, Booth appeared as Brutus, Powell as Cassius, with Mrs. Knight as Calphurnia. A new prologue and epilogue were spoken by Keen and Mrs. Bradshaw, who represented respectively Julius Cæsar and Portia. On March 16th, 1713, at Drury Lane, Mills played the part of Julius Cæsar for his benefit, Brutus being played by Booth, Antony by Wilks, Cassius by Powell, Casca by Keen. It may be noted that on this, as on many other occasions, such actors as Johnson, Pinkethman, Bullock, Norris, Cross, and Leigh took the parts of the "Plebeians," that is, of the Citizens; the play

¹ Downes does not mention this performance, and Genest does not give the day or the month on which it took place.

² This actress appears to have acted many principal parts; among others, Queen Margaret in Crowne's Henry VI., Regan in Tate's mutilation of Lear, and Cressida in Dryden's Troilus and Cressida. She affords the only instance of any titled actress to be found in the playbills of this period; though many of them had a sort of left-handed claim to such a distinction. Downes mentions her among the persons who joined the Duke's Company in 1670 as Mrs. Aldridge and Mrs. Lee, afterwards Lady Slingsby. She is generally spoken of as Mrs. Mary Lee, and appears to have been no relation to poor mad Nat Lee. According to Genest "Dame Mary Slingsby was buried at Pancras 1693, 4" (Genest, vol. i. p. 449).

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was repeated on the 6th of April. By this time it seems to have become an established favourite. Booth chose it for his benefit March 22nd, 1716. It seems to have been acted at least two or three times every season at Drury Lane up to 1727-28; then it seems to have been put on the shelf as far as that theatre was concerned.

During the period from 1720-28 inclusive, Julius Cæsar was played at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre about half a dozen times. On October 18th, 1722, we find in the cast that Quin played Brutus, Boheme Cassius, Walker Antony, Leigh Julius Cæsar. It would appear, according to Genest, that the "comic characters" were played by Bullock and others (vol. iii. p. 116). These were the Citizens, whom, as has been pointed out, actors of considerable importance were content to represent. At Goodman's Fields, December 1st, 1732, Julius Cæsar was produced and played for twelve consecutive nights. On September 19th, 1736, there was a performance of this play at Drury Lane, with the following cast: Brutus, Quin; Cassius, Milward; Wright, Antony; W. Mills, Julius Cæsar; Cas/a, Ciber, jun.; "Citizens," Johnson, Miller, Harper, and Griffin, with Portia, Mrs. Furnival, and Calphurnia, Mrs. Butler. Davies says that the part of Casca was "enlarged" by "adding to it what belongs to Titinius;" and he observes, "if I remember right, was acted by a principal comedian. Above five and forty years since, Winstone was selected for that character, when Quin acted Brutus, and the elder Mills Cassius, Milward M. Antony, and W. Mills Julius Cæsar." He praises Winstone very much, of whom he says: "The assumed doggedness and sourness of Casca sat well upon Winstone;" and adds: "The four principal parts have not since that time been equally presented" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 212). Davies praises Milward very much in Antony, although it would appear that this actor played Cassius far more frequently, and compares him in this character with Wilks and Barry: he also says that William Mills succeeded better in Cæsar than in any other part. But the most interesting thing that the gossiping biographer of Garrick tells us about this play

is, that the great "little Davy" once had a mind to have tried his skill in the part of Cassius; but either from a fear that Quin in Brutus would completely outshine him, or for some other reason, he gave up the idea; and this play was never revived during his management. On April 28th, 1738, there was a performance at Drury Lane for the fund for erecting a monument to the memory of Shakespeare, when Julius Cæsar was played; Mrs. Porter being the Portia. In the season 1742, 1743, Quin was engaged at Covent Garden, where he was playing as a counter-attraction to Garrick at Drury Lane; and, as might be expected, we find Julius Cæsar revived at that theatre and strongly cast, with Hale as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Bridgewater as Cæsar, and with such actors as Hippisley, Chapman, and Woodward in the small parts of the "Plebeians." This was on November 20th, 1742. On March 18th, 1744, Sheridan took his benefit at Covent Garden in the part of Brutus. At this theatre Mrs. Pritchard appeared as Portia on October 31st, 1744. On March 28th, 1747, we find a solitary performance of Julius Cæsar for Sparks's benefit, who played Cassius to the Brutus of Delane and the Antony of Barry. The play was repeated on April 30th, when Gifford was Antony; Barry only appears to have played the part twice that season. On November 24th, 1748, Quin had rather a remarkable cast to support him in his favourite part. It included Delane as Antony, Ryan as Cassius, Sparks as Casca, Mrs. Horton as Calphurnia, and Mrs. Woffington as Portia. Three representations of this play were given in November, 1750, at which Barry was the Antony to Quin's Brutus; and so successful was he in the part that he played it seven times during this season.

On January 31st, 1766, Genest records a performance of this play at Covent Garden "not acted eight years," the cast of which was not very remarkable, except for the fact that Mrs. Bellamy played Portia. Apropos of this performance Genest notices that an edition of Julius Cæsar was printed in 1719, "as altered by Davenant and Dryden." This must have been a mistake, however, because Julius

Cæsar was one of the plays assigned to Killigrew; and therefore Davenant could not play it at his theatre. Walker, who played Brutus on this and subsequent occasions at Covent Garden, used to speak the following lines at the end of the fourth act:—

Sure they have rais'd some devil to their aid,
And think to frighten Brutus with a shade:
But ere the night closes this fatal day,
I'll send more ghosts this visit to repay.

These lines are not found in the edition printed in 1682 "as acted at the Theatre Royal;" but they are given in Bell's edition printed from the Prompter's Book at Covent Garden, 1773. The author of these touching and poetical verses is apparently unknown; but, as Genest points out, it is clear that they must have been received into what he calls "that Sink of corruption—the Prompt Book" after 1682.

We pass over some performances of no particular interest till we come to the first appearance of John Kemble in the character of Brutus. Boaden says: "On the 29th of February, 1812, Mr. Kemble revived the tragedy of Julius Cæsar; he had, as usual, made some very judicious alterations and arrangements in the piece, and in his own performance of Brutus exhibited all that purity of patriotism and philosophy, which has been, not without some hesitation, attributed to that illustrious name" (Life of Kemble, vol. ii. p. 543). This performance of the play, with Young as Cassius and Charles Kemble as Antony, must have been most effective, as Brutus was one of the characters in which the elder Kemble was supreme. Macready played both Cassius and Brutus, but in his own opinion he chiefly excelled in the latter. It is a pity that this great actor did not adopt the plan which, according to Mrs. Garrick, her husband followed, of writing his own criticisms, or rather of publishing them; for he did write them apparently in his own diary. Perhaps, if he could have seen such criticisms as the following in print during his lifetime, it might have reconciled him to that profession by means of which he gained a position, but which, nevertheless, he would seem always to have been abusing, and to have regarded as a degradation while he remained in it. In his diary, under

date January 24th, 1851, he says: "Acted Brutus as I never—no, never—acted it before, in regard to dignified familiarity of dialogue, or enthusiastic inspiration of lofty purpose. The distance, the reluctance to deeds of violence, the instinctive abhorrence of tyranny, the open simplicity of heart, and natural grandeur of soul I never so perfectly, so consciously portrayed before. I think the audience felt it" (vol. ii. p. 365). In another part of his diary Macready says, with indisputable good sense, that Brutus "is one of those characters that requires peculiar care, which only repetition can give, but it never can be a part that can inspire a person with an eager desire to go to a theatre to see represented." It was in the season 1818–19 that he first played Cassius to Young's Brutus at Covent Garden. According to his own account Macready played this part to oblige Young; but he seems to have taken great pleasure in it, and to have repeated it again in 1822, at Covent Garden, to Young's Brutus; Marc Antony being then Charles Kemble and Casca Fawcett. This revival was very successful.

Edmund Kean, apparently, never played in Julius Cæsar at all. Phelps closed his second season on May 5th, 1846, with this play, which, however, never seems to have been a great favourite with him. G. V. Brooke played the part of Brutus at the City of London Theatre in November, 1862; when J. Ryder was the Cassius and J. F. Young the Marc Antony. In our own time this play has never been represented with greater effect than it was by the celebrated German company of the Theatre Royal, Meiningen, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1881. The completeness in every detail, and the admirable stage-management, especially in the arrangement of the crowds, rendered these performances some of the most successful ever given by a foreign company in this country. A representation of Julius Cæsar was given at the Olympic Theatre, April 16th, 1892, with Edmund Tearle as Brutus; and at Her Majesty's Theatre, January 23rd, 1898, the play was revived by Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree with every attention to stage and scenic detail. Mr. Tree appeared as Marc Antony,

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and the cast included Lewis Waller as Brutus, Mrs. Tree as Lucius, Miss Lily Hanbury as Calpurnia, and Miss Millard as Portia. At the same theatre, September 6th, 1900, when Mr. Tree repeated his performance, Mrs. Tree played Calpurnia, and Miss Lena Ashwell, Portia.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Julius Cæsar has been condemned, from a dramatic point of view, for its lack of unity. It is like two plays in one, the former being concerned with the death of Cæsar, the latter with the revenge of that deed. The nominal hero disappears at the end of the third act, and only his ghost is seen thereafter. But the ghost is a link between the two parts of the drama. "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" exclaims Brutus, when he comes upon the dead bodies of Cassius and Titinius; and Cassius, as he killed himself, had cried :

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

(v. 3. 45, 46.)

It is not without purpose that the dramatist introduces these significant utterances. Cæsar is dead, but we must not forget that his

spirit ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
(iii. 1. 271, 272.)

has "let slip the dogs of war" against his butchers. The eloquent prophecy of Antony over his bleeding corpse is fulfilled.

The treatment of the living Cæsar by the poet, however, has been a puzzle to many of the critics. It is evident from the many allusions to the great Roman in the other plays, that his character and history had made a deep impression on Shakespeare. Craik, after quoting the references to Cæsar in *As You Like It*, *II. Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, the three parts of *Henry VI.*, *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Cymbeline*, remarks that these passages "will probably be thought to afford a considerably more comprehensive representation of the mighty Julius than the play which bears his name." "We have," he adds, "a distinct exhibition of little else beyond his vanity and arrogance, relieved and set off by his good-

nature or affability. . . . It might almost be suspected that the complete and full-length Cæsar had been carefully reserved for another drama." Hazlitt remarks that the hero of the play "makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing; indeed, he has nothing to do." Hudson says: "Cæsar is far from being himself in these scenes; hardly one of the speeches put into his mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taken all together they are little short of a downright caricature." He is in doubt whether to explain this by supposing that Cæsar was too great for the hero of a drama, "since his greatness, if brought forward in full measure, would leave no room for anything else," or whether it was not the poet's plan "to represent Cæsar, not as he was indeed, but as he must have appeared to the conspirators; to make us see him as they saw him; in order that they too might have fair and equal judgment at our hands." He is disposed to rest on the latter explanation, but to me it seems very clearly a wrong one. What the conspirators thought of Cæsar is evident enough from what they themselves say of him. It was not necessary to distort or belittle the character to make us see *how* they saw him; and to have done it to make us see him *as* they saw him would have been a gross injustice to the foremost man of all this world of which we cannot imagine Shakespeare guilty. As to its being necessary in order that we may do justice to the conspirators, if it leads us to justify their course in killing him, does it not make the fate that afterwards befalls them appear most undeserved? Does it not enlist our sympathies too exclusively on their side?

On the whole I am disposed to think that the poet meant to represent Cæsar as Plutarch represents him—as having become ambitious for kingly power, somewhat spoiled by victory, jealous and fearful of his enemies in the state, and superstitious withal, yet hiding his fears and misgivings under an arrogant and haughty demeanour. He is shown, moreover, by the dramatist at a critical point in his career, hesitating between his ambition for the crown (which we need not

suppose to have been of a merely selfish sort, for he may well have believed that as king he could do more for his country's good than in any other capacity) and his doubt whether the time had come for him to accept the crown. It may be a question whether even Cæsar could be truly himself just then; whether even he might not, at such a crisis in his fortunes, show something of the weakness of inferior natures.

It must be remembered, too, that, as Hazlitt has said, Cæsar *does* nothing in the play, *has* nothing to do, except to play the part of the victim in the assassination. So far as any opportunities of showing what he really *is* are concerned, he is at much the same disadvantage as "the man in the coffin" at a funeral—a very essential character in the performance, though in no sense an actor in it. If he is to impress us as verily "great Cæsar," it must be by what he says, not by what he does, and by what he says when there is no occasion for grand and heroic utterance. Under the circumstances a little boasting and bravado appear to be necessary to his being recognized as the Roman Dictator.

After all, there is not so very much of this boastful language put into the mouth of Cæsar; and, as Knight reminds us, some of it is evidently uttered to disguise his fear. When he says:

The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear,
(ii. 2. 41-43.)

he is speaking to the servant who has brought the message from the augurers. "Before *him* he could show no fear;" but, the moment the servant has gone (he is doubtless intended to leave the stage), he tells Calpurnia that "for her humour he will stay at home," proving plainly enough that he *does* fear. His reply afterwards to Decius beginning

Cowards die many times before their deaths,
(ii. 2. 32.)

is directly suggested by Plutarch, who says that when his friends "did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person," he would not consent to it, "but said it was

better to die once than always to be afraid of death." His last speech—

I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, (iii. 1. 68-71.)

though boastful, is not unnatural in the connection, being drawn from him by the persistent importunities of the friends of Cimber. The fact that Cæsar has so little to say has, I think, led the critics to exaggerate this characteristic of the speeches.

With regard to Brutus also the critics have had their doubts. Coleridge asks, "What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" He is perplexed that Brutus, the stern Roman republican, should say that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar as king, if he would only be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be; and also that, in view of all Cæsar had done—crossing the Rubicon, entering Rome as a conqueror, placing Gauls in the senate, &c.—he finds no personal cause to complain of him. He resolves to kill his friend and benefactor, not for what he has been or what he is, but for what he may become. He is no serpent, but a serpent's egg; therefore crush him in the shell.

It is curious that Coleridge should not have seen that by "personal cause," so distinctly opposed to "the general," Brutus refers to his private relations with Cæsar as a man and as a friend, not to public acts or those affecting the common weal. All those enumerated by Coleridge belong to the latter class.

That Brutus should be influenced by his speculations as to what Cæsar might become, is in thorough keeping with the character. Brutus is a scholar, a philosopher, and a patriot; but he is not a statesman. He is an idealist, and strangely wanting in practical wisdom. It is significant that Shakespeare represents him again and again with a book in his hand. He is a man of books rather than a man of the world. His theories are of the noblest, his intentions of the most patriotic and philanthropic, but they are visionary and impracticable. There are such men in every age—reformers who accomplish

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no reform, because their lofty dreams are incapable of being made realities in this workaday world. Such men are easily misled and made tools of by those more unscrupulous than themselves; as Brutus was by Cassius and the rest. They are often inconsistent in argument, as Brutus in the speech that puzzled Coleridge. They are influenced by one-sided views of an important question, deciding it hastily, without looking at it from all sides, as they ought, and as those who are less rash and impulsive see that they ought. So Brutus sends to Cassius for money to pay his legions, because he cannot raise money by vile means; but he knows how Cassius raises the money, and has no scruples about sharing in the fruits of the "indirection." He is thinking only of paying the soldiers, and does not see that he is an accomplice after the act in what he so sharply rebukes in Cassius. He is inconsistent here as in many other cases; but the inconsistency is perfectly consistent with the character.

Cassius is a worse man, but a better statesman, or rather politician. He is shrewd and fertile in expedients, but not overburdened with principle or conscience. He is tricky, and believes that the end justifies the means. He can write anonymous letters to Brutus, "in several hands, as if they came from several citizens," and can put placards in the same vein "on old Brutus' statue." He is none too honest himself, but he understands the value of a good name to "the cause," and therefore wishes to secure the endorsement of one whose "countenance, like richest alchemy, will change to virtue and to worthiness" what, he says, "would appear offence in us"—the less scrupulous politicians.]

We must not, however, take Cassius to be worse than he really is. As a politician he is a believer in expediency—whatever is likely to secure the end in view is right; but as a man he has many admirable traits of character. If it were not so, Brutus could not love him as he does. He has a high sense of personal honour withal. He is indignant when Brutus tells him he has "an itching palm;" but he has just told Brutus that bribery is not to be judged severely when it is necessary

for political purposes. "At such a time as this it is not meet" to be overcritical of "every nice offence." There spake the politician; in the other case, the man. We must not be too hard upon him. Sundry good friends of ours in public life are his modern counterparts.

Except in the great scene in the forum, where his speech to the people is perhaps the finest piece of oratory to be found in all Shakespeare—and entirely his own, be it noted, no hint of it being given by Plutarch—Antony plays no very striking part in the drama. We see him roused by a sudden ambition from his early career of dissipation, and taking a place in the Triumvirate; and it reminds us of Prince Hal's coming to himself, like the repentant prodigal, when he comes to the throne. But Antony is, morally at least, a slighter man than Henry. His reform lacks the sincerity and depth of the latter's, and he cannot hold the higher plane to which he has temporarily risen. His fall is to be depicted in a later and greater drama, of which he is the hero and not a subordinate actor as here.

Portia is one of the noblest of Shakespeare's women. As Mrs. Jameson has said, her character "is but a softened reflection of that of her husband Brutus: in him we see an excess of natural sensibility, an almost womanish tenderness of heart, repressed by the tenets of his austere philosophy: a stoic by profession, and in reality the reverse—acting deeds against his nature by the strong force of principle and will. In Portia there is the same profound and passionate feeling, and all her sex's softness and timidity held in check by that self-discipline, that stately dignity, which she thought became a woman 'so fathered and so husbanded.' The fact of her inflicting on herself a voluntary wound to try her own fortitude is perhaps the strongest proof of this disposition. Plutarch relates that on the day on which Cæsar was assassinated, Portia appeared overcome with terror, and even swooned away, but did not in her emotion utter a word which could affect the conspirators. Shakespeare has rendered this circumstance literally [in ii. 4. 1-20].

"There is another beautiful incident related by Plutarch which could not well be

dramatized. When Brutus and Portia parted for the last time in the island of Nisida, she restrained all expression of grief that she might not shake *his* fortitude; but afterwards, in passing through a chamber in which there hung a picture of Hector and Andromache, she stopped, gazed upon it for a time with a settled sorrow, and at length burst into a passion of tears."

No critic or commentator, I believe, has thought Calpurnia worthy of notice, but the reader may be reminded to compare carefully the scene between her and Cæsar with that between Portia and Brutus. The difference in the two women is not more remarkable than that in their husbands' bearing and tone towards them. Portia with mingled pride and affection takes her stand upon her rights as a wife—"a woman that Lord Brutus took to wife"—and he feels the appeal as a man of his noble and tender nature must:

O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!

Calpurnia is a poor creature in comparison with this true daughter of Cato, as her first words to Cæsar sufficiently prove:

What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth?
You *shall* not stir out of your house to-day.
(ii. 2. 8, 9.)

When a wife takes that tone, we know what the reply will be: "Cæsar *shall* forth." Later, of course, she comes down to entreaty:

Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
(ii. 2. 50, 51.)

And Cæsar, with contemptuous acquiescence in the suggestion to let Antony say he is "not well to-day," yields to her weak importunities. When Decius comes in and urges Cæsar to go, the story of her dream and her forebodings is told him with a sneer (can we imagine Brutus speaking of Portia in that manner?), and her husband, falling a victim to the shrewd flattery of Decius, departs to his death with a parting fling at her foolish fears, which

he is ashamed at having for the moment yielded to. Calpurnia was Cæsar's fourth wife, and the marriage was one of convenience rather than of affection.

There are no portions of Roman history that seem so real to us as those which Shakespeare has made the subjects of his plays. History merely calls up the ghost of the dead past, and the impression it makes upon us is shadowy and unsubstantial; poetry makes it live again before our eyes, and we feel that we are looking upon men and women like ourselves, not their misty semblances. It might seem at first that the poet, by giving us fancies instead of facts, or fancies mingled with facts, only distorts and confuses our conceptions of historical verities; but, if he be a true poet, he sees the past with a clearer vision than other men, and reproduces it more truthfully as well as more vividly. He sees it indeed with the eye of imagination, not as it actually was; but there are truths of the imagination no less than of the senses and the reason. Two descriptions may be alike imaginative, but one may be true and the other false. The one, though not a statement of facts, is consistent with the facts and impresses us as the reality would impress us; the other is neither true nor in keeping with the truth, and can only deceive and mislead us. Ben Jonson wrote Roman plays which, in minute attention to the details of the manners and customs of the time, are far more scholarly and accurate than Shakespeare's. He accompanies them with hundreds of notes giving classical quotations to illustrate the action and the language, and showing how painstaking he has been in this respect. The work evinces genuine poetic power as well as laborious research, and yet the effect is far inferior to that of Shakespeare's less pedantic treatment of Roman subjects. The latter knows much less of classical history and antiquities, but has a deeper insight into human nature, which is the same in all ages. Jonson has given us skilfully-modelled and admirably-sculptured statues, but Shakespeare living men and women.



Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures.—(Act i. 1. 1.)

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, meeting a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home.

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical,¹ you ought not walk Upon a labouring day without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

First Cit. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?

What dost thou with thy best apparel on?— You, sir; what trade are you?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 11

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

Sec. Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow? 21

Sec. Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl.² I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover³ them. As proper⁴ men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork. 30

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Cit. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir,

¹ *Mechanical*; i.e. belonging to the class of mechanics, artisans.

² *Awl*, an obvious pun on *awl* and *all*.

³ *Recover*, a quibble on *re-cover*.

⁴ *Proper*, handsome, well-made.

we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! 40

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That¹ Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds 51
Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude. 60

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.—

[*Exeunt Citizens with a downcast air.*

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.²

Mar. May we do so? 71

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets;
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,³

Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. 80

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. A public place.

An Altar with fire on it, by which the Soothsayer is standing; on either side a mob of citizens.

Enter, in procession with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, CICERO, CICCERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, Priests, Senators, Standard-bearers, Lictors, Guards, &c.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs.

Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius—

Ant. Cæsar, my lord!

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant.

I shall remember;

When Cæsar says "Do this," it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar!

12

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!
[*Music ceases; the crowd opens and discovers Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Who is it in the press⁴ that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, "Cæsar." Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March. 19

Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cass. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar. [The Soothsayer advances.

¹ That=so that.

² Ceremonies, trophies, honorary ornaments.

³ Pitch, the height to which a falcon soars; a technical term.

⁴ Press, crowd.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:

[*Exit Soothsayer, Antony, and the rest.*]
—*pass.* [*Sennet.*¹ *Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius in procession.*]

Cass. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cass. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; 30
I'll leave you. [*Going—Cassius stops him.*]

Cass. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely² upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,³ 40
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my be-
haviours;

But let not therefore my good friends be
griev'd,—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cass. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook
your passion;

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
buried 49

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection by some other things.

Cass. 'T is just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect⁴ in Rome,—
Except immortal Cæsar,—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke, 61
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me,
Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cass. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd
to hear;

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself 69
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on⁵ me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale⁶ with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal⁷ them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear,
the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cass. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him
well.— 82

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed⁸ me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cass. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.⁹
Well, honour is the subject of my story.— 92
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

⁴ *Of the best respect, i. e. best worthy of respect.*

⁵ *Jealous on, suspicious or distrustful of.*

⁶ *Stale, make stale, or common.*

⁷ *Scandal, defame, slander.*

⁸ *Speed, favour, prosper.*

⁹ *Favour, face, personal appearance.*

¹ *Sennet, a kind of flourish on the trumpet.*

² *Merely, altogether, entirely.*

³ *Passions of some differenc', conflicting emotions.*

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you; 97
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
 Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews, throwing it aside, 108
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy:
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,



Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus.—(Act i. 2. 135, 136.)

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of
 Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar;—and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him I did mark 120
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did
 shake;

His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye whose bend¹ doth awe the
 world

Did lose his² lustre: I did hear him groan;
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the
 Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their
 books,

Alas! it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world, 130
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on
 Cæsar.

Cass. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
 world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings. 141

¹ Bend, look.

² His, its.

Handwritten signature/initials

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that
Cæsar? 142

Why should that name be sounded more than
yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art
sham'd! 150

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great
flood,¹

But it was fam'd with more than with one
man?

When could they say till now that talk'd of
Rome

That her wide walls encompass'd but one
man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.

O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus² once that would have
brook'd 159

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;³
How I have thought of this, and of these
times,

I shall recount hereafter; [*Cassius is going to
speak; checking him*] for this present,

I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time 169
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

[*Shouts heard nearer.*

[*Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:*
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as⁴ this time
Is like to lay upon us.

¹ Flood, the deluge of Deucalion.

² Brutus, Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled the
Tarquins.

³ Aim, conjecture.

⁴ As=such as.

Cass. I am glad 175

That my weak words have struck but thus
much show

Of fire from Brutus. [*Music.*]

Bru.] The games are done, and Cæsar is
returning.

Cass. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
sleeve; 179

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so.—But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train;

[*Calpurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero*
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross'd in conference⁵ by some senators.]

Cass. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

[*Music. Re-enter Cæsar, Antony, and
the rest as before in procession.*

Cæs. Antonius! 190

Ant. Cæsar?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dan-
gerous.

He is a noble Roman and well given.⁶

Cæs. Would he were fatter!—but I fear
him not:

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid 200
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads
much;

He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no
plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his
spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear,—for always I am Cæsar.

⁵ Conference, debate.

⁶ Given, disposed.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Antony goes to Cæsar's side; Brutus crosses to Casca as he is going, and pulls his cloak. Music. Exeunt all in procession, except Casca, Brutus, and Cassius.*

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd. 219

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him; and, being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cass. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cass. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd the crown, that it had almost chok'd Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it.

And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cass. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like;—he hath the falling-sickness.¹

Cass. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleas'd and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true² man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet and offer'd them his throat to cut:—an I had been a man of any occupation,³ if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir'd their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!"—and forgave him with all their hearts:—but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay. 280

Cass. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cass. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again:—but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. [I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence.] Fare

¹ *Falling-sickness*, epilepsy.

² *True*, honest.

³ *Of any occupation*, a mechanic, like the plebeians about him.

you well. There was more foolery yet, if I
could remember it. 291

Cass. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.¹

Cass. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold,
and your dinner worth the eating.

Cass. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell both. [*Exit Casca.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to
be!

He was quick mettle² when he went to
school. 300

Cass. So is he now, in execution³
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will
leave you:

To-morrow if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will, 309
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cass. I will do so:—till then, think of the
world.— [*Exit Brutus.*]

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that⁴ it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard,⁵ but he loves
Brutus;

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands,⁶ in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens, 321
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

[*Exit.*]

¹ *I am promised forth*, i.e. I have promised to go out
(to supper). ² *Quick mettle*, of a lively spirit.

³ *Execution*, metrically five syllables.

⁴ *From that*, from that to which.

⁵ *Doth bear me hard*, has a grudge against me.

⁶ *Hands*, handwritings.

SCENE III. *A street.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite
sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and
CICERO.*

[*Cic.* Good even, Casca: brought⁷ you Cæsar
home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the
sway⁸ of earth

Shakes like a thing infirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him
well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against⁹ the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap¹⁰ a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear; who swore they
saw

Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noonday upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,

"These¹¹ are their reasons,—they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things 31
Unto the climate¹² that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time;
But men may construe things after their
fashion,¹³

⁷ *Brought*, escorted.

⁸ *Sway*, balance, equilibrium.

⁹ *Against*, opposite.

¹⁰ *Drawn upon a heap*, crowded close together.

¹¹ *These*, such and such.

¹² *Climate*, country.

¹³ *After their fashion*, in their own way.

Clean from¹ the purpose of the things themselves. 35

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.



Casca. Cassius, what night is this!—(Act I. 3. 42.)

Cic. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky 39

Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cass. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

¹ Clean from, quite away from, or contrary to.

Cass.

Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. [*Thunder and lightning.*] Cassius, what night² is this!

Cass. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cass. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And thus unbraced,³ Casca, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;⁴

And when the cross⁵ blue lightning seem'd to open 50

The breast of heaven, I did present myself

Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble

When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cass. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life

That should be in a Roman you do want,

Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and ease yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heavens;

But if you would consider the true cause 62

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds, and beasts from quality and kind;⁶

Why old men fool,⁷ and children calculate;

Why all these things change from their ordinance,⁸

Their natures and pre-formed faculties,

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find

That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits, 69

To make them instruments of fear and warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night,

That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars

² What night, what a night.

³ Unbraced, ungirt; explained by the next line.

⁴ Thunder-stone, thunderbolt. ⁵ Cross, zigzag.

⁶ From quality and kind, i.e. deviate from or change their natures. ⁷ Fool, become fools.

⁸ Their ordinance, what they were ordained to be.

As doth the lion in the Capitol,—
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action; yet prodigious¹ grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

Cass. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors,
But, woe the while!² our fathers' minds are
dead, 82
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cass. I know where I will wear this dagger,
then;

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius. 90
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder.*]

Casca. So can I; 100
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cass. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant,
then?

Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O, grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made; but I am arm'd,

And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering³ tell-tale. Hold, my hand;⁴
Be factious⁵ for redress of all these griefs;⁶
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cass. There's a bargain made.
[*Grasping Casca's hand.*]

Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: [*Thunder and lightning*]
for now, this fearful night,

There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element⁷
In favour's⁸ like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. 130

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes
one in haste.

Cass. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—[*Enter CINNA.*] Cinna, where
haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who's that?
Metellus Cimber?

Cass. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

Cinna. I am glad on't.⁹ [*Thunder.*] What
a fearful night is this!

There's two or three of us have seen strange
sights.

Cass. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cinna. Yes, you are.—
O Cassius, if you could 140

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cass. Be you content:—good Cinna, take
this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall
find us.

Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

³ *Fleering*, sneering.

⁴ *Hold, my hand*, Here, take my hand.

⁵ *Factious*, active. ⁶ *Griefs*, grievances.

⁷ *Element*, sky.

⁸ *Favour*, aspect, appearance.

⁹ *On't*, of it; i.e. that he has joined us.

¹ *Prodigious*, portentous.

² *Woe the while!* alas for the time!

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone 149

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,¹
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cass. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—
[*Exit Cinna.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house; three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;

And that which would appear offence in us
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness. 160

Cass. Him and his worth and our great need of him

You have right well conceited.² Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and besure of him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus's garden. Thunder and lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—

I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When,³ Lucius, when? awake, I say! What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit. Lightning.*]

Bru. It must be by his death; and, for my part, 10

I know no personal cause to spurn at⁴ him,
But for the general.⁵ He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question:

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?
—that;⁶—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse⁷ from power; and, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof⁸ 21

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees⁹
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may.

Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel

Will bear no colour for the thing he is, 29
Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities;
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which hatch'd would, as his kind,¹⁰ grow mischievous,

And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him a letter.*]

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir. 41

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Lightning. Exit.*]

Bru. The exhalations,¹¹ whizzing in the air,

¹ *Hie*, hasten. ² *Conceited*, conceived, judged.

³ *When?* an exclamation of impatience.

⁴ *Spurn at*, strike at, attack.

⁵ *The general*, the people, the community.

⁶ *That*, be that so, suppose that done.

⁷ *Remorse*, mercy, or pity.

⁸ *Proof*, experience.

⁹ *Base degrees*, lower steps.

¹⁰ *As his kind*, like the rest of his species.

¹¹ *Exhalations*, meteors.

Give so much light that I may read by them.

[*Opens the letter, holds it up, and reads.*

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!"

"Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!"

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up. 50

"Shall Rome, etc." Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?

What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!"—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee
promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody
knocks.— [*Exit* *Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept. 62

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma¹ or a hideous dream:
The Genius² and the mortal instruments³
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the
door, 70

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir; there are moe⁴ with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That⁵ by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.⁶

Bru. Let 'em enter.

[*Exit* *Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
conspiracy; 81

Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path,⁷ thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.⁸

Enter CASSIUS, followed by CASCA, DECIOUS,
CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS,
with their faces muffled in their togas.

Cass. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you? *

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man
here 90

But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.—

[*They all uncover their faces.*

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,
Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.—

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? 100

[*He retires with Cassius.*

Dec. Here lies the east: doth not the day
break here?

Casca. No.

Cinna. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey
lines

That fret⁹ the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on¹⁰ the south,

* 7 Path, walk.

8 Prevention, discovery, and consequent thwarting.

9 Fret, diversify, variegate.

10 Growing on, verging toward.

¹ Phantasma, vision.

² Genius, spirit, soul.

³ Mortal instruments, bodily powers.

⁴ Moe, more. ⁵ That, so that. ⁶ Favour, face, feature.

Weighing¹ the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the
north 109

He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here.

[*Brutus and Cassius come forward.*]

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cass. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath! If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted² tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, country-
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter?³ and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it? 128
Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,⁴
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even⁵ virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressiv⁶ metal of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several⁷ bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cass. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him? 141

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:

It shall be said, his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

Bru. O, name him not: let us not break
with him;⁸ 150

For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

Cass. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only
Cæsar?

Cass. Decius, well urg'd:—I think it is not
meet

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd⁹ contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent, 160
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
Cassius,

To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death, and envy¹⁰ afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar;
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of men there is no blood;
O, that we then could come by¹¹ Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make¹²
Our purpose necessary and not envious;¹³
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers,¹⁴ not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him; 181
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cass. Yet I fear him;

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

¹ Weighing, considering.

² High-sighted, supercilious, haughty.

³ Palter, shuffle, equivocate.

⁴ Cautelous, crafty, wary.

⁵ Even, pure, blameless.

⁶ Insuppressible, irrepressible. ⁷ Several, separate.

⁸ Break with him, broach it to him.

⁹ Shrewd, evil, mischievous.

¹⁰ Envy, malice.

¹¹ Come by, get at.

¹² Make, make to appear.

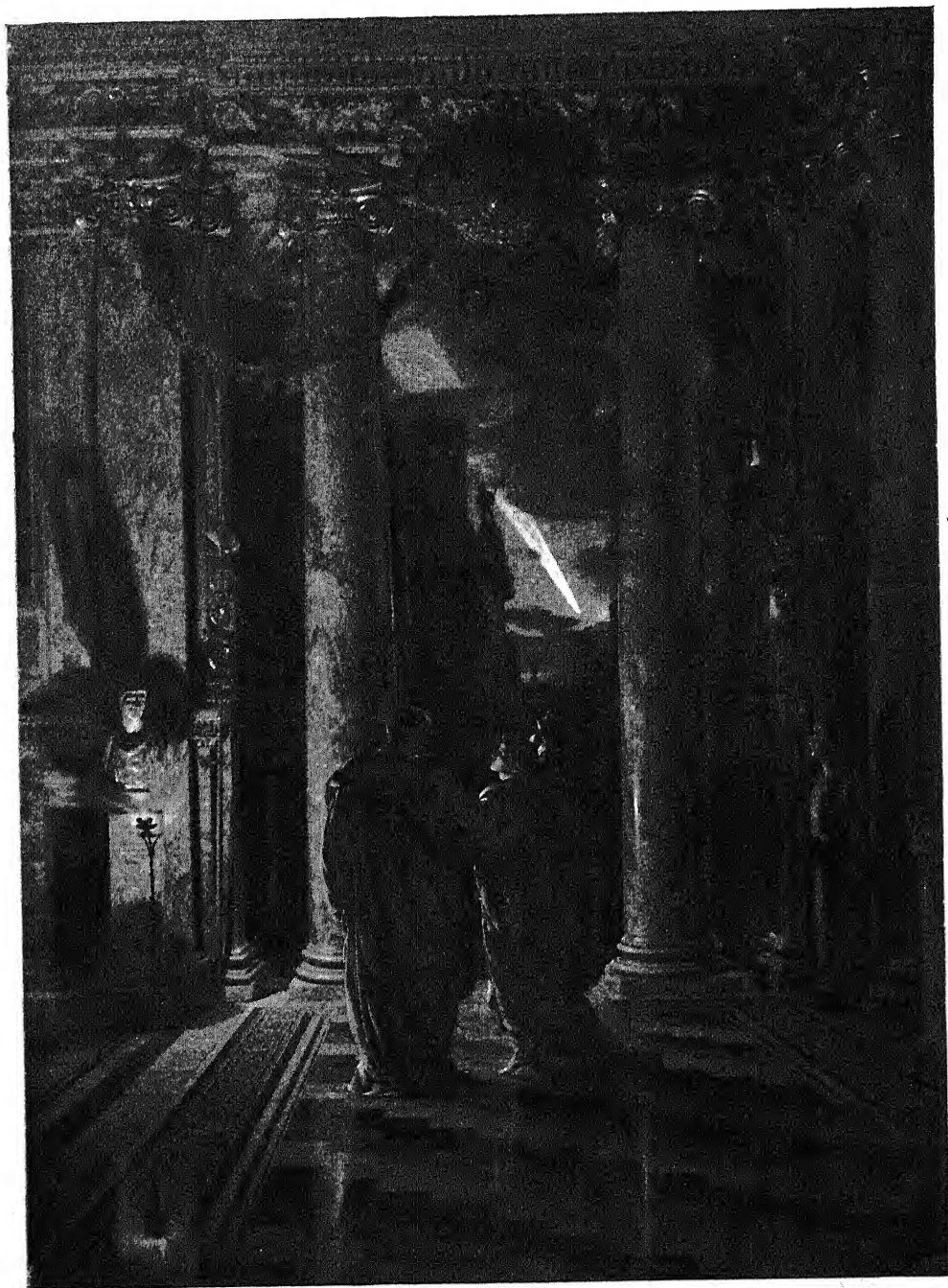
¹³ Envious, malicious.

¹⁴ Purgers, cleansers or healers.

JULIUS CÆSAR

Act II. Scene ii.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE MANCHESTER
ART GALLERY BY SIR E. J. POYNTER, P.R.A.



If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself,—take thought¹ and die for Cæsar;
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear² in him; let him not
die; 190

For he will live and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes.*]

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cass. The clock has stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cass. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late;
Quite from³ the main⁴ opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:⁵
It may be, these apparent⁶ prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does,—being then most flattered.
Let me work;

For I can give his humour the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cass. Nay, we will all of us be there to
fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour; is that the utter-
most?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not
then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,⁷
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by
him:⁸

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

¹ Take thought, give way to anxiety or despondency.

² Fear, ground for fear, cause of fear.

³ From, away from, contrary to.

⁴ Main, strong, fixed.

⁵ Ceremonies, omens drawn from sacrifices, or ceremonial
rites.

⁶ Apparent, manifest.

⁷ Bear Cæsar hard, bear him a grudge.

⁸ By him, by his house.

Cass. The morning comes upon 's; we'll leave
you, Brutus.— 221
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily.
Let not our looks put on⁹ our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:¹⁰
And so, good morrow to you every one.—

[*Exeunt all but Brutus, muffling up
their faces in their togas.*]

[*Boy!* Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber: 230
Thou hast no figures,¹¹ nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.]

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore
rise you now?

It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've un-
gentle, Brutus,

Stole from my bed; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about, 239

Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,

You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,

But with an angry wafture¹² of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you. [So I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal

Hoping it was but an effect of humour, 250
Which sometime hath his hour with every

man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,

And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,¹³

⁹ Put on, show, disclose.

¹⁰ Formal constancy, outward self-possession.

¹¹ Figures, pictures created by imagination.

¹² Wafture, waving. ¹³ Condition, disposition, temper.

I should not know you, Brutus.] Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.



Bru. [*Raising her*] Kneel not, gentle Portia.—(Act ii. 1. 278.)

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed. 260

{ *Por.* Is Brutus sick?—[and is it physical¹
{ To walk unbraced² and suck up the humours

¹ *Physical*, medicinal, wholesome.

² *Unbraced*, ungirt.

Of the dank³ morning? What! is Brutus sick,]
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy⁴ and unpurged air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence⁵ within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees, 270

[*Kneels.*

I charm⁶ you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow,
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. [*Raising her*] Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets 281
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart. [*Embraces her.*

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret. 291

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels; I will not disclose 'em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

³ *Dank*, damp, moist.

⁴ *Rheumy*, causing rheumatism; according to some = damp.

⁵ *Some sick offence*, something that offends and makes you sick.

⁶ *Charm*, conjure.

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!— 303
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery¹ of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.— [*Erit Portia.*

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that knocks?
Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak
with you. 310
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake
of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
[Had you a healthful ear to hear of it. 319
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist,² has conjur'd up
My mortified³ spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,]

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going, 330
To whom⁴ it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *Charactery*, handwriting.

² *Exorcist*, one who raises spirits. See note 89, II.
Henry VI. ³ *Mortified*, deadened.

⁴ *To whom*, to him to whom.

SCENE II. *A room in Cæsar's palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his
night-gown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at
peace to-night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
"Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!"—Who's
within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord!

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present⁵ sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [*Erit.*

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you
to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth. The things that
threaten'd me 10
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,⁶
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and
seen,

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their
dead;

Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol; 21
The noise of battle hurtled⁷ in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,⁸
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
[Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.]

⁵ *Present*, immediate.

⁶ *Stood on ceremonies*, laid stress on omens.

⁷ *Hurtled*, clashed. ⁸ *Use*, what is usual.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets
seen; 30

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
of princes.

Cæs.] Cowards die many times before their
deaths;

The valiant never taste of death but once.)

Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth
to-day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth, 39
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

[Exit Servant.]

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

No, Cæsar shall [not. Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;—

And Cæsar shall] go forth.

Cal. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear 50
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;

Let me, upon my knees, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well,
And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS.

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators, 61

And tell them that I will not come to-day.
Cannot is false; and that I dare not, falser;

I will not come to-day. Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say, he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afeard¹ to tell greybeards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:—

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays² me at home.
She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,³

Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans

Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
And these

Does she apply for warnings and portents 80
Of evils imminent; and on her knee

Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;

It was a vision fair and fortunate.

Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.⁴
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well ex-
pounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I
can say;

And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a

mock

Apt to be render'd,⁵ for some one to say,

"Break up the senate till another time,

When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better
dreams." 99

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo, Cæsar is afraid?"

Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding⁶ bids me tell you this;

And reason to my love is liable.⁷

¹ *Afeard*, used interchangeably with *afraid*.

² *Stays*, i.e. makes me stay. ³ *Statua*, statue.

⁴ *Cognizance*, tokens, souvenirs; plural.

⁵ *Apt to be render'd*, likely to be uttered in reply.

⁶ *Proceeding*, progress, career.

⁷ *Liable*, subject, subordinate.



JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act II. Scene 2. lines 25-26.

Cal. O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use.
And I do fear them.

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Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calpurnia! 105
I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
[Give me my robe, for I will go.—]

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
[*Exit Calpurnia.*]

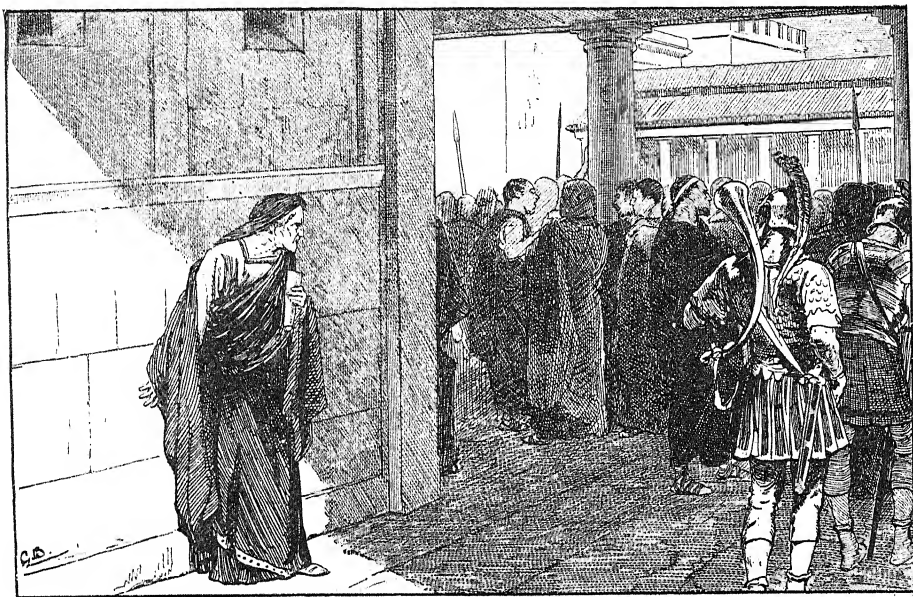
Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?—

[*Good morrow, Casca.*—*Caius Ligarius,* 111
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that sameague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs.] I thank you for your pains and courtesies.]



Art. Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along.—(Act ii. 3. 11.)

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, An-
tony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within.—
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—what, Tre-
bonius! 120

I have an hour's talk in store for you.
Remember that you call on me to-day;
Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside*] and so near
will I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been
further. 125

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some
wine with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go
together.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Antony, Casca and De-
cius, Cinna and Metellus, and Trebonius.*]

Bru. That every like is not the same,¹ O
Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns² to think upon!

[*Exit.*]

¹ That every like is not the same, that the semblance is
not always the reality (the same as it seems).

² Yearns, grieves.

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.**Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

Art. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd
Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these
men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not
immortal, look about you; security gives way¹ to
conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy
lover,
ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along, 11
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of² the teeth of emulation.³
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.⁴

[*Exit.*]SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street,
before the house of Brutus.**Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.*

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here
again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
there.—

[*Aside*] O constancy,⁵ be strong upon my
side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else? 11

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth; and take good
note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour⁶ like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth,⁷ madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast
thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my
stand,

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast
thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady; if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's in-
tended⁸ towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that
I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you.—Here the street is nar-
row;

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void,⁹ and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[*Exit.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a
thing

The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,

That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say I am merry: come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

¹ *Security gives way*, carelessness, or lack of caution,
opens a way. ² *Out of*, i.e. out of the reach of.

³ *Emulation*, envy. ⁴ *Contrive*, conspire, plot.

⁵ *Constancy*, self-possession.

⁶ *Rumour*, murmur, noise.

⁷ *Sooth*, in truth.

⁸ *Harm's intended*, harm that is intended.

⁹ *Void*, open; opposed to narrow above.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Art. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

8



Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?—(Act ii. 4. 31.)

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What! is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

[*Forcing the Soothsayer off.*]

Cass. What! urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise. CÆSAR sits in state chair.

Pop. [To Cassius] I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cass. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop.

Fare you well.

[*Advances to Cæsar.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cass. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

[*Casca crosses behind to Cassius, and Decius to Casca.*]

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

Cass. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.— 19

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,¹ For I will slay myself.

[*Popilius kisses Cæsar's hand.*]

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.²

Cass. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Antony and Trebonius cross behind state chair and exeunt.*]

Dec. [*Crosses to Brutus*] Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

[*Metellus advances to Cæsar's chair.*]

Bru. He is address'd:³ press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand. 30

Casca. Are we all ready?

[*Goes to side of Cæsar's chair.*]

Cæs. What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat An humble heart.— [*Kneeling.*]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies Might fire the blood of ordinary men, And turn pre-ordinance and first decree Into the law of children. Be not fond,⁴

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood That will be thaw'd from the true quality 41

With⁵ that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning. 43

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied. [*Metellus rises.*]

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own, 49

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing⁶ of my banish'd brother?

Bru. [*Kneeling*] I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

[*Brutus rises.*]

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cass. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you; If I could pray to move,⁷ prayers would move me:

But I am constant as the northern star, 60

[*Cassius rises.*]

Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;

They are all fire, and every one doth shine;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place:

So, in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,

And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;⁸

Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he, 70

Let me a little show it, even in this,—

That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,

And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. [*Kneeling*] O Cæsar!—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. [*Kneeling*] Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

¹ Turn back, return home.

² Change, change colour or expression.

³ Address'd, prepared, ready.

⁴ Fond, foolish.

⁵ With, by.

⁶ Repealing, recalling (from exile).

⁷ Pray to move, resort to prayers in order to move others.

⁸ Apprehensive, endowed with apprehension, intelligent.

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Metellus lays hold on Cæsar's robe;—Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He then is stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute!*¹—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Falls dead at the foot of Pompey's statue. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

[*Cinna.* Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cass. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

“Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!”]

Bru. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

[*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;²]

There is no harm intended to your person, Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cass. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people

Rushing on us should do you some mischief.

Bru. Doso;—and let no man abide³ this deed, But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cass. Where is Antony?

Treb. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:— That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

¹ *Et tu, Brute!* And thou, Brutus!

² *Good cheer*, be of good cheer, be not alarmed.

³ *Abide*, answer for.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit; So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death.—[*Stoop, Romans, stoop,*

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;] Then walk we forth, even to the market-place, And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let's all cry, “Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!”

Cass. [Stoop, then, and wash.—] How many ages hence

111

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er

In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis⁴ lies along No worthier than the dust!

Cass. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their country liberty.

118

Dec. What! shall we forth?

Cass. Ay, every man away; Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

[*Kneeling.*]

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:— Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest; Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving. Say I love Brutus and I honour him; Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him and be resolv'd⁵ How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death, Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead So well as Brutus living; but will follow The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus Thorough⁶ the hazards of this untrod state With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; I never thought him worse. [*Servant rises.*]

⁴ *On Pompey's basis*, i.e. at the base of Pompey's statue.

⁵ *Resolv'd*, informed, satisfied.

⁶ *Thorough*, the original form of *through*.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour, 141
Depart untouch'd.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.
[Exit Servant.]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well
to friend.¹

Cass. I wish we may; but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still²
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.³

Bru. But here comes Antony.—

Enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
[Kneeling by Cæsar's body.]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee
well.— 150

[Rises] I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,

Who else must be let blood,⁴ who else is rank;⁵
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made
rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,⁶

{ [Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and
smoke,]

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die; 160
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by⁷ Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful; 165
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,

To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony; 173
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-
ence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's,

In the disposing of new dignities. 178

Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver⁸ you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand:

First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—

Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—

Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Me-
tellus;—

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—

Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebonius.

Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say? 190

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit⁹
me,

Either a coward or a flatterer.—

[Bending over Cæsar's body.]

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true!

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer¹⁰ than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—

Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds, 200

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy
blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,¹¹
brave hart;

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
stand,

Sign'd¹² in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy
lethe.¹³—

¹ To friend, for a friend.

² Still, always.

³ Falls shrewdly to the purpose, turns out to be very
much to the purpose.

⁴ Let blood, bled, that is, put to death.

⁵ Rank, too full-blooded.

⁶ Bear me hard, i.e. dislike me.

⁷ By, beside.

⁸ Deliver, declare to.

⁹ Conceit, conceive, consider.

¹⁰ Dearer, more intensely.

¹¹ Bay'd, brought to bay.

¹² Sign'd, marked, stained.

¹³ Lethe, metaphorically for flowing blood.

[O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer stricken by many princes
Dost thou here lie!]

210

Cass. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.¹

Cass. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd² in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was indeed

Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

219

Friends am I with you all and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. That's all I seek;

And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce³ his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.

230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cass. [Taking him aside] Brutus, a word
with you:—

You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

Bru. [Aside to Cassius] By your pardon;—
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission;
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

240

Cass. [Aside to Brutus] I know not what
may fall;⁴ I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's
body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral. And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

250

Ant.

Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. [Kneeling at the feet of Cæsar's body]

O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these but-
chers!

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips

260

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:—

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile when they behold

Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,

All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;

And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,

270

[With Até by his side come hot from hell,]

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice

Cry "Havoc!"⁵ and let slip the dogs of war;

That⁶ this foul deed shall smell above the earth

With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to

Rome.

278

Serv. He did receive his letters and is coming;
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—

[*Seeing the body.*]

O Cæsar!— [He is overcome with grief.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart and
weep.

¹ Cold modesty, cool (dispassionate) moderation.

² Prick'd, marked, i.e. enlisted.

³ Produce, bear forth.

⁴ Fall, befall.

⁵ Havoc! the old signal that no quarter was to be given.

⁶ That, so that.

Passion,¹ I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those heads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues
of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him
what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome² of safety for Octavius yet; 289
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this curse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

*Shouts of Citizens heard within. Enter BRUTUS
and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be
satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.³—
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay
here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius; and compare
their reasons,

When severally⁴ we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit Cassius with some of the Citi-
zens. Brutus goes into the rostrum.*]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended:
silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!⁵ hear me for
my cause, and be silent, that you may hear;
believe me for mine honour, and have respect
to mine honour, that you may believe; cen-

sure⁶ me in your wisdom, and awake your
senses, that you may the better judge. If
there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If then that
friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar,
this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar
less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you
rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves,
than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free
men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him;
as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was
valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambi-
tious, I slew him. There is tears for his love;
joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and
death for his ambition. Who is here so base
that would be a bondman? If any, speak;
for him have I offended. Who is here so rude
that would not be a Roman? If any, speak;
for him have I offended. Who is here so vile
that will not love his country? If any, speak,
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none. 38

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have
done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to
Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled
in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated,
wherein he was worthy; nor his offences en-
forced,⁷ for which he suffered death. 44

*Enter four Guards bearing CÆSAR'S body on a
bier, ANTONY and others.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark
Antony, who, though he had no hand in his
death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a
place in the commonwealth; as which of you
shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I
slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I
have the same dagger for myself, when it
shall please my country to need my death. 52

[*He descends from the rostrum.*]

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home
unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

¹ *Passion, emotion.*

² *Rome, a play upon room.*

³ *Part the numbers, divide the multitude.*

⁴ *Severally, separately.*

⁵ *Lovers, friends.*

⁶ *Censure, judge.*

⁷ *Enforced, exaggerated.*

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho! 59

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony; Do grace¹ to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;²

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up. 69

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding³ to you. [*He goes up into the rostrum.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain;

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them, 80

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man,

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral. 89

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man. 92

He hath brought many captives home to Rome, Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal 100

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,

But here I am to speak what I do know.

You all did love him once,—not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,

And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me; 110

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,

And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar hath had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he not, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.⁴

Sec. Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping. 120

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

¹ Grace, honour.

² Public chair, the rostrum or pulpit in the Forum.

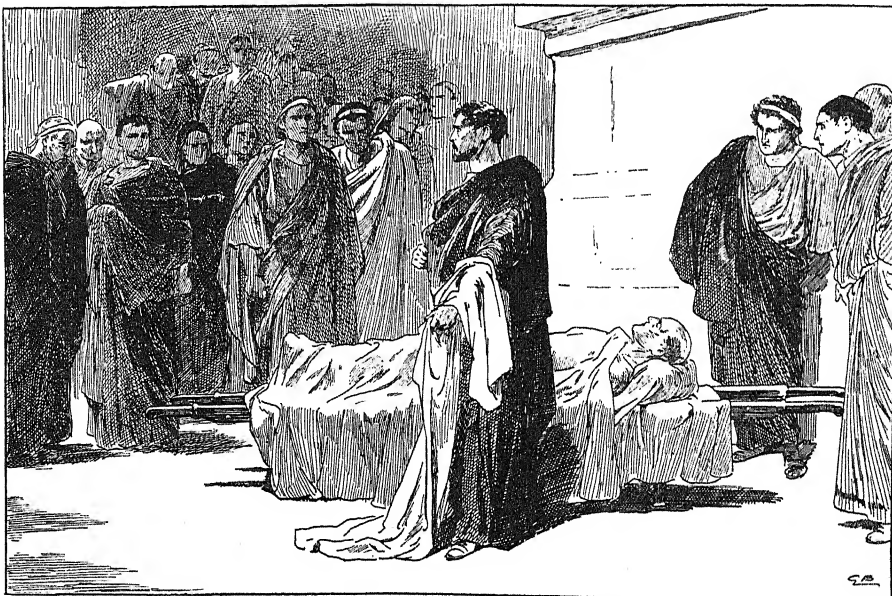
³ Beholding, beholden.

⁴ Dear abide it, pay dearly for it.

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men: 129
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 't is his will.
 Let but the commons¹ hear this testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's
 wounds.
 And dip their napkins² in his sacred blood,
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, 139
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it,
 Mark Antony.



Ant. You all do know this mantle.—(Act iii. 2. 174.)

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's
 will. 144

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must
 not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but
 men;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his
 heirs; 150
 For if you should, O, what would come of it?

Fourth Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it,
 Antony! 152

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay
 awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors! honourable
 men!

All. The will! the testament!

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers!
 The will! Read the will! 160

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the
 will?

¹ *Commons*, common people, plebeians.

² *Napkins*, handkerchiefs.

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend.

[*He comes down from the rostrum, and goes to the head of the body.*]

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony!—most noble Antony! 170

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far¹ off.

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day² he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away, 181
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd³
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:⁴
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd
him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty
heart; 190

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint⁵ of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but
behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle! 202

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd!

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen. 210

First Cit. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him,
we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not
stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honour-
able;—

What private griefs⁶ they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and
honourable,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is; 221
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know
full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor
dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I
Brutus, 230

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the con-
spirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me
speak.

¹ Far, probably a contraction of farther.

² That day, on that day when. ³ Resolv'd, satisfied.

⁴ Angel, darling. ⁵ Dint, impression.

⁶ Grievs, grievances.

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what. 240

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves? Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then:— You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal:— 245

[Reading the scroll] To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.¹

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience. 250



Third Cit. Tear him, tear him!—(Act iii. 3. 40.)

All. Peace, ho! 251

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,² On this side Tiber; he hath left them you, And to your heirs for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

First Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place, And with the brands fire³ the traitors' houses. Take up the body. 261

Sec. Cit. Go, fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing. [Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work.—Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he? 268

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him: He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry, And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike⁴ they had some notice of the people, How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [Exeunt.]

¹ Drachmas, coins equal to about 9d. each.

² Orchards, gardens.

³ Fire, metrically a dissyllable.

⁴ Belike, probably.

[SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast
with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man, or a
bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly. 10

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I
going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married
man, or a bachelor? Then to answer every
man directly and briefly, wisely and truly:—
Wisely, I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are

fools that marry;—you'll bear me a bang¹ for
that, I fear. Proceed; directly. 21

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's
funeral.

First Cit. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a con-
spirator. 31

Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna
the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses,
tear him for his bad verses.

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Sec. Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna;
pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn
him going.² 39

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands,
ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn
all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's;
some to Ligarius': away! go! [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

[SCENE I. *Rome. A room in Antony's house.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at
a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their
names are prick'd.³

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent
you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. 11

[Exit Lepidus.]

Ant. This is a slight, unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands; is it fit,
The three-fold world divided,⁴ he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him;
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.⁵

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than
you:

And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,⁶ 22
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,

¹ Bear me a bang, get a blow from me.

² Turn him going, turn him adrift, send him packing.

³ Prick'd, marked.

⁴ Divided, being divided, when it is divided.

⁵ Proscription; metrically four syllables.

⁶ Business; here a trisyllable.

Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender: 30
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,—
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste,¹ is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go
forth;—

A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property.²—And now, Octavius, 40
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers;³ we must straight make
head:

Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, and our best means
stretch'd out;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,⁴
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I
fear, 50
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before the tent of Brutus, in the
camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and
Soldiers; PINDARUS meeting them; LUCIUS at
some distance.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*]

Bru. He greets me well. — Your master,
Pindarus,

In his own change,⁵ or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done undone; but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard⁶ and honour.

Bru. He is not doubted. [*Exit Pindarus.*]

—A word, Lucilius:

How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.⁷

Lucil. With courtesy, and with respect
enough,

But not with such familiar instances,⁸
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us'd of old.

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay 20
It useth an enforced ceremony.

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,⁹
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
But when they should endure the bloody spur
They fall¹⁰ their crests, and like deceitful jades
Sink in the trial. [*Distant trumpets heard.*]

Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to
be quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

[*Trumpets sound nearer.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him. 31

Cass. [*Without*] Stand, ho!

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sold. Stand!

Sec. Sold. Stand!

Third Sold. Stand!

Cass. Most noble brother, you have done
me wrong.

⁵ In his own change, because of some change in himself.

⁶ Full of regard, worthy of all regard.

⁷ Resolv'd, informed.

⁸ Familiar instances, proofs or manifestations of familiarity.

⁹ Hot at hand, spirited when held in.

¹⁰ Fall, let fall.

¹ Taste, measure, degree.

² A property, a thing to be used as we please.

³ Powers, forces.

⁴ At the stake, like a wild beast tied to a stake, to be
baited by dogs.

Bru. Judge me, ye gods! Wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cass. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs; 40

And when you do them—

Bru. Cassius, be content;¹
Speak your griefs² softly, — I do know you well:—

Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,

Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge³ your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cass. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference. 51

Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cass. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:

You have condemn'd and noted⁴ Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.⁵

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cass. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice⁶ offence should bear his comment.⁷

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have⁸ an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold 11
To undeservers.

Cass. I an itching palm!
[*Half draws his sword.*]

¹ Content, quiet, calm.

² Griefs, grievances.

³ Enlarge, state fully.

⁴ Noted, stigmatized.

⁵ Slighted off, treated slightly, disregarded.

⁶ Nice, petty, trifling.

⁷ Bear his comment, receive its criticism.

⁸ To have, for having.

You know that you are Brutus that speaks this, 13

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cass. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember! 18

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,

That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours

For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,

Than such a Roman.

Cass. Brutus, bay not me;

I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, 30

Older in practice, abler than yourself

To make conditions.⁹

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cass. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cass. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cass. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

[*Cassius advances angrily, as if going to speak.*]

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cass. O ye gods, ye gods! [*Cassius paces agitatedly to and fro.*] Must I endure all this? 41

Bru. All this? ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe¹⁰ you? Must I stand and crouch

⁹ Conditions, the terms on which offices are to be conferred.

¹⁰ Observe, be obsequious to.

Under your testy humour? [*Cassius stops, restraining himself with great effort.*] By the gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen, Though it do split you; for, from this day forth, I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter, When you are waspish.

Cass. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier: 51
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true, And it shall please me well: for mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cass. [*Calmly*] You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cass. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have mov'd me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cass. I durst not? 60

Bru. No.

Cass. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cass. [*Suppressing his anger by a great effort*] Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied 70
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash

By any indirection.¹—I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous, 79
To lock such rascal counters² from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cass. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cass. I did not:—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
riv'd my heart;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cass. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cass. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear 91

As huge as high Olympus.

Cass. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!

For Cassius is aweary of the world;

Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
Check'd³ like a bondman; all his faults ob-
serv'd,

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my
dagger, 100

And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus⁴ mine, richer than gold:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.⁵
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb, 110
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced,⁶ shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

² *Counters*, pieces of metal used in casting accounts; here used contemptuously for money.

³ *Check'd*, chided, reproved.

⁴ *Plutus*, the Roman god of wealth.

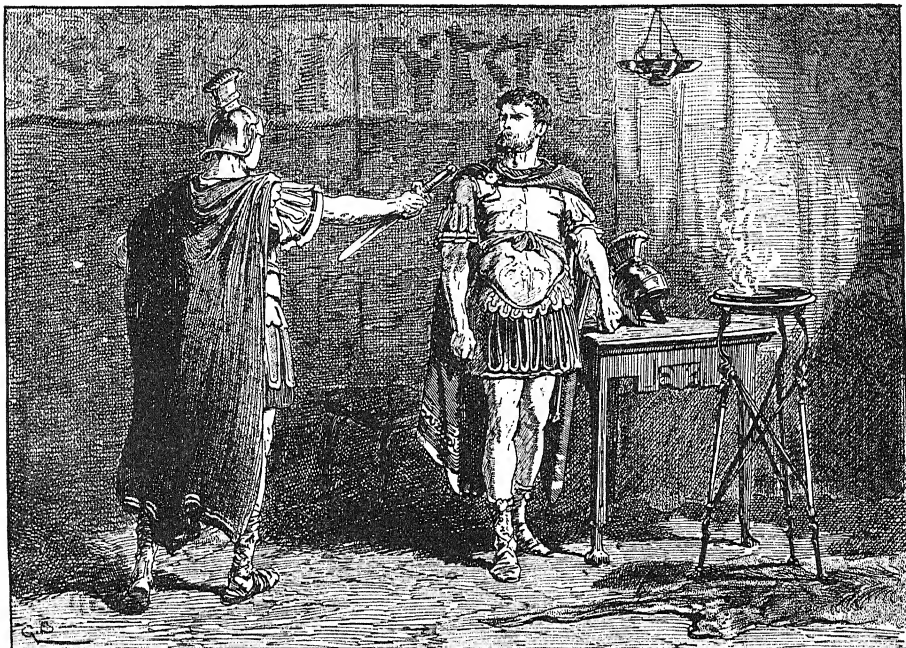
⁵ *Shall be humour*, shall be regarded as mere caprice.

⁶ *Enforced*, struck forcibly.

¹ *Indirection*, dishonesty.

Cass. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cass. Do you confess so much? Give me
your hand. 117
Bru. [Embracing him.] And my heart too.

Cass. O Brutus!—
Bru. What's the matter?
Cass. Have not you love enough to bear
with me,
When that rash humour which my mother
gave me 120
Makes me forgetful?



Cass. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast.—(Act iv. 3. 100, 101.)

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your
Brutus, 122
He'll think your mother chides, and leave
you so. [Noise within.]

[*Poet.* [Within] Let me go in to see the
generals:

There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not
meet

They be alone.

Lucil. [Within] You shall not come to
them.

Poet. [Within] Nothing but death shall stay
me.]

Enter [Poet, followed by] *LUCILIUS and*
TITINIUS.

[*Cass.* How now? What's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! What do
you mean? 130

Love, and be friends, as two such men should
be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than
ye.

Cass. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow,
hence!

Cass. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.¹

Bru. I'll know his humour when he knows his time.

What should the wars do with these jigg²ing fools!—

Companion,³ hence!

Cass. Away! away! be gone!

[*Exit Poet.*]

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cass. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, 141

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*]

Bru. Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

A bowl of wine.

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,

If you give place⁴ to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

Cass. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cass. How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you so?— 150

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony

Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death

That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,⁵

And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cass. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cass. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, with a jar of wine, a goblet, and a taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.— [*Taking the goblet.*]
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

[*Drinks.*]

Cass. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.— 160

Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks. Exit Lucius.*]

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius. — Welcome, good Messala.—

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question⁶ our necessities.

[*Titinius and Messala sit.*]

Cass. [*Aside*] Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

[*Brutus and Cassius sit at the table.*]

Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,⁷
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mess. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour. 171

Bru. With what addition?

Mess. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cass. Cicero one?

Mess. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.⁸— 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mess. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mess. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

¹ Fashion; here a trisyllable. ² Jigg^{ing}, rhyming.

³ Companion; used contemptuously = fellow.

⁴ Give place, give way.

⁵ Fell distract, became distracted.

⁶ Call in question, consider, discuss.

⁷ Power, force, army.

⁸ Proscription, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

Mess. No, my lord. 184

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mess. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. [*All rise and advance.*] We must die, Messala: 190

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Mess. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cass. I have as much of this in art¹ as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive.² What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?³

Cass. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cass. This it is:

'T is better that the enemy seek us; 199
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we lying still
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force,⁴ give place to better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added,⁵ and encour-
ag'd;

From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there, 211
These people at our back.

Cass. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted,⁶ all the voyage of their life 220
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.

¹ *Art*, theory.

² *Alive*, connected with the living, not the dead.

³ *Presently*, immediately. ⁴ *Of force*, of necessity.

⁵ *New-added*, reinforced. ⁶ *Omitted*, neglected.

On such a full sea are we now afloat; 222
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cass. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,

And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.

There is no more to say?

Cass. No more. Good night!
Early to-morrow will we rise and hence. 230

Bru. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*]

Farewell, good Messala!—
Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose!

Cass. O my dear brother!
[*Embracing Brutus.*]

This was an ill beginning of the night;
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Bru. Every thing is well.

Cass. Good night, my lord!

Bru. Good night, good brother!

Tit., Mess. Good night, Lord Brutus!

Bru. Farewell, every one!—

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here, in the tent.

[*Goes for his lute, and returns.*]

Bru. What! thou speak'st drowsily?
Poor knave,⁷ I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watch'd.⁸ 241

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch
your pleasure.

⁷ *Knave*, boy.

⁸ *O'erwatch'd*, worn out with watching.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. 253

[*Servants lie down.*]

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it
me.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy; I am much
forgetful. 255

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.

Bru.

It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.



Bru. Ha! who comes here?—(Act iv. 3. 275.)

Luc. It is my duty, sir. 260

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy
might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep
again;

I will not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee.—

[*Lucius sits, and begins to play, but
soon falls asleep.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace¹ upon my boy,
That plays this music?—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee [*Takes lute from Lucius
and lays it down*]; and, good boy, good
night.— 272

Let me see, let me see;—is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

Howill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.²

[*Ghost approaches.*]

¹ Mace, club.

² Apparition; metrically five syllables.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to
stare?¹ 280

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at
Philippi.

Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs,
awake!— 290

[*Claudius!*]

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—
[*Lucius, awake!*]

Luc. [*Advancing*] My lord!

Bru. [Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou
so criedst out?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst.] Didst thou see
any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake! 301

Var. My lord!

Clau. My lord! [*Both advance.*]

Bru. Why did you cry out, sirs, in your
sleep?

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers² betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered.
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions.
It proves not so: their battles³ are at hand;
They mean to warn⁴ us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut! I am in their bosoms,⁵ and I
know

Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places, and come down
With fearful bravery,⁶ thinking by this face⁷
To fasten in our thoughts that they have
courage; 11

But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals: 12

The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle⁸ softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the
left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?⁹

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. 20
[*March.*]

Drum. *Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their army;
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.*

Bru. They stand and would have parley.

[*Cass.* Stand fast, Titinius; we must out
and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of
battle?

¹ Stare, stand up.

² Set on his powers, move forward his forces.

³ Battles, battalions, forces.

⁴ Warn, summon, attack.

⁵ Bosoms, confidence.

⁶ With fearful bravery, with a show of courage though
full of fear.

⁷ Face, appearance.

⁸ Battle, army.

⁹ Exigent, exigency.

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.¹ 24

Make forth;² the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words; 30

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, Crying, "Long live! Hail, Cæsar!"

Cass. Antony,

The posture³ of your blows are yet unknown;



Octavius, Antony, and their army.—(Act v. 1.)

But for your words, they rob the Hybla⁴ bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so when your
vile daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar; 40
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cass. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank your-
self; 45

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause;⁵ if arguing make
us sweat,

The proof of it⁶ will turn to redder drops.
Look— 50

I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up
again?⁷—

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

¹ On their charge, when they attack us.

² Make forth, go forward.

³ Posture, character, direction.

⁴ Hybla, in Sicily, was famous for its honey.

⁵ The cause, let us to business.

⁶ The proof of it, the practical application or enforcement of it.

⁷ Up again, back to its sheath.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,¹

Young man, thou couldst not die more honourably. 60

Cass. A peevish² schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.³

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cass. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

[*Bru.* Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. My lord!

[*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*]

Cass. Messala!

Mess. What says my general?

Cass. Messala, 72

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was,⁴ am I compell'd to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion; now I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage. 79

Coming from Sardis, on our former⁵ ensign

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;

Who to Philippi here consorted us:

This morning are they fled away and gone,

And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,

As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem

A canopy most fatal, under which

Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mess. Believe not so.

Cass. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd 91

To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.⁶

Cass. Now, most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!

But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,⁷

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together;

What are you then determined to do? 100

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself. I know not how,

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent⁸

The time of life,—arming myself with patience

To stay⁹ the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph

Thorough¹⁰ the streets of Rome? 110

Bru. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

He bears too great a mind. But this same day

Must end that work the ides of March begun;

And whether we shall meet again I know not.

Therefore our everlasting farewell take;

For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;

If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cass. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed; 121

If not, 't is true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then lead on.—O that a man might know

The end of this day's business ere it come!

But it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho!

away! [*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*]

¹ *Strain*, race, stock.

² *Peevish*, foolish.

³ *Stomachs*, appetites.

⁴ *As Pompey was*, i.e. at Pharsalia.

⁵ *Former*, foremost, forward.

⁶ *Even so, Lucilius*, indicating the close of the private conversation.

⁷ *Incertain*=uncertain.

⁸ *Prevent*, anticipate.

⁹ *Stay*, await.

¹⁰ *Thorough*, through.

[SCENE II. *The field of battle.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.**Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills¹

Unto the legions on the other side.

[*Loud alarum.*]

Let them set on at once; for I perceive
 But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing;
 And sudden push² gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala; let them all come down.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *Another part of the field.**Alarums, drums, trumpets, and shouts. Enter CASSIUS with an eagle in his hand, and TITINIUS.*

Cass. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
 Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
 This ensign here of mine was turning back;
 I slew the coward, and did take it³ from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;

Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

[*Alarums, drums, and shouts.*]*Enter PINDARUS.*

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far⁴ off!

Cass. This hill is far enough. [*Gives ensign to Pindarus.*—Look, look, Titinius;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.

Cass. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
 Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,

Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,

And here again, that I may rest assur'd
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.[*Exit.*]

Cass. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
 My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius, 21
 And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Pindarus goes up.*]

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end;
 My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Above] O my lord!*Cass.* What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—

Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;— 30

Now, Titinius!—

Now some light.—O, he lights too.—He's ta'en;—and, hark!

They shout for joy.

[*Distant shouts and flourish of trumpets.*]

Cass. Come down, behold no more.—
 O, coward that I am to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face!—

PINDARUS comes down.

Come hither, sirrah!

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep 40
 thine oath!

Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;⁵

And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
 Guide thou the sword. [*Pindarus takes the sword, and Cassius runs upon it: he falls.*]

Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run, 40
 Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit. Alarums.*]¹ Bills, written orders.² Push, onset, charge.³ It, i.e. the ensign, or standard, implied in *ensign*, or standard-bearer.⁴ Far, farther.⁵ Hilts, i.e. the sword by the hilt.

Enter TITINIUS, with a laurel crown on his head, and MESSALA.

Mess. It is but change,¹ Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power, 52
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mess. Where did you leave him?

Tit.

All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mess. [*Seeing Cassius' body*] Is not that he
that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

[*Mess.* Is not that he?

Tit.

No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! 60



Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about.—(Act v. 3. 23.)

{ As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,²
{ So in his red blood Cassius' day is set; 62
{ The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
{ Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds
are done! }

Mistrust of my success³ hath done this deed.

{ [*Mess.* Mistrust of good success hath done
this deed.

{ O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

{ Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O Error, soon con-
ceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Tit.] What, Pindarus! Where art thou,
Pindarus?

Mess. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; [—I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenom'd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.]

Tit.

Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.— 79

[*Exit Messala.*

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

¹ *Change*, alternation of fortune.

² *To night*, that is, into night, or darkness.

³ *Success*, used in its neutral sense, referring to the
issue whether good or bad.

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing! But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace, And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.— ss By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part; Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mess. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In¹ our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome 100 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe² tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; His funerals³ shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

[*Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:—*] 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. 110

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not! Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I; Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.*]

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son. 11

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that⁴ thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not.—A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough. 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus; The gods defend him from so great a shame! When you do find him, or alive or dead, He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,

Give him all kindness; I had rather have Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,

And see whether Brutus be alive or dead, And bring us word unto Octavius' tent 31 How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Flourish of trumpets. Exeunt.*]

¹ In, into. ² Moe, more. ³ Funerals=modern funeral.

⁴ That, on condition that.

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Clī. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,

He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.—
[*Whispering.*

Clī. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace then! no words.

Clī. I'll rather kill myself.

[*Bru.* Hark thee, Dardanius!

[*Whispers him.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Clī. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus! 10

Clī. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Clī. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That¹ it runs over even at his eyes.]

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:

The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord. 20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,

Thou know'st that we two went to school together;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord. [*Alarums still.*

Clī. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

[*Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep; { Farewell to thee too, Strato. }—Countrymen, { My heart doth joy that yet in all my life I found no man but he was true to me.*

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history. 40

Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Clī. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence, I will follow.—
[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;²

Thy life hath had some smatch³ of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still; 50

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[*He runs on his sword and dies.*

Alarums. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mess. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

¹ That, so that.

² Respect, reputation, estimation.

³ Smatch, smack, taste.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain¹ them. 60

[*Fellow,* wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer² me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mess. How died my master, Strato?

Str. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mess. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.]

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he, 69
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.

Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honourably.—

So, call the field³ to rest, and let's away, so
To part⁴ the glories of this happy day.

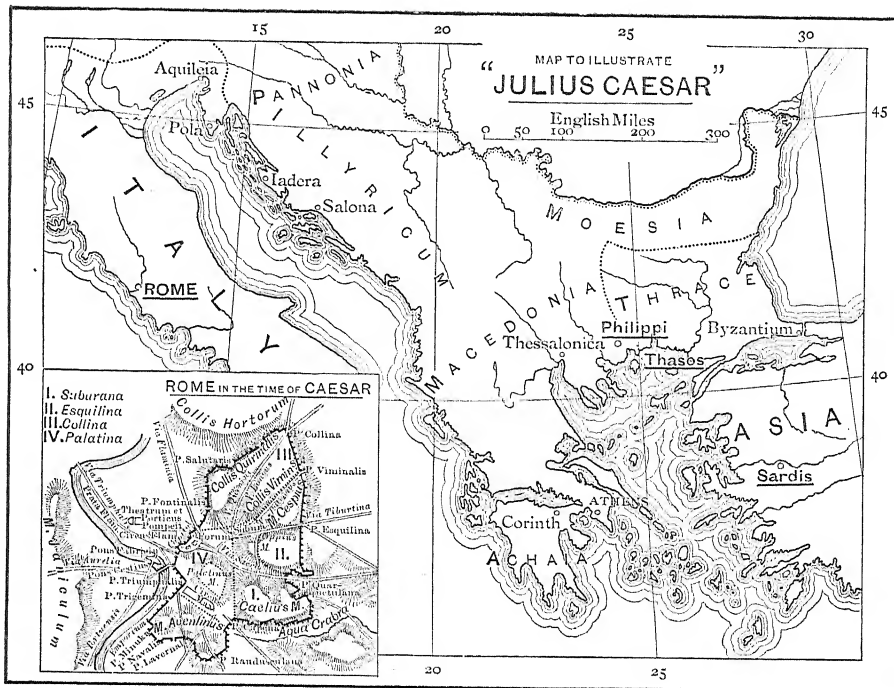
[*Exeunt.*

¹ *Entertain*, take into service. ² *Prefer*, recommend.
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³ *Field*, army.

⁴ *Part*, divide, share.





NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

1. CAIUS JULIUS CAESAR was born in July, 100 B.C. He belonged to the Julian family (*Julia gens*), one of the most ancient in Rome. Through the influence of Marius, who had married his aunt, he was made a priest of Jupiter when a mere boy. In 83 B.C. he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, which offended Sulla, who proscribed him when he refused to divorce his wife. After being in concealment for some time in the Sabine country he was pardoned by Sulla, who is reported to have said of him, "In that boy there are many Mariuses." Soon after, Caesar went to Nicomedes, king of Bithynia, and subsequently won distinction in the Roman campaign in Cilicia. About 76 B.C., while on his way to Rhodes to study oratory under Apollonius Molo, he was captured by pirates, and detained until his friends could ransom him. This done, he manned a Milesian fleet, pursued and took the pirates, and crucified them, as he had threatened while with them, though they supposed it to be a jest. In 68 B.C. he was elected quaestor at Rome. The same year his wife died, and in 67 B.C. he married Pompeia, a relative of Pompey and grand-daughter of

Sulla. He became ædile in 65 B.C., and gained great favour with the people by the magnificence of the public games he instituted. In 64 B.C. he was chosen Pontifex Maximus. The next year the conspiracy of Catiline occurred, and being suspected of complicity in it he narrowly escaped sharing the fate of its leaders. Becoming prætor in 62 B.C. he was sent a year later as prætor to Spain, where his military successes led to his being called *imperator* by the army. He was chosen one of the consuls in 60 B.C., and to strengthen his influence with Pompey gave him his daughter Julia in marriage. He also formed a secret alliance with Pompey and Crassus, known as the first triumvirate. Soon after the government of Gaul was decreed to him for five years, and in 58 B.C. his famous Gallic campaigns began. In two years he had subdued the Helvetii, the German Ariovistus, and the Belgic tribes. In 56 B.C. he overran and conquered nearly all the rest of Gaul; and in 55 he destroyed two German tribes that had tried to establish themselves in the province. He also bridged the Rhine and carried the war into the German territory. The same year he invaded Britain, and a year later made further conquests in the island. The next few years, to 51 B.C.,

were spent in quelling formidable insurrections and otherwise completing the pacification of Gaul. Meanwhile his daughter who married Pompey had died, and a coldness and jealousy had sprung up between the generals. In 50 B.C. the senate, influenced by his enemies, required him to disband his army. This he determined not to do, and being supported by his soldiers he crossed the Rubicon and began his triumphant progress to Rome, while Pompey, the consuls, and most of the senate fled towards Capua. Pompey, closely pursued by Cæsar, kept on to Brundisium, and escaped into Greece. Cæsar, unable to follow for want of ships, turned to Spain, where the lieutenants of Pompey had a formidable army. Completing the conquest of the country in forty days, and reducing Massilia also, he returned to Rome, where he had already been declared dictator. After many difficulties and delays he managed to get an army across into Greece, and encountered Pompey at Dyrrachium, where he was repulsed with some loss, and withdrew to Thessaly, pursued by his rival. The battle of Pharsalia followed, with the defeat of Pompey and his flight to Egypt, where he was treacherously murdered. Cæsar, having followed him to Egypt, was captivated by Cleopatra, and established her upon the throne to which her elder brother had been a claimant. He then marched against Pharnaces, king of Pontus, and defeated him near Zela, sending to the senate the famous despatch, *Veni, vidi, vici*. Returning to Rome in September, 47 B.C., he set out that same year for Africa, where he routed the Pompeian forces under Scipio at Thapsus. He now came back to Rome master of the world, but was soon called into Spain, where the sons of Pompey had gathered a powerful army, which, after a very severe action at Munda, he utterly defeated. This was the last of Cæsar's wars, and he henceforth devoted himself to the interests of his country and the world, reforming the calendar, enacting salutary laws, and carrying out great public improvements. The senate had made him *imperator* for life, as well as dictator and *præfectus morum*; and he was already pontifex maximus, or head officer of the religion of the state. Having no legitimate children, he adopted his grand-nephew Octavius as his successor and inheritor of his name.

At this point in his history the play begins, and the rest is told better by Shakespeare than this concise sketch can give it. The assassination occurred on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., in the fifty-sixth year of Cæsar's age.

2. OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, or Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, as he was named when he became the heir of Julius Cæsar, was born at Velitæ, near Rome, 63 B.C. He was the son of Caius Octavius and Atia, daughter of Cæsar's sister Julia. At the age of twelve he pronounced a funeral oration in praise of his grandmother Julia, and at sixteen assumed the *toga virilis*. Being adopted by Julius Cæsar, he went with him to Spain in 45 B.C. When Cæsar was assassinated he was pursuing his studies at Apollonia, whence he returned to Rome to claim his inheritance. He found a rival in Antony, but in 43 B.C. defeated him near Mutina (Modena) in Cisalpine Gaul. The senate, jealous of his growing power, transferred the command of his army to Decimus Brutus; but he marched to Rome,

was elected consul before he had reached the legal age, and formed the triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus against Marcus Brutus and the other republicans. Then followed the events of the play, ending with the battle of Philippi, 42 B.C. Octavius and Antony soon quarrelled, but after a feigned reconciliation combined their forces against Sextus Pompey, over whom Octavius gained a decisive victory (36 B.C.) while Antony was warring in the East or dallying with Cleopatra in Egypt. Meanwhile Octavius was establishing his power in Italy; and Antony's infatuation with Cleopatra and his neglect of Octavia (sister of Octavius) led to a final and irreconcilable breach with Antony and the war which ended in his ruin at Actium, 31 B.C. Octavius was now sole master of the Roman empire, and, after being several times elected as consul, received the title of Augustus from the senate in 27 B.C. Four years later he accepted the *tribunitia potestas* for life, and held it until his death, in August, 14 A.D. Of the glories of this reign it is unnecessary to add any detailed account here.

3. MARCUS ANTONIUS, born about 83 B.C., was noted in his early years for his extravagance and dissipation. For a time he was a lieutenant of Cæsar in his Gallic campaigns, and in January, 49 B.C., was intrusted by him on his departure for Spain with the command of his forces in Italy. He did good service, and later commanded the left wing of Cæsar's army at Pharsalia. When Cæsar became dictator, in 47, Antony was made master of the horse; and in 44 he was colleague of Cæsar in the consulship. His career after the death of Cæsar is sketched in the preceding notice of Octavius, and Shakespeare fills out the outline in the present play and in Antony and Cleopatra. After the battle of Actium Antony retreated to Alexandria, where he killed himself in 30 B.C.

4. MARCUS JUNIUS BRUTUS was born 80 B.C. Cato Uticensis was his maternal uncle, and became his father-in-law. In the civil wars Brutus sided with Pompey; but after the battle of Pharsalia he became the intimate friend of Cæsar. The remainder of his history is included in the play. His death by his own hand occurred in 36 B.C.

5. CAIUS CASIUS LONGINUS showed his early zeal for liberty at school, where he struck Faustus, the son of Sulla, for boasting of his father's absolute power. He married a sister of his friend Brutus. He was questor under Crassus in the disastrous expedition against the Parthians in 53 B.C., and saved the remnant of the army by a skilful retreat. Later he defeated the Parthians in Syria. He commanded a fleet for Pompey, and surrendered to Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia. His connection with the conspiracy against Cæsar and his subsequent fortunes are related in the play.

6. CALPURNIA was the daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul in 58 B.C. She was married to Cæsar in 59 B.C., and was his fourth wife; the other three being Cossutia, Cornelia, and Pompeia. Little else is known of her history beyond what Plutarch narrates and Shakespeare incorporates in the play.

7. PORTIA (or PORCIA, as the name is also spelt) was the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus. Plutarch is

the chief authority for the details of her life, and most of these have been made use of by the dramatist.

8. PUBLIUS SERVILIUS CASCA. Of this character we know little except that he was tribune of the people at the time he joined the conspiracy against Cæsar, that he fought at Philippi, and that he died soon after the battle.

9. CAIUS TREBONIUS had been a tribune of the people in 55 B.C., and was also one of Cæsar's legates in Gaul. He was elected city prætor in 48 and consul in 45 B.C. He took part in the conspiracy, as described in the play; and in 43 B.C. he was killed at Smyrna by Dolabella.

10. QUINTUS LIGARIUS fought for Pompey in the civil war, and after Pharsalia he renewed the war against Cæsar in Africa. He was pardoned by the victor, but forbidden to enter Italy. His friends endeavoured to have the sentence reversed, but, being opposed by Tuberus, engaged the services of Cicero, who pronounced a well-known oration (*Pro Ligario*) in his behalf. According to Plutarch, Cæsar had resolved to give decision against Ligarius, but was led by the eloquence of Cicero to pardon him. He showed his gratitude by conspiring against his benefactor, as represented by Shakespeare.

11. DECIMUS JUNIUS BRUTUS (the *Decius Brutus* of the play) had served under Cæsar in Gaul, and been commander of his cavalry. He was slain in 33 B.C. by Camillus, a Gaul, to whom he had fled for refuge, and who was greatly indebted to him for former favours, and his head was sent to Antony.

12. LUCIUS TILLIUS CIMBER (the *Metellus Cimber* of the play) was a partisan of Cæsar in the civil war, but turned against him subsequently and became one of his assassins.

13. LUCIUS CORNELIUS CINNA was a son of the more famous Roman of the same name. He was a brother-in-law of Cæsar, and a son-in-law of Pompey. He was prætor in 44 B.C., when he entered into the conspiracy.

14. CAIUS HELVIUS CINNA, who, according to Plutarch, was killed by the mob because he was mistaken for the conspirator, was a poet of no mean order, if we may judge of him by the tributes of his contemporaries and the few fragments of his works that have come down to us. He was a companion and friend of Catullus, and is supposed to be the Cinna of Virgil's ninth Eclogue.

15. The CICERO of the play is of course the great orator (106-43 B.C.), but the slight part he performs calls for no extended account of him here.

16. The young CATO was a son of Cato Uticensis and brother of Portia.

Of the other characters in the play little or nothing is known except what Plutarch tells us in the passages quoted from North's translation below. Most of them owe the preservation of their names to their connection with the fate of the great Dictator.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

17. Line 3: *Being MECHANICAL*.—Shakespeare uses this word as a substantive in *Mids. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 9:

A crew of patches, rude *mechanicals*;

and in *II. Henry VI.* i. 3. 196:

Base dunghill villain and *mechanical*.

Shakespeare uses the substantive *mechanical* only once, in *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 83, and he uses the adjective = belonging to the class of workmen, in *Henry V.* i. 2. 200, and in *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 4. 32; v. 2. 209. He never uses either the substantive or adjective in what may be called, more or less, its scientific sense. Much stress has been laid by some commentators upon the anti-democratic tone of Shakespeare in his plays; and, indeed, this feature of his writings has been used as an argument that the plays must have been written by some one who belonged to the aristocratic class: these persons would probably point out with triumph that Shakespeare never uses the word *mechanical* or *mechanic* except in a contemptuous sense, as will be seen from the quotations and references given above. But, on the other hand, we must not forget that Shakespeare was, above all things, a dramatist; and, in every instance that he has used either *mechanical* or *mechanic*, he has put the word into the mouths of persons who would naturally despise the working-classes. For the unreasoning mob, always ready to be led by the nose by any demagogue, Shakespeare undoubtedly had an honest contempt; and students of human nature will find that this contempt is just as strong amongst our middle class as it was in Shakespeare's day. That Shakespeare had any lack of sympathy with the honest and industrious poor, or that he was wanting in love of true liberty, no one who reads his plays intelligently can for a moment imagine.—F. A. M.

18. Lines 4, 5:

without the SIGN

OF YOUR PROFESSION.

On this passage Mr. Aldis Wright has the following note: "It is more likely Shakespeare had in his mind a custom of his own time than any sumptuary laws of the Romans" (*Clarendon Press* ed. p. 82). It is evident that there is no reference here to the mediæval guilds; as the next speech but one, that of Marullus, shows us that what the tribune meant was not that the mechanics should wear any special badge or *sign*, but merely the usual working dress of their trade or occupation; in short, that they had no right to be in holiday attire, or, as we should say, in their Sunday clothes, on a working day.—F. A. M.

19. Line 11: *α* COBBLER.—He puts his answer in such a way as to suggest the meaning of a clumsy workman rather than a mender of shoes, and for some time the tribune does not perceive the quibble.

20. Line 14: *a mender of bad SOLES*.—We have a similar play upon *sole* in the *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 123:

Not on thy *sole*, but on thy *soul*, harsh Jew.

21. Line 15: *What trade, thou knave?*—In the *Ff.* this speech is given to *Flavius*; but the reply, "*Mend me,*" shows that it belongs to *Marullus*.

22. Line 16: *be not OUT*, &c.—The play upon *out* with (angry with) and *out* (at toes or heels) is obvious enough, though Marullus does not see it.

23. Lines 24-27: *all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but WITH ALL. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes.*

—F. I reads thus: "all that I live by, is with the *Aule*: I meddle with no Tradesmans matters, nor womens matters; but *withal* I am indeed Sir, a Surgeon to old shooes;" a reading which, to my mind, is utterly indefensible. It is quite clear that there is a pun intended on *with aul* and *with all*; but that the full stop or colon has been omitted in the Folio, and that *withal* is a misprint for *with all*. If *withal* be joined on to the following sentence, I cannot see what possible meaning it can have. The actor, in speaking the words, *must* pause after *withal*; and therefore it would show a most foolish and pedantic adherence to the old text if the very slight alteration adopted by nearly all modern editors were rejected. As to the question of printing "with *aul*," or "with *all*," that is a matter of no importance. To the ear the pun is clear enough, and that is the great point to be considered. Many instances might be noticed of this excessively primeval and obvious play upon words; in fact, I believe that no one, who has ever been guilty of a pun at all, has failed to make this one.—F. A. M.

24. Lines 28, 29: *As proper men as ever trod upon neat's leather*.—This expression was proverbial. In The Tempest (ii. 2. 62, 73) the drunken Stephano cuts it in two, and mixes the halves up with other familiar phrases: "*As proper a man as ever went on four legs*;" and "any emperor that ever trod on neat's leather."

25. Line 36: *his triumph*.—This was Cæsar's fifth and last triumph, celebrated in honour of his defeat of the sons of Pompey in Spain, at the battle of Munda, March 17th, B.C. 45.

26. Line 47: *To see great Pompey PASS THE STREETS OF Rome*.—For a similar elliptical use of the verb *to pass* compare King John, v. 6. 40: "*Passing these flats*;" and Richard III. i. 4. 45:

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood.

Rolfe very aptly quotes a parallel expression, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 20, "*To reel the streets at noon*."

27. Line 50: *Tiber trembled underneath HER banks*.—A Roman would have said "*his banks*;" but there is no ground for changing the gender either here or in i. 2. 101 below, as some editors have done. Shakespeare undoubtedly wrote *her* in both passages.

28. Line 56: *That comes in triumph over Pompey's BLOOD*.—That is, "over Pompey's *offspring*;" not, as might be supposed, over Pompey's death or murder. The elder of Pompey's sons, Cnæus Pompey, was slain after the battle of Munda; but there is no specific reference to that fact in the present passage. *Blood*, in the sense of *relations by blood*, or lineal descent, is often used by Shakespeare. Compare Richard II. i. 3. 57, 58:

Farewell, my *blood*; which if to-day thou shed,
Lament we may, but not revenge thee dead.

[This certainly seems to me rather a strained interpretation of the text. "Pompey's *blood*" may be equivalent here to "Pompey's *blood relations*;" but I can only find two passages, besides the one quoted, where *blood* is used by Shakespeare to signify "relations by blood," and not merely "relationship." In the passage from Richard II.,

(6)

quoted above, King Richard is addressing Hereford, and it is evident that *blood* is there used in a double sense. In I. Henry VI. iv. 5. 16, 17, John Talbot says to his father:

The world will say, he is not Talbot's *blood*,
That basely fled when noble Talbot stood;

where the expression is simply elliptical=*of Talbot's blood*, though there it might be taken to mean "offspring." The remaining passage is in Richard III. ii. 4. 61-63:

themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self;

where *blood* certainly means *blood relationship*. As for *blood* being equivalent to "blood-shed," we may quote Macbeth, iii. 4. 126: "The secret'st man of *blood*."—F. A. M.]

29. Line 66: *See WHETHER*.—The ff. print *where*, as in v. 4. 30 below, and some modern editors have *where* or *whêr*; but *whether* is equally common in the early editions when the word is metrically equivalent to monosyllable (as in ii. 1. 194 below), and, in our day, it had better be read or recited as a dissyllable in all cases. The unaccented extra syllable is common enough in Shakespeare's verse.

30. Line 72: *the feast of LUPERCAL*.—The *Lupercal* was a cavern in the Palatine Hill, sacred to the old Italian god *Lupercus*, who came to be identified with Pan. Virgil refers to it in the *Æneid*, viii. 344:

sub rupe *Lupercal*
Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lyciei.

Here the feast of the *Lupercalia* was annually celebrated in February. After certain rites and sacrifices, the *Luperci*, or priests of *Lupercus*, ran through the city, wearing only a goat-skin cincture, and striking with thongs of leather all whom they met. This symbolized a purification of the land and the people. The day of the ceremony was called *dies februata* (from *februus*, purify), and the month *Februarius*.

31. Line 78: *fly an ordinary PITCH*.—For *pitch* as a technical term of falconry compare I Henry VI. ii. 4. 11:

Between two hawks, which flies the higher *pitch*;

and for its metaphorical use, as here, Richard II. i. 1. 100:

How high a *pitch* his resolution soars!

ACT I. SCENE 2.

32. Line 4: *When he doth RUN HIS COURSE*.—Compare North's Plutarch (Life of Cæsar): "At that time the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in old time men say was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of *Lycæans* in Arcadia. But, howsoever it is, that day there are divers noble men's sons, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern then), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noblemen and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their

¹ For the convenience of the reader we have taken the references from Skeat's Shakespeare's Plutarch, as the text from North's Plutarch contained therein is a most careful collation of all the best editions of that book,

hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula; persuading themselves that, being with child, they shall have good delivery; and so, being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child. . . . Antonius, who was Consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course" (pp. 95, 96).

33. Line 19: *the Ides of March*.—In the Roman calendar the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the other months.

34. Line 29: *that quick spirit that is in Antony*.—Similar references to Antony's reputation for levity and profligacy (e.g. below, ii. 1. 188, 189) are skillfully introduced by the dramatist, to make the contrast of his behaviour after the death of Cæsar more impressive.

35. Line 39: *MERELY upon myself*.—This emphatic sense of *merely* and the adjective *mere* is common in Elizabethan writers, but it has sometimes been a stumbling-block to editors. For example, Bacon in his 58th Essay (Of Vicissitude of Things) remarks: "As for confagurations and great draughts, they do not *merely* dispeople and destroy" (that is, do not *entirely* do so); but Montague, Whately, and others, mistaking and perverting the meaning, have changed "*and destroy*" to "*but destroy*." Compare Hamlet, i. 2. 135-137:

O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it *merely*.

36. Line 42: *Which give some soil, perhaps, to my BEHAVIOURS*.—There is no reason for suspecting the plural to be a misprint. Compare Much Ado, ii. 3. 8: "seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his *behaviours* to love;" and again, in line 100 of the same scene: "whom she hath in all outward *behaviours* seemed ever to abhor." Shakespeare uses the plural in five other passages, but more frequently the singular.

37. Line 52: *for the eye sees not itself, &c.*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 105, 106:

nor doth the *eye* itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, *behold itself*.

Steevens quotes Sir John Davies, Nosce Teipsum, 1599:

the mind is like the *eye*,

Not seeing itself, when other things it sees.

[It may be worth noting that there is a curious optical experiment, by means of which the *eye* may be said to *see itself*. If in a darkened room, against any level plain-coloured surface (such as a drawn blind or a distempered wall), a lighted candle be waved *vertically* in front of the eye, you will presently see, projected on the plain surface behind the candle, a map of the interior of the eye, somewhat magnified, in which the small blood-vessels and a dark cavity, representing the pupil of the eye, can be clearly distinguished.—F. A. M.]

38. Line 53: *But by reflection by some other things*.—This is the reading of the Ff. and is easily explicable as meaning "only by being reflected by something else." Pope, however, changed it to "*reflection from some other things*;" and Walker made the further alteration of *thing* for *things*, which Dyce adopts. [I think there can be no

doubt that the clumsy repetition of *by* is a printer's mistake for *from* or *in*. It is unfortunate that there is no other passage in Shakespeare in which he uses either the verb *reflect* or the noun *reflection* with a preposition after it in a similar sense. The plural may be allowed to stand.—F. A. M.]

39. Line 56: *mirrors*.—Walker, followed by Dyce, reads *mirror*.

40. Line 60: *Except immortal Cæsar*.—This is said significantly, it not ironically.

41. Line 62: *Have wish'd that noble Brutus had HIS eyes*.—Whether his refers to Brutus, or to his friends, has been disputed. On the whole, the former is the preferable explanation, as it avoids the necessity of making *his* equivalent to *their*, while it gives as good a sense. The friends of Brutus have wished that he could see himself as he is, or as in the *mirror* which Cassius would hold up to him.

42. Line 66: *Therefore, good Brutus, &c.*—Craik (English of Shakespeare, *ad loc.*) remarks: "The eager, impatient temper of Cassius, absorbed in his own idea, is vividly expressed by his thus continuing his argument as if without appearing to have even heard Brutus's interrupting question; for such is the only interpretation which his *therefore* would seem to admit of."

43. Line 72: *a common LAUGHER*.—The Ff. have "common *laughter*;" emended by Pope, who has been followed by all the recent editors. *Lover* has been plausibly suggested as in keeping with the context. "A common *lover*" would be "everybody's friend."

44. Line 77: *profess myself*.—That is, "make protestations of friendship."

45. Line 86: *Set honour in one eye, &c.*—Coleridge says: "Warburton would read *death* for *both*; but I prefer the old text. There are here three things—the public good, the individual Brutus's honour, and his death. The latter two so balanced each other that he could decide for the first by equipoise; nay—the thought growing—that honour had more weight than death. That Cassius understood it as Warburton is the beauty of Cassius as contrasted with Brutus" (Notes on Shakespeare, p. 102, Harper's ed.). Craik remarks: "It does not seem to be necessary to suppose any such change or growth either of the image or the sentiment. What Brutus means by saying that he will look upon honour and death indifferently, if they present themselves together, is merely that, for the sake of the honour, he will not mind the death, or the risk of death, by which it may be accompanied; he will look as fearlessly and steadily upon the one as upon the other. He will think the honour to be cheaply purchased even by the loss of life; that price will never make him falter or hesitate in clutching at such a prize. He must be understood to set honour above life from the first; that he should ever have felt otherwise for a moment would have been the height of the unheroic."

46. Line 95: *I had as LIEF not be as LIVE to be*.—There is a play upon *lief*, which was always pronounced and often printed *lieve*, and *live*.

47. Line 98: *We have both fed as well.*—That is, "have been bred as well, brought up as well." Our birth and training have been as good as his. It is a characteristic Roman touch to lay so much stress on physical strength and endurance as Cassius does in this passage.

48. Line 100: *For once, upon a raw and gusty day, &c.*—Cæsar was a famous swimmer. Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) quotes the following passage from Holland's translation of Suetonius (already referred to by Malone, Var. Ed. vol. xii. p. 15): "At Alexandria being busie about the assault and winning of a bridge where by a sodaine sallie of the enemies he was driven, to take a boat, & many besides made hast to get into the same, he leapt into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recovered cleare the next ship: bearing up his left hand all the while, for feare the writings which he held therein should take wet, and drawing his rich coate armour after him by the teeth, because the enemye should not have it as a spoyle" (Life of Julius Cæsar, ed. 1606, p. 26). Plutarch's account makes the feat still more difficult: "The third danger was in the battle by sea, that was fought by the tower of Phar: where meaning to help his men that fought by sea, he leapt from the pier into a boat. Then the Ægyptians made towards him with their oars on every side: but he, leaping into the sea, with great hazard saved himself by swimming. It is said, that then, holding divers books in his hand, he did never let them go, but kept them always upon his head above water, and swam with the other hand, notwithstanding that they shot marvellously at him, and was driven somtime to duck into the water; howbeit the boat was drowned presently" (p. 86).

49. Lines 107–100:

*The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.*

Compare the spirited description of Ferdinand swimming, in Tempest, ii. 1. 114–120:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore.

50. Lines 112–114:

*I, as ÆNEAS, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The OLD ANCHISES BEAR.*

Compare II. Henry VI. v. 2. 62, 63:

As did *Æneas* old *Anchorites* bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.

51. Line 122: *His coward lips did from their colour fly.*—The meaning may be simply "lose their colour;" but Craik remarks: "There can, I think, be no question that Warburton is right in holding that we have here a pointed allusion to a soldier flying from his colours." Possibly the dramatist had both ideas in his mind at the same time; and the double meaning of the sentence is intentional.

52. Line 136: *Like a COLOSSUS.*—For other allusions to the famous *Colossus* of Rhodes, see I. Henry IV. v. 1. 123, where Falstaff asks Prince Hal to *bestride* him if he is struck down in the battle; and the Prince replies: "Nothing but a *colossus* can do thee that friendship;" and Troilus and Cressida, v. 5. 7–9:

bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands *colossus-wise*, waving his beam, &c.

53. Line 155: *wide WALLS.*—The Ft. have "wide *Walkes*," which some editors retain. Rowe's emendation of *walls* is, however, generally adopted.

54. Line 156: *ROME indeed, and ROOM enough.*—There is an evident play on *Rome* and *room*, as in iii. 1. 289 below:

No *Rome* of safety for Octavius yet.

The two words were probably pronounced alike in Shakespeare's day; but that the modern pronunciation of *Rome* was beginning to be heard appears from I. Henry VI. iii. 1. 51, where the Bishop of Winchester says, "This *Rome* shall remedy," and Warwick replies, "*Roam* thither, then." For the play on *room*, compare King John, iii. 1. 180: "I have *room* with *Rome* to curse awhile;" and Hawkins, Apollo Shroving, p. 88: "We must have *room*, more than the whole City of *Rome*." Dyce, in his Glossary (p. 367), quotes other examples of this pronunciation.

55. Line 160: *The ETERNAL devil.*—Johnson took *eternal* to be a misprint or corruption of *infernal*. Walker (Critical Examination, vol. i. p. 68), followed by Abbott (Grammar, p. 16), regards it as used inaccurately in the sense of *infernal*. Schmidt explains it as "used to express extreme abhorrence;" as in "*eternal* villain" (Othello, iv. 2. 130) and "*eternal* cell" (Hamlet, v. 2. 376). According to Wright and Halliwell's Archaic Dictionary, *eternal* is used in the east of England for "infernal, damned;" and the Yankee *tarnal* is probably the same provincialism. In the present passage it seems to be used in this way, or as a familiar intensive.

56. Line 188: *by some SENATORS.*—Dyce reads *senator*, which was suggested by Walker.

57. Line 192: *Let me have men about me that are FAT.*—Compare North's Plutarch (Life of Cæsar): "*Cæsar* also had *Cassius* in great jealousy, and suspected him much: whereupon he said upon a time to his friends, 'what will *Cassius* do, think ye? I like not his pale looks.' Another time when *Cæsar's* friends complained unto him of *Antonius* and *Dolabella*, that they pretended some mischief towards him: he answered them again, 'As for those *fat* men and smooth-combed heads,' quoth he, 'I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most,' meaning *Brutus* and *Cassius*." So also in Life of Brutus: "For, intelligence being brought him one day, that *Antonius* and *Dolabella* did conspire against him: he answered, 'That these *fat* long-haired men made him not afraid, but the lean and whitely-faced fellows,' meaning that by *Brutus* and *Cassius*" (p. 97).

58. Line 220: *Why, there was a crown offer'd him, &c.*—Compare North (Life of Antonius): "When he [Antony] was come to *Cæsar*, he made his fellow-runners with

him lift him up, and so he did put his laurel crown upon his head, signifying thereby that he had deserved to be king. But *Cæsar*, making as though he refused it, turned away his head. The people were so rejoiced at it, that they all clapped their hands for joy. *Antonius* again did put it on his head: *Cæsar* again refused it; and thus they were striving off and on a great while together. As oft as *Antonius* did put this laurel crown unto him, a few of his followers rejoiced at it: and as oft also as *Cæsar* refused it, all the people together clapped their hands. . . . *Cæsar*, in a rage, arose out of his seat, and plucking down the collar of his gown from his neck, he shewed it naked, bidding any man strike off his head that would. This laurel crown was afterwards put upon the head of one of *Cæsar's* statues or images, the which one of the tribunes plucked off. The people liked his doing therein so well, that they waited on him home to his house, with great clapping of hands. Howbeit *Cæsar* did turn them out of their offices for it." In the Life of *Cæsar*, the tearing open his doublet, and offering his throat to be cut, is said to have been in his own house when "the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence," and he offended them by "sitting still in his majesty, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in." The historian adds that, "afterwards to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, 'that their wits are not perfit which have this disease of the falling evil, when standing on their feet they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a suddain dimness and giddiness'" (p. 95).

59. Line 245: *the rabblement SHOUTED*.—The Ff. have *howted*, which is clearly a misprint for *showted*—the spelling of the word above in "mine honest neighbours *showted*." Johnson and Knight read *hotted*, which is out of place as expressing "insult, not applause."

60. Line 256: *'Tis very like;—he hath the falling-sickness*.—In the Ff. there is no point after *like*, but it is evident from North that Brutus must have known of *Cæsar's* infirmity: "For, concerning the constitution of his body, he was lean, white, and soft skinned, and often subject to head-ach, and otherwhile to the falling-sickness (the which took him the first time, as it is reported, in *CORDUBA*, a City of *SPAIN*;) but yet therefore yielded not to the disease of his body, to make it a cloak to cherish him withal, but contrarily, took the pains of war as a medicine to cure his sick body, fighting always with his disease, travelling continually, living soberly, and commonly lying abroad in the field" (p. 57).

61. Line 263: *I am no TRUE MAN*.—In Shakespeare's day *true man* was the familiar antithesis to *thief*, as *honest man* now is. Compare (*inter alia*) Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 187: "A *true man* or a thief;" and Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 46: "Every *true man's* apparel fits your thief."

62. Line 268: *he pluck'd ME ope his DOUBLET*.—The *me* is the expletive dative, used generally to give a free and

easy tone to the discourse. Compare the confusion due to the use of it in the dialogue between Petruchio and Grumio in The Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 8-17: "Villain, I say, knock *me* here soundly," &c.

The *doublet* is the English garment so called, which Shakespeare, with his usual carelessness in such matters, claps on the shoulders of his Romans.

63. Line 270: *a man of any occupation*.—Johnson explains the phrase as in the foot-note to the text. Grant White takes it to mean "a man of action, a busy man." The Clarendon Press edition suggests that both senses may be combined, which is barely possible.

64. Line 282: *Ay, he spoke Greek*.—The absurdity of Cicero's speaking *Greek* in a popular assembly is sufficiently obvious; but it is introduced to prepare the way for the little joke, "it was *Greek* to me." According to Shakespeare's authority *Cæsar* knew *Greek*. See the quotation from North in note on iii. 1. 83, p. 71.

65. Line 300: *He was quick METTLE*.—The reading of Collier's MS. Corrector is *mettled*. Walker would read *metal* on account of the *blunt*, but *mettle* and *metal* were used interchangeably in Shakespeare's time.

66. Line 304: *This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit, &c.*—Compare Lear, ii. 2. 101-103:

This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for *bluntness*, doth affect
A *saucy* roughness.

67. Line 319: *HE should not humour me*.—Johnson is clearly right in making *he* refer to *Cæsar*. He explains the passage thus: "Cæsar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places his love should not *humour* me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles" (Var. Ed. xii. p. 24). Warburton says it is a reflection on Brutus's ingratitude; he renders the sentence thus: "He (Brutus) should not cajole me as I do him" (*ut supra*). Wright is inclined to agree with Warburton, because "Cassius is all along speaking of his own influence over Brutus, notwithstanding the difference of their characters, which made *Cæsar* dislike the one and love the other." To this Rolfe replies: "The chief objection to Warburton's explanation, in our opinion, is that it seems to leave the mention of *Cæsar* unconnected with what follows. We fancy that this occurred to Wright, and that what we have just quoted is an attempt to meet the objection; but, to our thinking, it is far from successful. If we accept Johnson's interpretation, *he should not humour me* naturally follows what precedes, and is naturally followed by what comes after: *Cæsar* should not cajole me as he does Brutus; and I am going to take measures to counteract the influence *Cæsar* has over him

ACT I. SCENE 3.

68. Line 10: *a tempest dropping fire*.—The Ff. reading is "a Tempest-dropping-fire." Rowe was the first to delete the hyphens.

69. Line 14: *any thing more wonderful*.—That is, "anything more that was wonderful," as Craik explains it; not "anything more wonderful than usual," as Abbott, in his Shakespearean Grammar (§ 6), makes it.

70. Line 15: YOU KNOW *him well by sight*.—A “graphic touch” that has needlessly vexed the souls of commentators. Dyce suggests “*you’d know him*,” and Craik “*you knew him*” (that is, would have known him); but the slaves had no distinctive dress by which one would recognize them as such.

[The only distinction was that the males were not allowed to wear the *toga* nor the females the *stola*; otherwise they were dressed like other poor people of the time, in dark-coloured clothes and *crepidæ* (slippers). It had been proposed in the senate to give them a distinctive dress; but it was decided not to do so, lest they should learn how numerous they were. Cicero in his oration in Pisonem (38, 92), speaks of *vestis servilis*.—F. A. M.]

For the context, compare North (Life of Cæsar): “Certainly destiny may easier be foreseen than avoided, considering the strange and wonderful signs that were said to be seen before *Cæsars* death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noondays sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened? But *Strabo* the philosopher writeth, that divers men were seen going up and down in fire: and furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, inasmuch as they that saw it thought he had been burnt: but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. *Cæsar* self also doing sacrifice unto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart: and that was a strange thing in nature: how a Beast could live without a heart” (pp. 97, 98).

71. Line 21: GLAR'D *upon me*.—The Ff. have “*glaz'd vpon me*,” which Pope was the first to correct.

72. Lines 22, 23:

and there were drawn

UPON A HEAP *a hundred ghastly women*.

For the use of *upon* or *on*, compare Henry V. iv. 5. 18:

Let us *on heaps* go offer up our lives;

and Exodus viii. 14: “And they gathered them together *upon heaps*.” For *heap*, applied to persons, compare also Richard III. ii. 1. 53: “Among this princely *heap*,” &c.

73. Line 35: CLEAN *from the purpose*.—This use of *clean* is common in the Authorized Version of the Bible. See Psalms lxxvii. 8; Isaiah xxiv. 19; Joshua iii. 17, &c. Compare also Ascham's Scholemaster (Mayor's ed. p. 37): “This fault is *clean* contrary to the first.”

74. Line 42: WHAT NIGHT *is this!*—Craik prints “*what a night is this!*” but the omission of the *a* in such exclamations was not unusual. Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 2. 53, 54:

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view!

and Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 123–126:

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dress'd him!

Sir To. And with *what wing* the staniel checks at it!

75. Line 49: the THUNDER-STONE.—The ancients believed that such a solid body fell with the lightning and did the mischief. It is called *brontia* by Pliny in his Natural History (xxxvii. 10). Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 270, 271:

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arg. Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone*.

and Othello, v. 2. 234, 235:

Are there no *stones* in heaven

But what serve for the thunder?

It is said that the fossil shell known as the belemnite, or *finger-stone*, gave rise to this superstition. [*Brontia* has generally been identified with those roundish masses of crystallized iron pyrites (sulphuret of iron), often found in the neighbourhood of iron ore, which are still commonly known by the name of *thunder-stones*. Pliny's description is as follows: “*Brontia* is shaped in manner of a Tortoise head: it falleth with a *cracke of thunder* (as it is thought) from heaven; and if wee will beleve it, quenctheth the fire of lightning” (Holland's Pliny, edn. 1601, vol. ii. p. 625 B.)—F. A. M.]

76. Line 60: CASE *yourself in wonder*.—The Ff. have “*cast your self in wonder*,” which is followed by Collier, Staunton, and the Cambridge editors. *Case* was proposed independently by Swynfen Jervis and M. W. Williams, and is adopted by Dyce and others. Wright explains “*cast yourself in*” as “*hastily dress yourself in*.”

77. Line 65: Why old men FOOL, &c.—The Ff. reading is “*Why Old men, Fooles*,” &c. The correction was suggested by Lettsom, and is accepted by Dyce, the Cambridge editors, and others. Collier and Staunton read, with Blackstone: “*Why old men fools*,” that is, why old men become fools. [I think there is a good deal to be said here for the reading of F. 1, though Lettsom's ingenious conjecture secures an effective antithesis; still the fact that *old men, fools*, and *children* were all trying to explain the phenomena and *calculating* what the various portents meant, would be a circumstance sufficiently unusual for Cassius to mention.—F. A. M.]

78. Line 75: As doth the lion in the Capitol.—That is, “roars in the Capitol as doth the lion.” Wright suggests that Shakespeare imagined that *lions* were kept in the *Capitol*, as they were in the Tower of London.

79. Line 76: A man no mightier than thyself or ME.—The grammatical error is not uncommon among intelligent people even now. *Than* is easily mistaken for a preposition. We can hardly, however, agree with Craik (p. 127), that “the personal pronoun must be held to be, in some measure, emancipated from the dominion or tyranny of syntax.”

80. Line 89: I know where I will wear this dagger, then.—As Craik remarks, it is a mistake to omit the comma after dagger, as some editors do. “Cassius does not intend to be understood that he is prepared to plunge his dagger into his heart at that time, but in that case.”

81. Line 117: HOLD, my hand.—It is curious that some editors omit the comma after *Hold*; and Craik explains thus: “Have, receive, take hold (of it); there is my hand.” Of course the *Hold* is merely interjectional, as in Macbeth, ii. 1. 4: “*Hold*, take my sword;” and many similar passages.

82. Line 126: Pompey's porch.—This was a magnificent portico of a hundred columns connected with Pompey's Theatre, in the Campus Martius.

83. Line 128: *the ELEMENT*.—Often used for the heaven or sky; as by North (Life of Pompey): "the dust in the *element*," or the air. See also the quotation in note on line 15 above: "the fires in the *element*." Milton uses the word in the same sense in *Comus*, 298: "some gay creatures of the *element*" (spirits of the air).

84. Line 129: *IN FAVOUR'S Like*, &c.—The Ff. read:

Is Favours, like the Worke we have in hand.

The emendation is due to Johnson, and is generally adopted. Stevens suggested *It favours*, or *Is favour'd*; and Rowe, *Is feverous*.

85. Line 136: *our ATTEMPT*.—The Ff. have "our *Attempts*," which some editors retain. The emendation is Walker's.

86. Line 144: *Where Brutus may BUT find it*.—The *but* is apparently equivalent to *only* (as not unfrequently), the meaning being "only taking care to place it so that Brutus may be sure to find it" (Craik). Abbott (Grammar, § 128) gets at the same meaning by paraphrasing thus: "Where Brutus can (do nothing) but find it."

87. Line 146: *Upon old Brutus' statue*.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus, (that drave the kings out of Rome) they wrote: 'O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus!' and again, 'that thou were here among us now!' His tribunal or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was Prætor, was full of such bills: 'Brutus thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed'" (p. 112).

88. Line 152: *Pompey's theatre*.—This was the first stone theatre built in Rome, and could accommodate 40,000 spectators. It was opened in B.C. 55 with dramatic representations and gladiatorial shows lasting for many days.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

89.—In the Ff. the heading of the scene is "*Enter Brutus in his Orchard*," that is, in his *garden*, the usual sense in which Shakespeare uses *orchard* (see *As You Like It*, note 6, and *Much Ado*, note 62). In iii. 2. 253 below, we have mention of "private arbours, and new-planted orchards," which are described in North's Plutarch as "*gardens and arbours*."

90. Line 10: *It must be by his death*.—Coleridge (p. 103) remarks here: "This speech is singular—at least, I do not at present see into Shakespeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus's character to appear. For surely—(this, I mean, is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight, only modified by my experience in how many instances I have ripened into a perception of beauties where I had before descried faults)—surely nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely, that he would have no objection to

a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not crossed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate? Shakespeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward. True—and this is just the ground of my perplexity. What character did Shakespeare mean his Brutus to be?" By *personal* cause Brutus clearly meant such as "concerned himself personally," as opposed to such as affected "the general," or the public weal. The acts to which Coleridge refers all come under the latter head.

Dowden (Primer, p. 117) well says: "Brutus acts as an idealizer and theorizer might, with no eye for the actual bearing of facts, and no sense of the true importance of persons. Intellectual doctrines and moral ideals rule the life of Brutus; and his life is most noble, high, and stainless, but his public action is a series of mistakes. Yet even while he errs we admire him, for all his errors are those of a pure and lofty spirit. . . . All the practical gifts, insight, and tact, which Brutus lacks, are possessed by Cassius; but of Brutus's moral purity, veneration of ideals, disinterestedness, and freedom from unworthy personal motive, Cassius possesses little."

Brutus was a scholar, a philosopher, but not a practical man. It is not without purpose that Shakespeare represents him as a reader and quoter of books. His politics were those of books, and too good for the real life about him.

91. Line 12: *But for THE GENERAL*.—This use of the *general* for the community or the people was common. Compare *Measure for Measure*, ii. 4. 27:

The general, subject to a well-wish'd king;
and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the *general*."

92. Line 15: *Crown him?—THAT*.—The use of *that*, though clear enough (Be that so, suppose that), is exceptional. We do not know of any other instance of the word thus standing alone.

93. Line 24: *the UPMOST round*.—This is the only instance of *upmost* in Shakespeare; and *uppermost* he does not use at all.

94. Line 34: *And kill him in the shell*.—Craik (p. 150) remarks: "It is impossible not to feel the expressive force of the hemistich here. The line itself is, as it were, killed in the shell."

95. Line 40: *the IDES of March*.—The Ff. have "*the first of March*;" corrected by Theobald. [This is one of the instances where one is obliged to substitute what Shakespeare ought to have written for what he, most probably, did write. See the note of Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon Press ed., where the passage from the Life of Brutus is quoted which led Shakespeare into the error.—F. A. M.]

96. Line 53: *My ANCESTORS*.—Dyce reads "*My ancestor*;" but the plural may well enough stand, and most editors retain it; though, strictly speaking, the singular number would be more correct, for there was only one of his *ancestors* of whom Brutus could have been thinking, and

that was Junius Brutus, the first consul, and the expeller of the Tarquins.

97. Line 59: *March is wasted FIFTEEN days.*—This is the early reading, but Theobald and the majority of modern editors change it to "*fourteen days.*" The text is true to Roman usage, which in such cases counted the current day as complete. Thus in the New Testament, Christ says, "After *three* days I will rise again;" but the crucifixion was on Friday, and the resurrection early on Sunday morning.

98. Line 66: *The GENIUS and the MORTAL instruments.*—There has been much dispute over these words, but they probably mean nothing more than the mind or soul and the bodily powers through which it acts. Compare lines 175-177 below:

And let our *hearts*, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em.

According to Johnson, the poet "is describing the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions, which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action, and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance" (Var. Ed. vol. x. p. 39). But though *genius* elsewhere in Shakespeare has this sense (as in *The Comedy of Errors*, v. 1. 332:

One of these men is *Genius* to the other, &c.),

it does not suit the present passage, especially when compared with the one quoted, in which *hearts* is clearly parallel to *genius* here.

[I must say that I cannot agree with this note. In the first place Shakespeare never uses *genius* in any other sense than in what may be called its *spiritual* sense, *i.e.* that of "a spirit, either good or evil, which governs our actions." Besides the passage in our text, and that given above from *The Comedy of Errors*, Shakespeare uses the word *genius* five times: in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 142: "His very *genius* hath taken the infection of the device;" in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 4. 52, 53:

Hark! you are call'd: some say the *Genius* so
Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die;

in *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 55-57:

and, under him,
My *Genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,
Mark Antony's was by Cæsar;

in *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 26, 27:

the strong'st suggestion
Our worser *genius* can;

and in *II. Henry IV.* iii. 2. 337, in the sense of the embodied spirit: "a" was the very *genius* of famine." The only one of these passages, in which *genius* can have anything but the meaning which Johnson gives it, is the one from *Twelfth Night*; and, as that is in prose, it is difficult to believe that Shakespeare would have written *genius* had he meant simply *spirit* or *soul*. Perhaps the distinction may seem to some persons not of much importance, for the *genius*, whether good or bad, would act through the *soul* or spiritual part of the man; but I think it would be a pity to lose sight of the special meaning

here—a meaning which it appears always to have had in English literature, at least up to the middle of the seventeenth century—embodying, as it does, a belief which was a very characteristic one. As to the passage below (175-177), Mr. Adams follows Craik in regarding it as the parallel or complement of this; but I cannot see any positive connection between them. There is no distinction in the latter between the spiritual and bodily parts of men; the meaning simply is: "let our *hearts* (*i.e.* our feelings) stir us up to an act of rage which afterwards, in our calmer moments, they may seem to disapprove" (see note 110 below); while in the passage before us the struggle is represented as taking place, in one man's being, between the spirit that is supposed, more or less, to govern the actions, and the mortal part of him (including the will) which puts these actions into force. *Mortal* probably is used here in the sense of "deadly," as in *Macbeth*, i. 5. 42.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 67: *the state of man.*—F. 1 has "the state of a man;" corrected in F. 2. Knight and Craik, however, retain the *a*.

On the passage comp. *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 184-186:

'twixt his mental and his active parts
Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
And batters down himself.

100. Line 70: *your brother Cassius.*—Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

101. Line 72: *there are MOE with him.*—This word *moe* occurs forty or more times in the early editions of Shakespeare, as in other books of the time. It was regularly used with a plural or collective noun. The only instance of the latter sort in Shakespeare is *Tempest*, v. 1. 234: "And *moe* diversity of sounds." The modern editions generally change the word to *more*, unless it is required for the rhyme, as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 72-75:

Sing no more ditties, sing no *moe*,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.

[The difficulty in deciding whether or not to retain such forms as *moe* is to know where to draw the line; for we may soon, without intending it, be logically committed to an old-spelling text. Skeat says that *mo* and *more* were originally "well-distinguished, the former relating to number, the latter to size."—F. A. M.]

102. Line 83: *For, if thou PATH, thy native semblance on.*—This, except for the comma after *path*, is the reading of the Ff. *Path* is found as a transitive verb in Drayton, and its intransitive use (= walk) is not more peculiar than many other liberties of the kind in Shakespeare. It is possible, however, that it may be a misprint, and various emendations have been proposed. Southern and Coleridge independently suggested *put*, which Dyce adopts; but it seems a Hibernicism to speak of *putting* on one's natural appearance. Other conjectures are *pass* and *hadst*. Johnson well paraphrases the passage: "If thou walk in thy true form." [There is a verb in Sanskrit, *path*, *panth*, to go, which comes from the same root, *pat*, to go, as the Greek *πατεω*, to tread, and our *path*. In the old slang word still used by thieves, to *pad*=to go, we have an old cognate form of the verb.—F. A. M.]

103. Line 107: *Which is a great way growing on the south, &c.*—That is, “which must be far to the south, considering the time of year.” It is curious that no commentator has noted that on the 15th of March, or previous to the vernal equinox, the sun would not rise at all to the south of the true east, but a little northward of that point. [It should be noted that during this and the preceding speech the change from night to early dawn is supposed to take place; but, even in Italy, in the middle of March it would not be light at three o’clock in the morning.—F. A. M.]

104. Line 114: *No, not an oath! &c.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed” (p. 114).

105. Line 114: *the FACE of men.*—This is the Ff. reading, and is retained by most of the recent editors. Warburton proposed *fate* for *face*, Mason *faith*, and Malone *faiths*.

106. Line 134: *the INSUPPRESSIVE metal of our spirits.*—The passive sense of *insuppressive* is paralleled by that of sundry other words in *-ive*. Compare *unexpressive* (inexpressible) in As You Like It, iii. 2. 10:

The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she;

uncomprehensive (incomprehensible or unknown) in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 198: “th’ *uncomprehensive* deeps,” &c.

107. Line 138: *a several bastardy.*—“A special or distinct act of baseness, or of treachery against ancestry and honourable birth” (Craik).

108. Lines 144, 145:

his SILVER hairs

Will PURCHASE us a good opinion.

Cicero was then about sixty years old. There is a play upon *silver* and *purchase*.

109. Line 150: *let us not break with him.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly, and trusted best; for they were afraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, (the which specially required hot and earnest execution)” (p. 114).

110. Lines 170–180.—One part of this passage has been already alluded to in note 98 above. The point of what Brutus says, when we look at it in its entirety, is evident. He is advising a course of deliberate hypocrisy; the conspirators are to try and entrap the sympathies of the people by committing the murder with all due delicacy and decorum, and then *pretending* to regret it. This is very characteristic advice, and shows that Brutus was

quite fit to be the leader of a political party which claimed to be the “popular” one. But it appears that all the great actors who played the part of Brutus, and, naturally enough, sought to make him a sympathetic character, have always omitted this passage on the stage; as well they might, considering their object.—F. A. M.

111. Line 183: *Yet I fear him.*—Pope, whom Craik follows, reads “Yet I do fear him.”

112. Line 187: *take thought and die.*—Both *think* and *thought* are used in this sense. Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 1:

Cleo. What shall we do, Enobarbus?

Eno.

Think, and die.

See also I. Samuel ix. 5, and Matthew vi. 25. Bacon (Henry VII. p. 230) says that Hawis “dyed with thought” (anxiety).

113. Line 192: *count the clock.*—A palpable anachronism, as the Roman *clepsydre*, or water-clocks, had no mechanism for striking the hours.

114. Lines 204, 205:

*That unicorns may be betray’d with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.*

Steevens says: “Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was despatched by the hunter” (Var. Ed. vol. xii. pp. 50, 51). Compare Spenser, Faëry Queene, ii. 5. 10:

Like as a Lyon, whose imperiall powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defyes,
T’ avoide the rash assault and wrathfull stowre
Of his fiers foe, hin to a tree applies,
And when him running in full course he spies,
He slips aside; the whilles that furious beast
His precious horne, sought of his enmyes,
Strikes in the stocke, he thence can be releast,
But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.

There is a similar allusion in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 339: “wert thou the *unicorn*, pride and wrath would confound thee and make thine own self the conquest of thy wrath.”

Steevens adds (*ut supra*, p. 51): “Bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. Elephants were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny’s Natural History, book viii.”

115. Line 215: *Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard.*—His real name was Quintus, but the mistake is in North. Compare the Life of Brutus: “Now amongst Pompey’s friends, there was one called *Caius Ligarius*, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But *Ligarius* thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power. And, therefore, in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sick in his bed, and said unto

him: '*Ligarius* in what a time art thou sick!' *Ligarius* rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him: '*Brutus*,' said he, 'if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole'" (p. 113).

116. Line 219: *I have given him REASONS*.—Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion of *reason*; but no change is called for.

117. Line 225: *Let not our looks put on our purposes*.—That is, "such expression as would betray *our purposes*." Craik compares the exhortation of Lady Macbeth to her husband (i. 5. 64-67):

To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under 't.

See also Macbeth, i. 7. 81, 82:

Away, and mock the time with fairest show:
False face must hide what the false heart doth know.

118. Line 230: the HONEY-HEAVY DEW of slumber.—The ff. reading is: "*the hony-heavy-Dew of slumber*." This, with the slight change in the text, is retained by Knight and the Cambridge editors. It is aptly explained by Grant White as 'slumber as refreshing as dew, and whose heaviness is sweet.' Dyce reads, "*the heavy honey-dew of slumber*."

119. Line 233: Enter PORTIA.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Now *Brutus*, who knew very well that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of ROME did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed: for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen: that his wife lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. . . . This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him: 'I being, O *Brutus*,' said she, 'the daughter of *Cato*, was married unto thee; not to be thy bed-fellow, and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thy self, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my duty towards thee,

and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess, that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely: but yet *Brutus* good education, and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of *Cato*, and wife of *Brutus*. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me.' With those words she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. *Brutus* was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass, that he might be found a husband, worthy of so noble a wife as *Portia*: so he then did comfort her the best he could" (pp. 115, 116).

120. Line 246: *an angry WAFTURE of your hand*.—The ff. have *wafter*, which probably indicates the current pronunciation of the word.

121. Line 261: *Is Brutus sick?*—This old English use of *sick* is still current in America. Grant White says here: "For *sick*, the correct English adjective to express all degrees of suffering from disease, and which is universally used in the Bible and by Shakespeare, the Englishman of Great Britain has poorly substituted the adverb *ill*."

122. Line 271: *I CHARM you*.—"I conjure you;" as in *Lucrece*, 1681, 1682:

And for my sake, when I might *charm* thee so,
For she that was thy *Lucrece*, now attend me.

Pope needlessly changed *charm* to the prosaic *charge*.

123. Lines 289, 290:

*As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.*

Some commentators regard this as an anticipation of Harvey's discovery; but the general fact of the circulation of the blood was known centuries before his day, though the details of the process were not understood. Gray has imitated the passage in *The Bard*, 41:

Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.

124. Line 308: *All the CHARACTERY of my sad brows*.—For *character* compare Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 77:

Fairies use flowers for their *character*y.

It will be observed that the word is accented as here.

125. Line 315: *To wear a KERCHIEF*.—The word *kerchief* (French, *couvrir*, to cover, and *chef*, head) is here used in its original meaning of a covering for the head. As Malone notes, Shakespeare gives to Rome the manners of his own time, it being a common practice in England for sick people to wear a *kerchief* on their heads. Compare Fuller's Worthies: "if any there be sick, they make him a posset, and tye a *kerchief* on his head, and if that will not mend him, then God be merciful to him."

126. Line 323: *like an EXORCIST*.—See II. Henry VI. note 89.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

127. Line 2: *Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out, &c.*—Compare North (Life of Cæsar): "he heard his wife *Calpurnia*, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that *Cæsar* was slain, and that she had him in her armes. . . . Inasmuch that *Cæsar* rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate, until another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that *Cæsar* likewise did fear or suspect somewhat, because his wife *Calpurnia* until that time was never given to any fear and superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had. But much more afterwards, when the soothsayers having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send *Antonius* to adjourn the session of the Senate. But in the mean time came *Decius Brutus*, surnamed *Albinus*, in whom *Cæsar* put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with *Cassius* and *Brutus*: he, fearing that if *Cæsar* did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved *Cæsar*, saying, 'that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all his provinces of the Empire of *ROME* out of *ITALY*, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when *Calpurnia* should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends' words?' (pp. 98, 99).

128. Line 19: *FOUGHT upon the clouds.*—The Ff. have *fight*, which Knight and Craik retain. The emendation is due to Dyce.

129. Line 23: *Horses DID neigh.*—Here the 1st Folio has "Horsses do neigh," which F. 2 corrects.

130. Line 24: *And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.*—Compare Hamlet, i. 1. 113-120:

In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:
As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

131. Line 46: *We are two lions litter'd in one day.*—The Ff. reading is, "We heare," &c. Upton's correction is generally adopted by the editors. Theobald proposed "We were."

132. Line 67: *To be AFEAARD to tell greybeards the truth.*
--See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 148.

133. Line 72: *That is enough to satisfy the senate; i.e.* "That should be enough, as I look at it, or as I choose to admit."

134. Line 76: *my statua.*—Here the Ff. have *statue*, as in iii. 2. 192 below:

Euen at the Base of *Pompey's Statue*;

but the editors, with few exceptions, substitute *statua*, which was common both in poetry and prose in Elizabethan writers. See II. Henry VI. note 189.

135. Lines 79-81:

And these

Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent.

We have printed this passage as in Dyce. In Ff. lines 79 and 80 are printed as one line, making an Alexandrine in a very awkward portion of the speech. Ff. read "*And Evils imminent.*" Hammer first substituted the obvious correction *Of*. There can be little doubt that *And* was a repetition by the printer in mistake from the line above.
—F. A. M.

136. Line 89: *For TINCTURES, STAINS, relics, and cognizance.*—"Tinctures and stains are understood both by Malone and Steevens as carrying an allusion to the practice of persons dipping their handkerchiefs in the blood of those whom they regarded as martyrs. And it must be confessed that the general strain of the passage, and more especially the expression 'shall press for tinctures,' &c., will not easily allow us to reject this interpretation. Yet does it not make the speaker assign to Cæsar by implication the very kind of death Calpurnia's apprehension of which he professes to regard as visionary? The pressing for tinctures and stains, it is true, would be a confutation of so much of Calpurnia's dream as seemed to imply that the Roman people would be delighted with his death—

Many lusty Romans

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

Do we refine too much in supposing that this inconsistency between the purpose and the language of Decius is intended by the poet, and that in this brief dialogue between him and Cæsar, in which the latter suffers himself to be so easily won over—persuaded and relieved by the very words that ought naturally to have confirmed his fears—we are to feel the presence of an unseen power driving on both the unconscious prophet and the blinded victim?" (Craik).

137. Lines 102, 103:

for my dear, dear love

To your proceeding bids me tell you this;

i.e. "For my loving concern for your welfare or success leads me to take the liberty to say this." He apologizes for venturing to advise Cæsar, but excuses it on the ground of affectionate interest.

138. Line 104: *And reason to my love is liable.*—"Reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love" (Johnson); or, as Rolfe gives it, "my love leads me to indulge in a freedom of speech that my reason would restrain."

139. Line 114: 't is STRUCKEN eight.—For the anachronism see note 113 above. Elsewhere we find, as forms

of the participle, *struck*, *strook* (a variation in spelling), *stroken*, and *stricken*.

140. Lines 128, 129:

*That every LIKE is not the SAME, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus YEARNs to think upon!*

"It grieves me to the heart to think that to be *like* a thing is not necessarily to be *really* that thing." It is hard for Brutus to play a part—to pretend to be other than he is. For his friend Cassius nothing is easier than to suit his behaviour to his immediate purpose.

For *yearns* the Ff. have *earnes*, which is merely a different spelling of the word. Rolfe quotes examples of it from Spenser (*Faerie Queene*, iii. 10. 21):

And ever his faint hart much *earn*ed at the sight

(where the sense is the same as here); and i. 6. 25: "he for revenge did *earne*." Shakespeare uses *yearn* both transitively and intransitively. For an example of the former see Henry V. iv. 3. 20:

It yearns me not [grieves or troubles me not] if men my garments wear.

ACT II. SCENE 4.

141. Line 20: Enter the SOOTH SAYER.—Rowe changed *Soothsayer* to *Artemidorus*. It must be confessed that the introduction of the two characters is singular; but at the beginning of the next scene we have speeches assigned to them in immediate succession, and in the heading of that scene the Ff. also give "Enter *Artemidorus*, *Publius*, and the *Soothsayer*." It is therefore improbable that there is any misprint or corruption in the original text; and under these circumstances we are not justified in making any alteration.

142. Line 42: *Brutus hath a suit*, &c.—This is said lest the boy, whose presence she has for the moment forgotten, should suspect to what she refers in the line above:

The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!

ACT III. SCENE 1.

143. The Capitol.—Here, as in Hamlet (iii. 2. 109) and Antony and Cleopatra (ii. 6. 18), the assassination of Cæsar is represented as occurring in the *Capitol* instead of the *Curia* of Pompey. Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Furthermore, they [the conspirators] thought also, that the appointment of the place where the council should be kept was chosen of purpose by divine providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the theatre, in the which there was a certain place full of seats for men to sit in; where also was set up the image of *Pompey*, which the city had made and consecrated in honour of him, when he did beautify that part of the city with the theatre he built, with divers porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, just on the fifteenth day of the moneth *March*, which the ROMANS call, *Idus Martias*: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought *Cæsar* thither to be slain, for revenge of *Pompey's* death" (p. 116).

See also the Life of Cæsar: "And one *Artemidorus* also, born in the Isle of GNIDOS, a Doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of *Brutus's* confederates; and there-

fore knew the most part of all their practices against *Cæsar*, came and brought him a little bill, written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He, marking how *Cæsar* received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: '*Cæsar*, read this memorial to your self, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly.' *Cæsar* took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him" (p. 99).

144. Line 8: *WHAT touches us OURSELF shall be last serv'd*.

—Collier's MS. Corrector reads:

That touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd;

and Craik adopts the unnecessary change.

145. Line 13: *I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive*.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "Another Senator, called *Popilius Læna*, after he had saluted *Brutus* and *Cassius* more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded [that is, whispered] softly in their ears, and told them: 'I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but withal, dispatch, I reade you, for your enterprise is bewrayed.' When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out" (p. 117).

146. Line 18: *Look, how he makes to Cæsar; MARK him*.—Abbott (Grammar, § 485) here would make *mark* a dissyllable, or rather prolonged in utterance (so as to = *ma—ark*), thereby introducing a most ridiculous and unnecessary vice in elocution. The line is obviously defective of one syllable; but, most probably, this deficiency is intentional; the hiatus being filled up by the gesture of the actor, and the broken nature of the line adding to its dramatic force. Compare Richard II. note 170.

147. Line 21: *Cassius OR Cæsar never shall turn back*.—Malone proposed to read: "*Cassius on Cæsar*," &c.; but, as Ritson remarks, "*Cassius* says, if the plot be discovered, at all events either he or Cæsar shall never return alive; for, if the latter cannot be killed, he is determined to slay himself." Craik objects that to *turn back* cannot mean to return alive, or to return in any way; but Rolfe quotes Richard III. iv. 4. 184:

Ere from this war thou *turn* a conqueror;

and As You Like It, iii. 1. 6–8:

bring him dead or living

Within this twelvemonth, or *turn* thou no more

To seek a living in our territory.

148. Line 22: *Cassius, be constant*, &c.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "And when *Cassius* and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, *Brutus*, marking the countenance and gesture of *Læna*, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor, then like an accuser, he said nothing to his companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged *Cassius*. And immediately after, *Læna* went from *Cæsar*, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk" (p. 118).

149. Line 26: *He draws Mark Antony out of the way.*—This is also from North (Life of Brutus): “*Trebonius* on the other side drew *Antonius* aside, as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without” (p. 118).

150. Line 31: *Are we all ready?*—The Fl. give these words to Cæsar, in whose mouth they are palpably inappropriate. Risdon proposed to join them to the speech of Cinna, but Collier’s MS. Corrector gives them to Casca. This is better, and is adopted by Craik, Dyce, and others.

151. Line 33: *Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): “So when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one *Tullius Cimber*,¹ who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took *Cæsar* by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. *Cæsar* at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties: but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then *Cimber* with both his hands plucked *Cæsar’s* gown over his shoulders, and *Casca* that stood behind him, drew his dagger first and strake *Cæsar* upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. *Cæsar* feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out, in Latin: ‘O traitor *Casca*, what dost thou?’ *Casca* on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon *Cæsar*, he looking about him to have fled, saw *Brutus* with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let *Casca’s* hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them *Brutus* caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. *Cæsar* being slain in this manner, *Brutus*, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other Senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled, one upon another’s neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them. For it was set down, and agreed between them, that they should kill no man but *Cæsar* only, and should intreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty” (p. 119).

152. Line 36: *These couchings.*—Hanmer substitutes *couchings*; but, as Singer notes, *couching* had the same sense. He cites Huloet: “*Cowche*, like a dogge; *procumbo, prosterno.*” Compare also Genesis, xlix. 14: “*Issachar* is a strong ass *couching* down between two burdens.”

153. Line 39: *Into the LAW of children.*—The Fl. reading is “the lane of children,” an obvious misprint, first cor-

rected by Johnson. Like most of the palpable errors of the type in the early editions, it has sometimes been defended, though very lamely.

154. Line 43: *Low-crooked curtsies.*—Collier’s MS. Corrector reads “*Low-crouched*,” but Singer again quotes Huloet, who has “*crooke-backed* or *crouche-backed*.”

155. Line 47: *Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, &c.*—Ben Jonson, in his Discoveries, speaking of Shakespeare, says: “Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, ‘Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,’ he replied, ‘Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.’” And he ridicules the expression again in his Staple of News: “Cry you mercy; you never *did wrong but with just cause.*” Craik believes that the words stood originally as Jonson has quoted them; but it is more probable, as Collier has suggested, that Jonson was quoting only from memory, which, as he himself says, was “shaken with age now, and sloth.” If the passage stood at first as he gives it, the author must have subsequently modified it, and the present text should not be meddled with; but the American editor Hudson adopts the reading proposed by Tyrwhitt:

Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause,
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.

156. Line 51: *For the REPEALING of my banish’d brother.*—In the next speech we have the substantive *repeal* used in this same sense of recalling from exile. See also Coriolanus, v. 5. 5:

Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;

and Lucrece, 640:

I sue for exil’d majesty’s *repeal*.

157. Line 67: *And men are flesh and blood, and APPREHENSIVE.*—For this use of *apprehensive* compare Falstaff’s eulogy on sack in II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 107: “makes it [the brain] *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive.”

158. Line 77: *Et tu, Brute!*—It is curious that no ancient Latin authority has been discovered for this exclamation which Shakespeare has made classical. It is found in the True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York, which was first printed in 1595, and on which the Third Part of Henry VI. was founded; and also in a poem by S. Nicholson, entitled Acolastus his Afterwit, printed in 1600. In both we find the line,

Et tu Brute! Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?

It may have been taken from the Latin play on the death of Cæsar which we know to have been acted at Oxford in 1582, though no copy has come down to our day. In Suetonius (i. 82) Cæsar is made to say to Brutus *Kai ed rixov* (And thou too, my son?).

159. Line 94: *and let no man ABIDE this deed.*—We find *abide* again in this sense (be held responsible for) in iii. 2. 119 of the present play:

If it be found so, some will dear *abide* it,

or pay dearly for it.

160. Line 101: *Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life, &c.*—Some editors transfer this speech to Cassius, though

¹ In the Life of Cæsar he is called *Metellus Cimber*, and in Suetonius (i. 82) *Cimber Tullius*.

the Ff. have the prefix *Cask*. It is in keeping with what Casca has said in i. 3. 101 above:

So every bondman in his own hand bears, &c.

161. Lines 111-113:

*How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!*

Of course this is put into the mouth of Cassius for stage effect; but it is not out of keeping with the character, or the circumstances, as some have asserted. That Cassius should think of the great political significance of Cæsar's downfall is natural enough; and also of the prominent place the event would have in histories and historical dramas to be written in future times and far-off lands. This "propheying after the event" is no unfamiliar thing in poetry, and is historically justifiable whenever, as here, we have to admit the possibility that the idea might occur to the speaker. In this particular instance it seems naturally suggested, and is impressively carried out in the following speeches.

162. Line 113: *In STATES unborn*.—F. 1 has *state*, and in line 115 *bye along*. Both errors were corrected in F. 2.

163. Line 136: *THOROUGH the hazards of this untrod state*.—The form *thorough*=*through* is common enough in old writers. Compare v. 1. 110 of this play: "*Thorough the streets of Rome*." But that is an imperfect line; a better instance is in *Midsommer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 106, 107:

*Aud thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter.*

164. Line 143: *I know that we shall have him well to friend*.—The guileless confidence of Brutus that Antony will join their faction is characteristic of the man, as the shrewd misgivings of Cassius are of *him*. Brutus, as we have seen, is inclined to think others as honest and disinterested as he is himself; but Cassius is an experienced politician, who has learned how selfish the great majority of men are.

165. Line 163: *The CHOICE and master spirits of this age*.—It is curious that Craik should think that *choice* may be a substantive. It is beyond all question an adjective in the same construction as *master*.

166. Line 171: *As fire drives out fire, so pity pity*.—The old proverbial comparison is a favourite one with Shakespeare. See *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 46: "one fire burns out another's burning;" *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii. 4. 192:

Even as one heat another heat expels;

and *Coriolanus*, iv. 7. 54: "One fire drives out one fire."

[Some commentators think it necessary to point out here that *fire* is to be regarded as a dissyllable in the first place, and as a monosyllable in the second; but to make such a distinction in pronouncing this word on the stage is practically impossible. Owing to our system of vowels such words as *fire*, *spire*, *sire*, &c., must be pronounced as if spelt *fi-er*, *spi-er*, *si-er*; but if we pronounced the *i* as it is pronounced in Italian, we could make such words monosyllables or dissyllables at pleasure. In English we have no choice between pronouncing *fire* as a dissyllable *fi-er*, or as *fir*, if we wish to make a monosyllable of it. But the best plan is to regard the *i*, in such words as *fire*, *sire*, &c.,

as=*i*, and when we want to make them monosyllables we must treat the diæresis as we treat a *portamento* in music.—F. A. M.]

167. Line 174: *Our arms in strength of malice*, &c.—F. 1 reads thus:

*Our Armes in strength of malice, and our Hearts
Of Brothers temper, do receive you in,
With all kinde love, good thoughts, and reuerence.*

Pope reads "*exempt from malice*;" Capell and Dyce, "*no strength of malice*;" Collier's MS. Corrector, "*in strength of welcome*;" and Singer suggests, "*in strength of amity*." Knight, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe follow the Folio. Grant White remarks: "The difficulty found in this passage, which even Mr. Dyce suspects to be corrupt, seems to result from a forgetfulness of the preceding context:

*Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome, &c.*

So (*Brutus* continues) our arms, even in the intensity of their hatred to *Cæsar's* tyranny, and our hearts in their brotherly love to all Romans, do receive you in."

168. Lines 177, 178:

*Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
In the disposing of new dignities.*

There spoke the politician Cassius, who assumes that Antony is more likely to be influenced by the promise of a share in the substantial profits of the revolution than by the fine patriotism of Brutus.

169. Line 189: *THOUGH LAST, NOT LEAST in love, yours, good Trebonius*.—This has been quoted in support of the Quarto reading in *Lear*, i. 1. 85:

Although the last not least in our dear love;

but the expression *Though last not least* was an alliterative commonplace at that time, and no argument can be based upon it where the comparative merits of two texts are concerned.

170. Line 196: *Shall it not grieve thee DEARER than thy death?*—The use of *dear* in expressions like this (and "*dearest foe*" in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 182, &c.) is easily explained. The word simply expresses intensity of feeling or interest, whether in the way of love or hate; or, in other words, it "imports the excess, the utmost, the *superlative*, of that to which it is applied." Compare *Richard II.* note 78.

171. Line 206: *crimson'd in thy LETHE*.—That is, "in the stream that bears thee to oblivion." Collier's MS. Corrector alters *lethe* to *death*; but Collier, in his second edition, restores *lethe*, which is also the reading of Knight, Dyce, Staunton, the Cambridge editors, Grant White, and Rolfe.

172. Lines 207, 208:

*O world! thou wast the forest to this HART;
And this, indeed, O world, the HEART of thee.*

Coleridge would not believe that Shakespeare wrote these lines, and endeavoured to show that the conceit was not introduced as conceits generally are in plays, namely, as

a mere verbal quibble; but there is no good reason for doubting that the passage is genuine. It is in the fashion of the time, which Shakespeare had not then outgrown—if, indeed, he ever did outgrow it completely—and it follows naturally enough from the preceding lines, with their picture of the slain *hart* and the bloody huntsman. As Rolfe notes, the same quibble occurs in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 260, and *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 21; both of which plays, it may be added, were written about the same time as *Julius Cæsar*. Compare *Richard II.* note 115.

173. Line 228: PRODUCE *his body* TO THE MARKET-PLACE.—It will be seen that *produce* is here used in its original Latin sense of *bear forth*; but this does not show, as some have supposed, anything more than a schoolboy acquaintance with Latin. *The market-place* was of course the Forum. Compare *I. Henry VI.* ii. 2. 4, 5:

Bring forth the body of old Salisbury
And here advance it in the market-place.

174. Line 241: *Have all TRUE rites*.—Dyce follows Pope in reading “*due rites*,” but the change is unnecessary and prosaic.

175. Line 258: *Woe to the HANDS, &c.*—The *Ff.* have *hand*; but the plural is in accordance with line 158 above: “Now, whilst your purpled *hands*,” &c.

176. Line 262: *the LIMBS of men*.—The old reading may be corrupt, but the case is not clear enough to justify a change. Haunmer reads *kind for limbs*; Warburton, *line*; Johnson, *lives* or *lymms* (that is, bloodhounds); Collier’s *MS.* Corrector, *loins*; Staunton, *tombs*; and Dyce, *minds*. Walker suggests *times*, and Grant White *sons*.

177. Line 271: *With ATE by his side come hot from hell*.—Craik observes that “this Homeric goddess had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare’s imagination;” as is shown by his repeated references to her. Compare *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 263: “the infernal *Atē*,” *Love’s Labour’s Lost*, v. 2. 694: “More *Ates*, more *Ates*!” and *King John*, ii. 1. 63;

An *Ate*, stirring him to blood and strife.

178. Line 273: *the dogs of war*.—Steele, in the *Tatler* (No. 137), suggests that by *the dogs of war* Shakespeare probably meant “fire, sword, and famine.” He compares *Henry V.* i. Chorus, 5–8:

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash’d in like hounds, should *famine*, sword and fire
Crouch for employment.

See also *I. Henry VI.* iv. 2. 10, 11:

You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Lean *famine*, quartering *steel*, and climbing *fire*.

179. Line 283: *FOR mine eyes*.—*F.* 1 has “from mine eyes,” which *F.* 2 corrects. Dyce alters *Began* in the next line to *Begin*.

180. Line 289: *No ROME of safety for Octavius yet*.—There is a play on *Rome* and *room*, as in i. 2. 156 above. See note 54.

ACT III. SCENE 2.

181.—For this scene and the next compare North (*Life of Brutus*): “Now at the first time, when the murder was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people

that ran up and down the city, the which indeed did the more increase the fear and tumult. But when they saw they slew no man, neither did spoil or make havoc of anything, then certain of the Senators, and many of the people, emboldening themselves, went to the Capitol unto them. There, a great number of men being assembled together one after another, *Brutus* made an oration unto them, to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon *Brutus* and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troupe, but *Brutus* went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir: yet, being ashamed to do it, for the reverence they bare unto *Brutus*, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When *Brutus* began to speak, they gave him quiet audience: howbeit, immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murder. For when another, called *Cinna*, would have spoken, and began to accuse *Cæsar*, they fell into a great uproar among them, and marvellously reviled him; insomuch that the conspirators returned again into the capitol. There *Brutus*, being afraid to be besieged, sent back again the noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason that they, which were no partakers of the murder, should be partakers of the danger.

“Then *Antonius*, thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honourably buried, and not in hugger-mugger,¹ lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: *Cassius* stoutly spake against it. But *Brutus* went with the motion, and agreed unto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that *Antonius* should be slain: and therefore he was justly accused, that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was, when he agreed that *Cæsar’s* funerals should be as *Antonius* would have them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when *Cæsar’s* testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of *ROME* 75 drachmas a man; and that he left his gardens and arbors unto the people, which he had on this side of the river *Tiber*, in the place where now the temple of *Fortune* is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when *Cæsar’s* body was brought into the market-place, *Antonius* making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of *Rome*, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the

¹ Compare *Hamlet*, iv. 5. 83, 84:

and we have done but greenly

In hugger-mugger to inter him.

more; and taking *Cæsar's* gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, 'Kill the murderers:' others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of *Clodius*; and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of *Cæsar*, and burnt it in the mids of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him, to set them on fire. Howbeit the conspirators foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled. But there was a poet called *Cinna*, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of *Cæsar's* chiefest friends: he dreamed, the night before that *Cæsar* bad him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, *Cæsar* was very importunate with him, and compelled him; so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever; and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried *Cæsar's* body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the prease of the common people, that were in a great uproar. And because some one called him by his name *Cinna*: the people thinking he had been that *Cinna* who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of *Cæsar*, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place" (p. 122).

182. Line 12: *Be patient till the last, &c.*—Hazlitt says that the speech of Brutus "certainly is not so good as Antony's." To this Knight replies: "In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakespeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say, 'I am no orator, as Brutus is.' Brutus was *not* an orator. . . . He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this:

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our *Cæsar's* death.

And he does show the *reason*. . . . He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of *Cæsar*—no blame of *Cæsar's* murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakespeare knew, and he painted Antony."

Warburton remarks that the style of the speech of Brutus is an "imitation of his famed laconic brevity." Compare North (Life of Brutus): "But for the Greek tongue, they do note in some of his epistles, that he counterfeited that brief compendious manner of speech of the Lacedæmonians. As when the war was begun, he

wrote unto the Pergamenians in this sort: 'I understand you have given *Dolabella* money: if you have done it willingly, you confess you have offended me; if against your wills, shew it then by giving me willingly.' Another time again unto the Samians: 'Your councils be long, your doings be slow, consider the end.' And in another Epistle he wrote unto the Patareians: 'The Xanthians despising my good will, have made their country a grave of despair, and the Patareians that put themselves into my protection, have lost no jot of their liberty: and therefore, whilst you have liberty, either choose the judgment of the Patareians, or the fortune of the Xanthians.' These were *Brutus'* manner of letters, which were honoured for their briefness" (p. 107).

183. Line 17: *CENSURE me in your wisdom.*—The meaning of *censure*, if not clear in itself, is made so by the equivalent *judge* at the end of the sentence. Compare the use of the substantive in Hamlet, i. 3. 69:

Take each man's *censure*, but reserve thy judgment.

184. Line 41: *The question of his death.*—A statement of the reasons why he was put to death; or the *answer* to any question that may be asked concerning it.

185. Lines 42-44: *his glory not EXTENUATED, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences ENFORCED, for which he suffered death.*—Again, in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 125, we have *enforce*, in the sense of exaggerated, opposed to *extenuate*:

We will *extenuate* rather than *enforce*.

186. Line 57: *Shall' NOW be crown'd in Brutus.*—The *now* was not in the Pf., but was inserted by Pope, and has been generally adopted by the editors.

187. Line 63: *Cæsar's GLORIES.*—Dyce adopts Walker's suggestion of *glory*.

188. Line 66: *Save I alone.*—Compare v. 5. 69 of this play: "Save only *he*." This is one of many illustrations of the loose syntax of the Elizabethan time.

189. Line 70: *I am BEHOLDING to you.*—This word *beholding* is often used by other writers of the time instead of *beholden*. Craik has shown that the latter is probably a corruption of *gehealden*, the perfect participle of the Anglo-Saxon *healden*, to hold, whence its meaning of held, bound, or obliged.

190. Line 79: *to BURY Cæsar.*—Compare the reference in Coriolanus (iii. 3. 51) to "the holy churchyard." Would Bacon have been guilty of such anachronisms? [It is true that the Romans usually cremated the bodies of their dead in *Cæsar's* time, but *burial* was the general practice up to the later period of the Republic, and afterwards in the case of children and of persons struck by lightning. Marius was *buried*, but Sulla was cremated. The urns containing the ashes and bones of the dead were always placed in a sepulchre. It is worth remarking that in the well-known speech of Hamlet to his father's ghost he uses the word *inurn'd* (i. 4. 48, 49):

the sepulchre:

Wherein we saw thee quietly *inurn'd*.

But Hamlet's father was *buried*, not cremated.—F. A. M.]

191. Lines 80, 81:

*The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones.*

Compare Henry VIII. iv. 2. 45, 46:

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

192. Line 115: *Has he NOT, masters?*—The Ff. omit *not*, which was supplied by Craik and is adopted by Dyce. Walker proposed “*Has he, my masters?*” but the negative seems to be required by the context.

193. Line 138: *And dip their NAPKINS in his sacred blood.*—*Napkin*, for handkerchief, is common in Shakespeare and contemporary writers, and is said to be still used in this sense in Scotland. Compare Hamlet, v. 2. 299:

Here, Hamlet, take my *napkin*, rub thy brows.

In Othello the famous handkerchief is more than once called a *napkin*; as in iii. 3. 290: “I am glad I have found this *napkin*.”

194. Line 177: *the Nervii*.—A warlike Belgic tribe, the subjugation of whom (B.C. 57) was an important event in Cæsar's Gallic campaigns.

195. Line 225: *For I have neither WIT, nor words, nor worth.*—F. 1 has *writ* for *wit*; corrected in F. 2. Johnson and Malone defend *writ*, and Knight considers that it “may be explained as a prepared writing.”

196. Line 247: *seventy-five DRACHMAS.*—The *drachma* was a Greek coin worth about ninepence. Of course the value of money was then much greater than in our day.

197. Lines 253, 254:

*His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
ON THIS SIDE TIBER.*

These *orchards*, or gardens, were on the *other side* of the *Tiber*, as a Roman would say, or with reference to the city proper, where the Forum, in which Antony is speaking, was situated. The error is copied by Shakespeare from North's Plutarch. See the passage in note 181 above. Compare also Horace, Satires, i. 9. 18:

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is prope Cæsaris hortos

Compare Much Ado, note 62.

198. Line 273: *I heard HIM say.*—Capell and Collier's MS. Corrector change *him* to *them*, and Dyce to *'em*. Knight, the Cambridge editors, and others retain the *him* of the Ff.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

199. Line 2: *And things UNLUCKY charge my fantasy.*—The Ff. have “*things unluckily.*” The emendation is due to Warburton, and is generally adopted. Knight, however, retains *unluckily*, and Collier's MS. Corrector gives *unlikely*.

200. Line 3: *I have no will to wander FORTH OF doors.*—Rolfé compares Tempest, v. 1. 160: “*thrust forth of Milan*,” and III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 157: “*forth of France.*”

201. Line 13: *Al, and truly, YOU WERE BEST.*—The you was originally dative (it were, or would be, best for you), but was subsequently mistaken for the nominative. Com-

pare the similar misconception in regard to *if you please*, a contraction of *if it please you*.

202. Line 40: *To BRUTUS', to CASSIUS', &c.*—The Ff. have “*to Brutus, to Cassius*, burne all. Some to *Decius House*, and some to *Caska's*; some to *Ligartius*: Away, go.” It is evident that all the names are in the possessive; but Grant White has “*To Brutus, to Cassius*,” and “*to Ligartius.*”

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

203.—The heading of the scene in the Ff. is simply “*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus*,” but it is evident that they are supposed to be in Rome. *Lepidus* is sent to Cæsar's house for the will, and is told that, on his return, *Antony* and *Octavius* will be “*or here or at the Capitol.*” The triumvirs actually met on a small island in the river Rhenus (now the Reno), near Bononia (the modern Bologna). Compare North (Life of Antony): “*Thereupon all three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now as touching all other matters they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of ROME between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their Enemies, and save their Kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their Enemies, they spurned all reverence of Blood, and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will, Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his Uncle by his Mother: and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own Brother Paulus. Yet some Writers affirm, that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it. In my Opinion there was never a more horrible, unnatural, and crueler change then this was. For thus changing murder for murder, they did as well kill those whom they did forsake and leave unto others, as those also which others left unto them to kill: but so much more was their wickedness and cruelty great unto their friends, for that they did put them to death being innocents, and having no cause to hate them*” (p. 169).

204. Line 5: *YOUR sister's son.*—According to Plutarch, the man was Lucius Cæsar, and Mark Antony was the son of *his* sister. Upton suggested that Shakespeare wrote “*You are his sister's son*,” but it is more probable that he got the relationships confused.

205. Line 22: *To groan and sweat under the business.*—The trisyllabic pronunciation of *business*, which its derivation and orthography require, was not lost in Shakespeare's day, though beginning to disappear. Compare Richard II. ii. 1. 217:

To see this *business*. To-morrow next, &c.

206. Line 27: *And graze IN commons.*—Craik adopts the reading of Collier's MS. Corrector: “*And graze on commons.*”

207. Line 37: *On objects, arts, and imitations.*—The line is not improbably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. Theobald and Dyce read:

On *object* orts and imitations;

and Staunton has:

On *objects, arts, and imitations*,

defining *objects* as "things thrown away as useless." This reading is adopted by the Cambridge editors. [There seems to me no necessity for altering the text at all; the passage describes a man utterly devoid of originality, content with the *objects, arts, and fashions or imitations* which others have pursued or adopted for a long time, till they have become stale or obsolete to most men. *Objects* is a favourite word of Shakespeare, and used by him with a very wide range of meaning; to change it to such an etymological abortion as *objects* seems to me a fantastic act of critical acrobatics.—F. A. M.]

208. Line 44: *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out*.—This is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 having only

Our best Friends made, our meanes stretcht.

Malone suggested

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

209. Line 7: *In his own CHANGE, or by ill OFFICERS*.—Either because of some *change* on his own part, or from some fault on the part of his *officers*. Warburton wished to read *charge*, and Johnson *offices*, neither of which is an improvement on the original text.

210. Line 23: *like horses HOT AT HAND*.—"That is, apparently, when *held by the hand*, or led; or rather, perhaps, when acted upon only by the rein" (Craik). Compare Henry VIII. v. 3. 21-24:

those that tame wild horses
Face 'em not *in their hands* to make 'em gentle,
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur 'em,
Till they obey the manage.

211. Line 26: *They FALL their CRESTS*.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 379, 380:

make him fall
His crest.

Craik says that this transitive use of *fall* "is not common in Shakespeare;" but Rolfe remarks that it occurs sixteen times.

212. Line 50: *LUCIUS, do you the like*; &c.—F. 1 reads thus:

Lucillius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our Tent, till we haue done our Conference.
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our doore.

Craik transposed *Lucius* and *Lucillius*, which mends the measure and removes the absurdity of associating a servant-boy and an officer of rank in the guarding of the door. Cassius sends his servant Pindarus with a message to his division of the army, and Brutus sends his servant Lucius on a similar errand. The Folio itself confirms this correction, since it makes *Lucillius* oppose the intrusion of the *Poet*, and at the close of the conference Brutus addresses "*Lucillius* and *Titinius*," who had evidently remained on guard together all the while. Knight and the Cambridge editors nevertheless retain the old reading.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

213.—With this scene compare North (Life of Brutus): "Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and

bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding, one *Marcus Phaonius* [Favonius], that had been a friend and a follower of *Cato* while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlem and frantic motion: he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keep him out. But it was no boot to let *Phaonius*, when a mad mood or toy took him in the head: for he was a hot hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for never a senator of them all. Now, though he used this bold manner of speech after the profession of the Cynic philosophers, (as who would say, *Dogs*) yet his boldness did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This *Phaonius* at that time, in despite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old *Nestor* said in *Homer*:

*My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen no years than suchie three.*

Cassius fell a-laughing at him: but *Brutus* thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeited Cynic. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other" (pp. 134, 135).

214. Line 2: *You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella*, &c.—On this matter compare North (Life of Brutus): "The next day after, *Brutus*, upon complaint of the *SARDIANS*, did condemn and note *Lucius Pella* for a defamed person, that had been a Prætor of the *ROMANS*, and whom *Brutus* had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery, and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked *Cassius*, because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reprov'd *Brutus*, for that he would shew himself so straight and severe, in such a time as was meeter to bear a little then to take things at the worst. *Brutus* in contrary manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of *March*, at which time they slew *Julius Cæsar*, who neither pill'd nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his countenance and authority" (p. 135).

215. Line 4: *my LETTER*.—F. 1 has "my *Letters*," corrected in F. 2. Dyce and some others retain the plural, and change *was* in the next line to *were*; but it is more likely that a letter should have been added to *letter* than that *were* should have been misprinted *was*.

216. Line 9: *Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself*.—Capell and Dyce read "And let me tell you," &c. [The

line is deficient in a syllable, but there is no necessity to add anything. The speaker pauses before answering. The addition of *And* is incredibly weak.—F. A. M.]

217. Line 20: *What villain touch'd his body*, &c.—That is, “who that touched his body was such a villain,” &c. Compare v. 4. 2 below: “What bastard doth not!”

218. Line 28: *BAY not me*.—The Ff. have “*baite* not me,” which Theobald corrected.

219. Line 37: *Away*, *SLIGHT man!*—Compare iv. 1. 12 above:

This is a *slight*, unmeritable man;

and Othello, ii. 3. 279: “so *slight* so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.”

220. Line 45: *Must I OBSERVE you?*—“Must I be obsequious to you, or treat you as a superior?” Rolfe compares II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 30:

For he is gracious, if he be *observ'd*

(that is, “treated with deference” or “with due regard to his rank.”)

221. Line 54: of *NOBLE men*.—Collier's MS. Corrector changes this early reading to “of *abler* men,” and is followed by Dyce. Wright remarks: “Brutus says *noble* because it is what he wishes Cassius to be.”

[Dyce accepts Collier's emendation (“*abler* men” without any hesitation. Craik strongly supports it, and Staunton, in his note on the passage, calls it “a very plausible emendation.” Collier, in his Notes and Emendations (p. 401), justifies this emendation by reference to the previous speech of Cassio, iv. 3. 30–32:

I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, *abler* than yourself
To make conditions.

He adds afterwards: “Cassius had said nothing about ‘noble men,’ and his reply to the above has reference to what he did actually utter;” but Cassius had said nothing about “*abler* men” in its general and abstract sense=“more capable,” but in a particular sense, with reference to the selection of persons for the offices at his disposal (to *make conditions*; and see foot-note on *conditions*). According to Collier's argument we ought to expect neither *noble* nor *abler*, but *better*, for that is the epithet which Brutus resents so strongly (see above, line 51). Moreover *noble*—pronounced, as it should be, emphatically—is a very appropriate word here, as it contrasts strongly with *slight* applied to Cassius by Brutus above (line 37). This emendation seems to me, like so many of those made in Collier's MS. copy, to be just such a one as a person, going through the plays with his pencil, would make on the spur of the moment, because it was what he thought Shakespeare *ought* to have written.—F. A. M.]

222. Line 75: *By any INDIRECTION*.—By any dishonest course, any methods not “straightforward.” Compare the adjective in II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 185: “*indirect* crook'd ways.”

223. Line 80: *To lock such RASCAL COUNTERS from his friends*.—“To refuse this vile money to his friends.” *Rascal* was originally the hunter's term for a lean and worthless deer, and was then applied metaphorically to human beings, like so many other names and epithets of

inferior animals. *Counters* were round pieces of metal used in arithmetical computations. Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 38: “I cannot do 't without *counters*.” In the present passage the word is used contemptuously.

224. Lines 81, 82:

*Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!*

The Ff. have the comma after *thunderbolts*; but Collier and one or two others omit it. Craik thinks that *dash* is the infinitive with *to* omitted; but Rolfe is clearly right in regarding it as the imperative: “Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts and dash him to pieces.”

225. Line 91: *A flatterer's would not, though they do appear*.—Collier's MS. Corrector needlessly changes *do* to *did*.

226. Line 102: *PLUTUS' mine*.—The Ff. have “*Pluto's* Mine;” as “*Plutoc's* gold” in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 197.

227. Line 109: *dishonour shall be HUMOUR*; i.e. “Even dishonourable conduct (referring either to the bribery or to the behaviour of Cassius in this quarrel) shall be excused as a mere caprice.” Craik suggests that *humour* is a misprint for *honour*, and Grant White agrees with him. The antithesis would be natural enough, but the text is equally natural and expressive, and quite as likely to be what Shakespeare wrote.

228. Line 110: *you are yoked with a LAMB*.—Pope changed *lamb* to *man*. The reference is of course to Brutus himself, though occasionally misunderstood.

[Certainly *lamb* does not seem a very appropriate word here; for Brutus scarcely resembled that innocent and frisky animal. But the commonplace emendation *man* does not mend matters, and, at the best, the imagery here is slightly confused; for the parallel between a *lamb* and a *flint* that gives fire when struck, is scarcely a happy one; though *flint* is certainly descriptive enough of the nature of Brutus. After all, it is most likely that the reading of the Folio is the right one; and that the author may have intended to use a somewhat exaggerated similitude; there being in his mind, as there often was, a double idea. He meant Brutus to say that he had the gentleness of a *lamb* in his nature, as well as that slowness to anger which comes rather from a firm and resolute disposition than from a gentle one.—F. A. M.]

229. Line 119: *Have NOT YOU love enough to bear with me*.—This is the reading of the Ff. Pope, followed by some other editors, reads “Have you not,” &c.

230. Line 138: *COMPANION, hence!*—For this contemptuous use of *companion*, compare II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 33: “Why, rude *companion*,” &c.; and see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 7. The word is found in this sense as late as the middle of the last century; for instance, in Smollett's *Roderick Random* (A.D. 1748): “*Scurvy companion!* Saucy tarpaulin! Rude, impertinent fellow!”

231. Lines 152–155:

IMPATIENT of my absence,
*And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came.*

Craik remarks: "This speech is throughout a striking exemplification of the tendency of strong emotion to break through the logical forms of grammar, and of how possible it is for language to be perfectly intelligible, sometimes, with the grammar in a more or less chaotic or uncertain state." Some critics have nevertheless wished to correct the syntax by changing *Impatient* to *Impatience*.

232. Line 156: *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire*.—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "And for *Porcia*, Brutus Wife, *Nicolaus* the Philosopher, and *Valerius Maximus* do write, that she determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it), took hot burning coals and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself" (p. 151).

233. Line 173: *That by proscription and bills of outlawry, &c.*—Compare North (Life of Brutus): "After that, these three, *Octavius Cæsar*, *Antonius*, and *Lepidus* made an agreement between themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of ROME among themselves, and did set up *bills of proscription and outlawry*, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of ROME to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one" (p. 128).

234. Line 179: *Cicero is dead*.—To fill out the measure Steevens reads, "*Ay, Cicero is dead*." Abbott (Grammar, § 486) regards the preceding *one* as a dissyllable.

[It is a mercy that a race of actors educated by Dr. Abbott have not been let loose on the world; for, were they to follow his eccentric rules of pronunciation, our ears would be assailed on the stage with a kind of *boohooing* to which even the slipshod elocution of our day would seem a grateful melody. This line is one of those that need no patching; the pause amply supplies the place of the missing syllable.—F. A. M.]

235. Line 194: *I have as much of this IN ART as you*.—Malone explains *in art* as "in theory;" but Craik, better, as "acquired knowledge, or learning, as distinguished from natural disposition. This is, however, only a more exact statement of what Malone probably meant.

236. Line 209: *Come on refresh'd, new-ADDED, and encourag'd*.—For the original reading, "*new-added*," Dyce and Singer independently suggested "*new-aided*," which is plausible if any change be called for. Collier's MS. Corrector has "*new-hearted*," which Craik adopts.

237. Line 228: *Which we will NIGGARD with a little rest*.—Craik remarks that this is probably the only instance in the language of *niggard* as a verb; but Rolfe points out another in Sonnet i. 12:

And, tender churl, makest waste in *niggarding*.

238. Line 231: *FAREWELL, good Messala!*—Hanmer would read "*Now, farewell*," and Walker, *Fare you well*.

239. Line 256: *Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while, &c.*—F. 2 muddles the passage as follows:

Canst thou hold up thy instrument a straine or two,
And touch thy heavy eyes a-while.

240. Line 272: *Where I left reading*.—Compare North

(Life of Brutus): "Brutus was a careful¹ man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the daytime, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head ever busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes; and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come to him. So, being ready to go into ETRUPE, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither? The spirit answered him, 'I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of PHILIPPES.' Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: 'Well, then I shall see thee again.' The Spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all" (p. 136).

See also the Life of Cæsar: "he thought he heard a noise at his tent-door, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed-side, and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: 'I am thy ill Angell, Brutus; and thou shalt see me by the City of PHILIPPES.' Then Brutus replied again, and said, 'Well, I shall see then.' Therewithal, the spirit presently vanished from him" (pp. 103, 104).

Concerning the introduction of the Ghost, Ulrici (Shakespeare's Dramatic Art) asks: "What can justify apparitions and spirits in an *historical* drama? And in any case, why is it that the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus, whose designs, apparently at least, are pure and noble, rather than to Cassius, his sworn enemy? Because, though they appear to be such, they are not so in reality; the design is not really *pure* which has for its first step so arrogant a violation of right. Moreover, Cæsar had been more deeply wronged by Brutus than by Cassius. Brutus, like Coriolanus, had trampled under foot the tenderest and noblest affections of humanity for the sake of the phantom honour of free citizenship. Brutus, lastly, was the very soul of the conspiracy; if his mental energies should be paralysed, and his strong courage unnerved, the whole enterprise must fail. And so, in truth, it went to pieces, because it was against the will of history—that is, against the eternal counsels of God. It was to signify

¹ That is, full of care. Compare Richard III. i. 3. 83, 84:

By Him that rais'd me to this *careful* height
From that contented hap which I enjoy'd.

this great lesson that Shakespeare introduced the ghost upon the stage. Only once, and with a few pregnant words, does the spirit appear; but he is constantly hovering in the background, like a dark thunder-cloud, and is, as it were, the offended and threatening spirit of history itself. It is with the same purpose that Shakespeare has introduced spectral apparitions into another of his historical pieces—Richard III. Both dramas belong to the same historical grade; they both represent important turning-points in the history of the world—the close of an old, and the commencement of a new state of things—and in such times the guiding finger of God is more obviously apparent than at others."

ACT V. SCENE I.

241. Line 14: *Their bloody sign of battle is hung out.*—North (Life of Brutus) says: "The next morning, by break of day, the signal of battle was set out in *Brutus's* and *Cassius's* camp, which was an arming scarlet coat" (p. 139).

242. Line 20: *I do not cross you; but I will do so.*—The American editor Hudson explains the line thus: "That is, 'I will do as I have said,' not 'I will cross you.' At this time Octavius was but twenty-one years old, and Antony was old enough to be his father. . . . The text gives the right taste of the man, who always stood firm as a post against Antony, till the latter finally knocked himself to pieces against him." Mr. Aldis Wright also believes that the passage is intended "to bring out the character of Octavius, which made Antony yield." To this Rolfe replies: "We may be alone in our opinion (the editors generally make no comment here), but we believe that both Hudson and Wright are wrong. We can see neither truth nor point in saying 'I do not cross you, but I will do what you say crosses you.' We take it that Octavius yields to Antony, and does it readily, with a play upon *cross*: 'I do not cross you (in Antony's sense of the word), but I will cross you (in the sense of crossing over to the other side of the field);' and with the word he *does* cross over. According to Plutarch he commanded the left wing, and this makes the play agree with the history. It is also confirmed by the context. So far from setting himself in opposition to Antony, Octavius in his very next speech asks the former whether they shall *give sign of battle*, and when Antony says *no* he at once accepts this decision and gives orders accordingly."

243. Line 34: *But for your words, they rob the* HYBLA BEES.—*Hybla* in Sicily was proverbial in ancient times for its honey. We have another allusion to it in I. Henry IV. i. 2. 47: "the honey of *Hybla*."

244. Line 44: *O YOU flatterers!*—Some editors drop *you* for the sake of the metre.

245. Line 53: *Cæsar's three and THIRTY wounds.*—Theobald changed this to "three and *twenty*," the number given by Plutarch and Suetonius; but Shakespeare is careless in these numerical matters.

246. Line 60: *die more HONOURABLY.*—The Ff. have "more *honourable*;" but this is probably a misprint for "more *honourable*."

247. Line 61: *A PEEVISH schoolboy, worthless of such*

honour.—As Dyce (Glossary) remarks: "*Peevish* appears to have generally signified during Shakespeare's days 'silly, foolish, trifling,' &c. though no doubt the word was formerly used, as now, in the sense of 'pettish, perverse,' &c." For a very clear instance of the former sense (which some have been inclined to doubt) see I. Henry VI. v. 3. 185, 186, where, to Suffolk's suggestion that Margaret shall send a kiss to the King as a "loving token," she replies:

I will not so presume
To send such *peevish* tokens to a king.

248. Line 80: *our FORMER ensign.*—Rowe changed *former* to *foremost* (as in the corresponding passage in North's Plutarch quoted below), and Collier's MS. Corrector to *forward*; but other examples of this use of *former* have been cited by Dyce and others.

On the passage, compare North (Life of Brutus): "When they raised their Camp, there came two Eagles that flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the *foremost* Ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat, and fed them, until they came near to the city of PHILIPPES; and there one day only before the battle, they both flew away" (p. 137).

249. Line 97: *Let's reason with the worst that may befall.*—See the life of Brutus: "There *Cassius* began to speak first, and said: 'The gods grant us, O *Brutus*, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do, to fly, or die?' *Brutus* answered him, being yet but a young man, and not over greatly experienced in the world, 'I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove *Cato* for killing himself, as being no lawful nor godly act, touching the gods: nor concerning men, valiant; not to give place and yield to divine providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, . . . but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune'" (p. 140).

250. Line 101: *Even by the rule of that philosophy, &c.*—The passage reads thus in F. i:

Even by the rule of that Philosophy,
By which I did blame *Cato*, for the death
Which he did give himselfe, I know not how:
But I do finde it Cowardly, and vile,
For feare of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life, arming my selfe with patience,
To stay the providence of some high Powers,
That governe vs below.

It has been pointed in various ways by the modern editors. Knight and Dyce make *I know not how* . . . the time of life a parenthesis. Craik connects *I know not how*, &c. with the preceding words: "*I know not how* it is, but *I do find it*, by the rule of that philosophy, &c., cowardly and vile, &c." The Cambridge editors follow

Craik. Collier puts a period after *himself*, as in the text. This seems the simplest arrangement, the meaning being: "I am determined to *do*, or *act*, by the rule of that *philosophy*, &c." Then he adds: "I know not why, but I think it *cowardly* to commit suicide for fear of what may happen—rather *arming myself* to endure whatever fate may have in store for me. To *stay* of course means "to *await*."

251. Line 106: *The TIME of life*.—That is, "the full time," "the normal period of life;" but Collier's MS. Corrector, in his meddlesome way, changes *time* to *term*, and in the next line he reads *those high powers*, which is a trifle more plausible.

252. Line 111: *No, Cassius, no!* &c.—Craik remarks: "There has been some controversy about the reasoning of Brutus in this dialogue. Both Stevens and Malone conceive that there is an inconsistency between what he here says and his previous declaration of his determination not to follow the example of Cato. But how did Cato act? He slew himself that he might not witness and outlive the fall of Utica. This was, merely 'for fear of what might fall,' to anticipate the end of life. It did not follow that it would be wrong, in the opinion of Brutus, to commit suicide in order to escape any certain and otherwise inevitable calamity or degradation, such as being led in triumph through the streets of Rome by Octavius and Antony."

ACT V. SCENE 2.

253.—With this and the following short scenes, compare the Life of Brutus in North's Plutarch: "Then Brutus prayed Cassius he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was far meeter for Cassius, both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet Cassius gave it him, and willed that Messala (who had charge of one of the warlikest legions they had) should be also in that wing with Brutus. . . . In the meantime Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bills to the colonels and captains of private bands, in the which he wrote the word of the battle."

"First of all, he (Cassius) was marvellous angry to see how Brutus' men ran to give charge upon their enemies, and tarried not for the word of the battle, nor commandment to give charge: and it grieved him beside, that after he had overcome them, his men fell straight to spoil, and were not careful to compass in the rest of the enemies behind: but with tarrying too long also, more than through the valiantness or foresight of the captains his enemies, Cassius found himself compassed in with the right wing of his enemy's army. Whereupon his horsemen brake immediately, and fled for life towards the sea. Furthermore, perceiving his footmen to give ground, he did what he could to keep them from flying, and took an ensign from one of the ensign-bearers that fled, and stuck it fast at his feet: although with much ado he could scant keep his own guard together. So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit Cassius himself

saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saying that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory, and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius, thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: 'Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face.' After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondsmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch, since the cursed battle of the PARTHIANS, where Crassus¹ was slain, though he notwithstanding escaped from that overthrow: but then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body: but after that time Pindarus was never seen more. Whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived, by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and slew himself presently in the field. Brutus in the meantime came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown: but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the ROMANS, being impossible that ROME should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he: he caused his body to be buried, and sent it to the city of THRASSOS, fearing lest his funerals within the camp should cause great disorder."

"There was the son of Marcus Cato slain, valiantly fighting among the lusty youths. For notwithstanding that he was very weary and over-harried, yet would he not therefore fly; but manfully fighting and laying about him, telling aloud his name, and also his father's name, at length he was beaten down amongst many other dead bodies of his enemies, which he had slain round about him. So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life: amongst whom there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them

¹ Misprinted "Cassius" in the ed. of 1676.

with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was *Brutus*: and because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to *Antonius*, for he said he was afraid of *Cæsar*, and that he did trust *Antonius* better. These barbarous men, being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto *Antonius*, to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him.

. . . In the meantime *Lucilius* was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said: '*Antonius*, I dare assure thee, that no enemy hath taken nor shall take *Marcus Brutus* alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune: for wheresoever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself.' . . . *Lucilius*' words made them all amazed that heard him. *Antonius* on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them: 'My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong: but I assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed. For instead of an enemy, you have brought me a friend: and for my part, if you had brought me *Brutus* alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him. For I had rather have such men my friends than mine enemies. Then he embraced *Lucilius*, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody; and *Lucilius* ever after served him faithfully, even to his death."

"Furthermore, *Brutus* thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle: and to know the truth of it, there was one called *Statilius*, that promised to go through his enemies, for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp: and from thence, if all were well, he would lift up a torch-light in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torch-light was lift up as he had promised, for *Statilius* went thither. Now *Brutus* seeing *Statilius* tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said: 'If *Statilius* be alive, he will come again.' But his evil fortune was such that, as he came back, he lighted into his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, *Brutus* as he sat bowed towards *Clitus*, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a-weeping. Thereupon he proved *Dardanus*, and said somewhat also to him: at length he came to *Volumnius* himself, and speaking to him in Greek, prayed him for the studies' sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. *Volumnius* denied his request, and so did many others: and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then *Brutus*, rising up, 'We must fly indeed, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet.' Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: 'It rejoiceth my heart, that none of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetual fame of virtue and honesty, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty

and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them.' Having so said, he prayed every man to shift for himself, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which *Strato* was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he, but *Strato* (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that *Brutus* fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. *Messala*, that had been *Brutus*' great friend, afterwards became *Octavius Cæsar*'s friend: so, shortly after, *Cæsar* being at good leisure, he brought *Strato*, *Brutus*' friend unto him, and weeping said: '*Cæsar*, behold, here is he that did the last service to my *Brutus*.' *Cæsar* welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any *GRECIAN* else he had about him, until the battle of *ACTIUM*" (pp. 140-151).

ACT V. SCENE 3.

254. Line 41: *Now be a FREEMAN*.—We have printed *freeman* here as one word, as it is no doubt equal to the Latin *libertus* or *libertinus*, the equivalent of *freedman*, i.e. a slave who has obtained or been given his freedom. Compare what *Pindarus* says below (line 47), *So, I am free*; by which he means, apparently, that he has obtained his freedom through the death of *Cassius*.

In the passage above, iii. 2. 25, "to live all *free men*," where some editors hyphen *free men*, as if it were equal to the Latin *liberti*, we prefer to print the words *free men* as two words; *free* having the ordinary sense of one who enjoys liberty but is not, necessarily, a liberated slave.—*R. A. M.*

255. Line 43: *here, take thou the HILTS*.—*Rolfe* notes that *Shakespeare* uses *hilt*s with reference to a single weapon five times, *hilt* three times. For another instance of the plural, see *Richard III.* i. 4. 160: "with the *hilt*s of thy sword."

256. Line 61: *As in thy red rays thou dost sink TO NIGHT*.—Some editors read *to-night*, but *Craik* well says that "a far nobler sense is given to the words by taking *sink to night* to be an expression of the same kind as *sink to rest*." There is no hyphen in the *Pf*.

257. Line 85: *But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow*.—Here the analogy of other passages shows that *Craik* is wrong in making *hold thee* equivalent to *hold*, in i. 3. 117 above (see note 81), meaning "but hold" or "but stop," and that it is rather to be interpreted, as *Dyce* gives it, as "but have thou, receive thou." Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 4. 17: "*hold thee* that to drink;" and *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 651: "yet *hold thee*, there's some boot." In these passages, as in sundry others, *thee* seems to be colloquially used for "thou."

258. Line 99: *The last of all the Romans*.—*Rowe*, whom *Dyce* follows and defends, reads "*Thou last*," &c. *North* (see extract above) has the expression *the last of all the Romans*; and though it does not occur in an apostrophe, as here, it is probable that *Shakespeare* copied it. *Rhe-*

torically the old reading is quite as appropriate as the modern one.

259. Line 104: *to THASSOS send his body*.—The Ff. have *Tharsus*, which is obviously a misprint for *Thassos*, the form in North, though *Thasos*, which the Cambridge editors substitute, is the classical form of the name. *Thasos* was an island in the Ægean Sea.

260. Line 105: *His FUNERALS*.—North uses the plural, which is also found in Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 381. Elsewhere Shakespeare has *funeral*, except in the Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 14:

Turn melancholy forth to *funerals*,
where it is a true plural. On the other hand, Shakespeare uses *nuptial* for *nuptials* several times. See Much Ado, note 268.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

261. Line 2: *What bastard doth not!* i.e. "Who so base, so false to his ancestry, that he doth not?" See note 217 above.

262. Line 17: *I'll tell THE news*.—The Folio reading is "I'll tell thee newes;" corrected by Pope.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

263. Line 19: *And, this last night, here in Philippi fields*.—Compare North (Life of Cæsar): "The second battle being at hand, this spirit appeared again unto him, but spake never a word. Thereupon Brutus, knowing that he should die, did put himself to all hazard in battle, but yet fighting could not be slain" (p. 104). See also Life of Brutus: "The Romans called the valley between both camps, the Philipplan Fields" (p. 137).

264. Line 33: *Farewell to thee TOO, Strato*.—Countrymen, &c.—The Ff. read: "Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen;" which was corrected by Theobald.

265. Line 62: *Ay, if Messala will PREFER me to you*.—*Prefer* seems to have been the usual phrase for recommending a servant. Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning, ii. 21. 1: "And if it be said, that the cure of men's minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is most true; but yet moral philosophy may be *preferred* unto her as a wise servant and humble handmaid."

266. Line 68: *This was the noblest Roman of them all*.—

Compare North (Life of Brutus): "For it was said that *Antonius* spake it openly divers times, that he thought, that of all them that had slain *Cæsar*, there was none but *Brutus* only that was moved to do it, as thinking the act commendable of itself: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy, that they otherwise did bear unto him" (p. 130).

267. Line 71: *He only, in a GENERAL honest thought*, &c.—Craik follows Collier's MS. Corrector in reading "a *generous* honest thought;" but *general* is simply an anticipation of "to all."

268. Line 73: *His life was gentle, and the elements*, &c.—There is a passage resembling this in Drayton's poem, The Barons' Wars, published in 1603; and, before the date of the play was proved to be as early as 1601, it was a question whether Drayton or Shakespeare was the borrower. If either, it must have been the former; but allusions to the well-balanced mingling of the four elements (fire, air, earth, and water) to produce the perfection of humanity, are common in writers of the time. Compare, for instance, Ben Jonson, Cynthia's Revels, ii. 3: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper, one in whom the humours and *elements* are *peaceably met*, without emulation of precedence."

It may be noted that the passage in Drayton, as printed in 1603 and in all the subsequent editions before 1619, reads as follows:

Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace th' elements all lay
So mixt, as none could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, yet all did obey;
His lively temper was so absolute,
That 't seemed when heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man.

In the edition of 1619 it takes the following shape, which, it will be seen, bears a somewhat closer resemblance to the passage in Julius Cæsar:

He was a man (then boldly dare to say)
In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit,
In whom so mixt the elements did lay
That none to one could sovereignty impute;
As all did govern, so did all obey;
He of a temper was so absolute,
As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Across ¹ (adv.). ii. 1 240	Afloat ² iv. 3 222	Alliance ⁴ iv. 1 43	Bang (sub.) iii. 3 20
	Airless i. 3 94	Awl i. 1 25	*Barren-spirited iv. 1 36
	Alchemy ³ i. 3 150		Basis ⁵ iii. 1 115

¹ = folded (of arms), also in Lucrece, 1662; used in four passages = from side to side; used as prep. in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 15.

² Sonnet lxxx. 9.

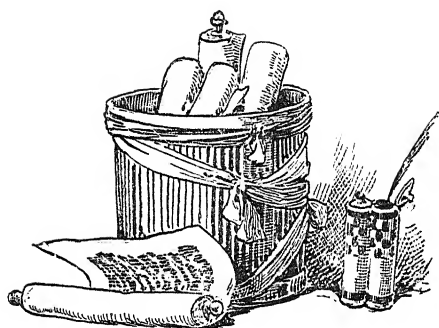
³ Sonnet xxxiii. 4; cxiv. 4.

⁴ = league, confederacy; = different degrees of relationship, used frequently: = marriage, six times.

⁵ = pedestal; = foundation, occurs five times.

WORDS PECULIAR TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Bound ¹	iv. 3 221	Improve.....	ii. 1 159	Over-earnest...	iv. 3 122	Soundless ²⁰	v. 1 36
Chew ²	i. 2 171	Indifferent ⁶	i. 3 115	Path (verb)....	ii. 1 83	Stare ²¹	iv. 3 280
*Chimney-tops ³	i. 1 44	Insuppressive..	ii. 1 134	Phantasma....	ii. 1 65	Stingless.....	v. 1 35
*Climber-upward	ii. 1 23	Intermit.....	i. 1 59	Posture ¹⁴	v. 1 33	Strange-disposed	i. 3 33
Cobbler.....	i. 1 11, 23	Laughter ⁷	i. 2 72	Prætor.....	i. 3 143	Sweaty ²²	i. 2 247
Couchings.....	iii. 1 36	Lethe ⁸	iii. 1 206		ii. 4 35	*Sword-hilts...	v. 5 28
Crimsoned.....	iii. 1 206	Limitation ⁹ ...	ii. 1 283	Pre-formed....	i. 3 67	Tag-rag (adj.)..	i. 2 260
Cynic.....	iv. 3 133	Low-crooked....	iii. 1 43	Pre-ordnance..	iii. 1 38	Torch-light....	v. 5 2
Disconsolate...	v. 3 55	Mender.....	i. 1 16	Proscription ..	iv. 1 17	*True-fixed	iii. 1 61
Drowsily.....	iv. 3 240	*New-added... ..	iv. 3 209		iv. 3 173, 178, 180	Unassailable ..	iii. 1 69
Engagements... ..	ii. 1 307	New-fired ¹⁰ ...	ii. 1 332	Protester.....	i. 2 74	Underlings....	i. 2 141
*Falling-sickness	i. 2. 256, 258	New-planted ..	iii. 2 253	Pulpit.....	iii. 1 80, 84, 229, 230, 250	Unpurged.....	ii. 1 266
Fearfulness....	i. 1 80	Niggard (vb. tr.)	iv. 3 228		ii. 1 180	Unscorched....	i. 3 18
Ferret (adj.)... ..	i. 2 186	Nimbleness....	iv. 3 202	Purgers.....	ii. 1 180	Untouched ²³ ..	iii. 1 142
Former ⁴	v. 1 80	*Noblest-minded ¹¹	i. 3 122	Rabblement....	i. 2 245	Untrod.....	iii. 1 186
Freeman ⁵	v. 3 41	Noonday.....	i. 3 27	Recover ¹⁵	i. 1 28	Upmost.....	ii. 1 24
Gusty.....	i. 2 100	Noted ¹²	iv. 3 2	Recreate ¹⁶	iii. 2 236	Villager.....	i. 2 172
High-sighted..	ii. 1 118	Obscurely ¹³ ...	i. 2 323	Rent ¹⁷	iii. 2 179	Void ²⁴	ii. 4 37
Honey-heavy... ..	ii. 1 230	Outlawry.....	iv. 3 173	Replication ¹⁸	i. 1 51	Wafture.....	ii. 1 246
Honeyless.....	v. 1 35	6 = of no moment; used else- where in other senses.		Rheumy.....	ii. 1 266	Whizzing.....	ii. 1 44
*Honourable- dangerous...	i. 3 124	7 Lover's Complaint, 124.		Round ¹⁹	ii. 1 24	Wrathfully....	ii. 1 172
*Ill-tempered..	iv. 3. 115, 116	8 Used figuratively = death; = oblivion, in four other pas- sages; = the river of that name, in Hamlet, i. 5. 33.		Ruddy.....	ii. 1 289		
		9 = restriction; = appointed time, in Coriolanus, ii. 3. 146.		Sacrificers.....	ii. 1 166		
		10 Sonnet clii. 9.		Sleek-headed..	i. 2 193		
		11 Noble-minded occurs in I. Henry VI. iv. 4. 37; Tit. And. i. 1. 209.		Smatch.....	v. 5 46		
		12 = stigmatized; this verb is used in various senses elsewhere.					
		13 = indirectly; = darkly, out of sight, in Lucrece, 1250.					
		14 = direction, nature.					
		15 = to cover again; used fre- quently in various other senses.					
		16 Venus and Adonis, 1695.					
		17 = a breach.					
		18 = reverberation; = reply, oc- curs three times.					
		19 = step of a ladder.					
		20 = dumb; occurs in Sonn. lxxx.					
		21 = unfathomable.					
		22 = to stand on end; <i>up-star- ing</i> , in this sense, occurs in The Tempest, i. 2. 213.					
		23 = wet with perspiration; used figuratively in Hamlet, i. 1. 77 = toilsome.					
		24 = uninjured; occurs in Rich. III. iii. 7. 19 = unmentioned.					
		25 = open; = null, in III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 142: = destitute of, in four other passages.					



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, Count of Rousillon.

LAFEU¹, an old Lord at the French court.

PAROLLES, a follower of Bertram.

First Lord,² } Two brothers } belonging to the French court, serving
Second Lord,² } with Bertram in the Florentine war.

First Gentleman,² } belonging to the French army.
Second Gentleman,² }

A Gentleman, attached to the French army.

Steward, } servants to the Countess of Rousillon.
Clown, }

A Page.

First Soldier.²

Second Soldier.

COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, mother to Bertram.

HELENA,³ a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, daughter to the Widow.

VIOLENTA,⁴ } neighbours and friends to the Widow.
MARIANA, }

SCENE—Partly in France and partly in Tuscany.

HISTORICAL PERIOD: the 13th or 14th century.

TIME OF ACTION (according to Daniel).

ELEVEN DAYS distributed over about three months.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval; Bertram's journey to Court.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2, 3.—Interval; Helena's journey to Court.

Day 3: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.—Interval two days; cure of the King's malady.

Day 4: Act II. Sc. 3, 4, 5.—Interval; Helena's return to Rousillon; Bertram's journey to Florence.

Day 5: Act III. Scenes 1, 2.

Day 6: Act III. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval "some two months" (iv. 3. 56).

Day 7: Act III. Scene 5.

Day 8: Act III. Scenes 6, 7; Act IV. Scenes 1, 2.

Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 3, 4.—Interval; Bertram's return to Rousillon; Helena's return to Marseilles.

Day 10: Act IV. Scene 5; Act V. Scene 1.

Day 11: Act V. Scenes 2, 3.

¹ LAFEU: Spelt *Lafew* in the Folio.

² See note on *Dramatis Personæ*.

³ HELENA: Sometimes spelt *Hellen* in the Folio.

⁴ VIOLENTA: A mute personage. Perhaps her part was omitted for practical reasons in the copy from which the Folio was printed.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL was first printed in 1623 in the First Folio. In the entry of this volume in the Stationers' Register, November 8th of that year, it is enumerated among such plays as had not been previously entered to other men. This is the first time we hear of the play under its present name, and the period at which it was first produced is therefore purely a matter of conjecture. The theories here put forward are substantially those received by most modern critics, but every reader is at liberty to form his own opinion.

Francis Meres, in the list of Shakespeare's plays which he gives in the well-known passage of his *Palladis Tamia* (1598), mentions a comedy entitled *Love labours wonne*, and this immediately following *Love labors lost*. No other mention of this comedy has ever been found, and since Meres' testimony to its existence is unimpeachable, we are left to make the best conjecture we can as to its fate. Has it been lost, or is it one of the plays which we now know by another name? That Love's Labour's Won, an undoubted work of so popular a dramatist as Shakespeare, should have utterly disappeared, while Love's Labour's Lost has survived, is very unlikely; and there is every probability that, if it had so far escaped the printer, there would have been an acting copy in existence which the editors of the First Folio would have secured. But they have printed no play under this name, and we must, therefore, conclude that it is in some sense or other identical with one of the existing plays. Which play this was is a question which seems to have troubled nobody till Farmer in his Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare suggested that it was All's Well That Ends Well, and al-

though two or three others have been put forward,¹ no other has such strong claims.

There is, however, an insuperable difficulty in the way of the supposition that Love's Labour's Won and All's Well are absolutely identical. Considerations of style and metre forbid us to suppose that the latter in its present shape was written as early as 1598; if it was, we should have to put it earlier than such plays as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, none of which are mentioned by Meres, and which he could not fail to have pointed to, had he been acquainted with them, rather than to the "Gentlemen of Verona" and the "Errors" in order to prove Shakespeare's excellence "for the stage." But although the prevailing tone and style of All's Well unquestionably indicate a later date than these three plays, there are good reasons for believing that it is an earlier play remodelled, and that this earlier play was the Love's Labour's Won of Meres. Love's Labour's Won was evidently considered by Meres to be a companion play to Love's Labour's Lost, and in All's Well there are certain passages quite in the rhyming, balanced, somewhat artificial style of that play—passages which Mr. Fleay, who was the first to call attention to them, aptly terms "boulders from the old strata imbedded in the later deposits." The following is a list of them as picked out by Mr. Fleay, and among them, at the end of the play, may be noticed an expression of Helena suggestive of the old title:

This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

—Act v. 3. 314, 315.

Act i. 1. 231-244. Speech of Helena, preserved for its poetic worth; it is also very appropriate to

¹ *The Tempest*, Hunter (impossible!); *Much Ado*, Brae; *The Taming of the Shrew*, Hertzberg.

the situation, emphasizing, as it does, Helena's self-reliance and strength of purpose.

Act i. 3. 134-142. Nine lines spoken by the Countess, the first four in alternate rhymes.

Act ii. 1. 132-213. Dialogue between the King and Helena in continuous rhyme, quite different in tone from the rest of the play, and quite in Shakespeare's early style. The gradual yielding of the sick king to Helena's persuasions is well depicted, and it probably struck the author as a bit worth preserving.

Act ii. 3. 78-111. Rhymed lines spoken by the King, Helena, and the two lords, with prose comments by Lafeu inserted on the revision. Helena's choice of a husband, naturally a telling bit in the original play.

Act ii. 3. 132-151. Speech of the King, of which the same may be said.

Act iii. 4. 4-17, and iv. 3. 252-260. Two letters in the form of sonnets. "This sort of composition," says Mr. Fleay, "does not quite die out till the end of Shakespeare's Second Period, but it is very rare in that period, and never appears in the Third." It is, however, conceivable that Shakespeare may have recurred to this form for a letter by a poetical character like Helena, or a fantastic character like Parolles, even in his Third Period.

Act v. 3. 60-72, 291-294, 301-304, 314-319, 325-340. Rhyming bits, chiefly from the speeches of the King and Helena, the last, which includes the epilogue, forming a suitable finish to the play.

The above passages will be seen to be quite in Shakespeare's early style, as we find it in *Love's Labour's Lost*, the title of which play probably suggested that of *Love's Labour's Won*, and we cannot be far wrong in surmising that both plays were written about the same time, *i.e.* in the period 1590-92.¹ The date at which the play was recast and appeared in its present shape of *All's Well That Ends Well* was probably the period 1601-1604. We should thus put it, with Professor Dowden and others, later than the romantic comedies *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, and earlier than the three great tragedies, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*, while we should bring it near to *Measure for Measure*, to which the conjectural date 1603 has been assigned,—a play which, apart from certain resemblances of incident, it resembles

perhaps more closely than any other in "motif" and expression.

The source from which Shakespeare derived the story of *All's Well* is the story of Giletta of Narbona, which forms the Ninth Novel of the Third Day of the Decameron. He probably became acquainted with it through the translation in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566-67, but all that he derived from it was the outline of the plot. The name Giletta he changed to Helena, Beltramo he anglicized into Bertram; the other names, with the exception of that of Helena's father, Gerard de Narbon, are his own. Lafeu, the Countess, the Steward, the Clown, and Parolles, are entirely his own creation, nor is there the slightest hint of the comic scenes in the original story, the extent of Shakespeare's obligation to which will be evident from the following analysis of it.

Giletta, the daughter of Gerado of Narbona, a physician, having been brought up in the family of the Count of Rossiglione with his only son Beltramo, fell in love with Beltramo "more than was meete for a maiden of her age." On his father's death, Beltramo, as the king's ward, was sent to Paris, "for whose departure the maiden was verie pensife." Accordingly she watched for an opportunity of going herself to Paris and joining Beltramo, and at last, hearing that the king "had a swellynge upon his breast, whiche by reason of ill cure, was grown to a Fistula," and had abandoned all hope of cure, she thought that "if the disease were suche (as she supposed,) easely to bryng to passe that she might have the Counte Beltramo to her husbande." So she "made a powder of certain herbes, which she thought meete for that disease, and rode to Paris" (act i. sc. 1 and 3). Here she obtained an interview with the king, and "putte hym in comforte, that she was able to heale hym, sayyng: 'Sire, if it shall please your grace, I trust in God, without any paine or grieve unto your highnesse, within eight daies I will make you whole of this disease.' The kyng hearyng her saie so, began to mocke her, sayyng: 'How is it possible for thee, beyng a yong woman, to doe that, whiche the best renoumed Phisicians in the worlde can not?'

¹ In common with *Love's Labour's Lost* may be noticed the name Dumain, *All's Well*, iv. 3. 200, &c.; and perhaps an allusion to the crazy Italian, Monarcho (see *Love's Labour's Lost*, Introduction), *All's Well*, i. 1. 118.

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He thanked her, for her goodwill, and made her a directe answere, that he was determined no more to followe the counsaile of any Phisicion. Whereunto the maiden answered: 'Sire, you dispise my knowledge, bicause I am yonge, and a woman, but I assure you, that I doe not minister Phisicke by profession, but by the aide and helpe of God: and with the cunningg of maister Gerardo of Narbona, who was my father, and a Phisicion of greate fame, so longe as he lived.' The kyng hearyng those wordes, saied to hymself: 'This woman peradventure is sent unto me of God, and therefore, why should I disdaine to prove her cunningg? Sithens she promiseth to heale me within a litle space, without any offence or grief unto me.' And beyng determined to prove her, he said: 'Damosell, if thou doest not heale me, but make me to breake my determinacion, what wilt thou shall folowe thereof.' 'Sire,' saied the maiden: 'Let me be kept in what garde and keypyng you list: and if I dooe not heale you within these eight daies, let me bee burnte: but if I do heale your grace, what recompence shall I have then?' To whom the kyng answered: 'Bicause thou art a maiden, and unmarried, if thou heale me, accordyng to thy promise, I will bestowe thee upon some gentleman, that shalbe of right good worship and estimacion.' To whom she answered: 'Sire I am verie well content, that you bestowe me in mariage: But I will have suche a husbaunde, as I my self shall demaunde; without presumption to any of your children, or other of your bloudde'" (act ii. sc. 1). The king granted her request, and being cured by her even before the appointed time, told her to choose such a husband as she wished. Accordingly she chose Beltramo. The king, however, "was very lothe to graunte him unto her: But because he had made a promis, whiche he was lothe to breake, he caused him to be called forthe, and saied unto hym: 'Sir Counte, because you are a gentleman of greate honor, our pleasure is, that you retourne home to your owne house, to order your estate according to your degree: and that you take with you a Damosell which I have appointed to be your wife.' To whom the Counte gave his humble thanks, and demaunded what she was? 'It

is she (quoth the kyng) that with her medecines, hath healed me.' The Counte knewe her well, and had alredie seen her, although she was faire, yet knowing her not to be of a stocke, convenable to his nobilitie, disdainfullie said unto the king, 'Will you then (sir) give me, a Phisicion to wife? It is not the pleasure of God, that ever I should in that wise bestowe my self.' To whom the kyng said: 'Wilt thou then, that we should breake our faith, which we to recover healthe, have given to the damosell, who for a rewarde thereof, asked thee to husband?' 'Sire (quod Beltramo) you maie take from me al that I have, and give my persone to whom you please, bicause I am your subject: but I assure you, I shall never bee contented with that mariage.' 'Well you shall have her (saied the Kyng), for the maiden is faire and wise, and loveth you moste intirely: thinkyng verelie you shall leade a more joyfull life with her, then with a ladie of a greater house.'" So Beltramo had to give way and was married to Giletta, but immediately after the marriage he begged leave to return home (act ii. sc. 3). "And when he was on horsebacke, he went not thither, but took his journey into Thuscane, where understanding that the Florentines, and Senois were at warres, he determined to take the Florentines parte, and was willinglie received, and honourable interteigned, and made capitaine of a certaine number of men, continuynge in their service a longe tyme" (act iii. sc. 3). As for Giletta, she returned to Rousillon, and governed the country very wisely for some time, hoping thereby to induce her husband to return to her. At last she sent to the count offering to leave the country, if that would satisfy him. His reply was, "Lette her doe what she list. For I doe purpose to dwell with her, when she shall have this ryng, (meaning a ryng which he wore) upon her finger, and a soonne in her armes, begotten by me" (act iii. sc. 2). Giletta, however, was not to be discouraged, and giving out that she intended to devote the rest of her days to a religious life, she left Rousillon, "tellyng no man whither shee went, and never rested, till she came to Florence (act iii. sc. 4): where by Fortune at a poore widowes house, she contented her self, with the state of a poore

pilgrime, desirous to here newes of her lorde, whom by fortune she sawe the next daie, passing by the house (where she lay) on horsebacke with his companie. And although she knewe him well enough, yet she demaunded of the good wife of the house what he was: who answered that he was a straunge gentleman, called the Counte Beltramo of Rossiglione, a courteous knight, and welbelovèd in the citie, and that he was mervelously in love with a neighbor of her; that was a gentlewoman, verie poore and of small substaunce, nevertheless of right honest life and report, and by reason of her povertie, was yet unmarried, and dwelte with her mother, that was a wise and honest Ladie" (act iii. sc. 5). Giletta accordingly repaired to this lady, and with her laid the plot by which she was to fulfil the two conditions which her husband had laid down (act iii. sc. 7). The lady got the ring from Beltramo, "although it was with the Countes ill will," and having sent him word that her daughter was ready "to accomlishe his pleasure," she substituted Giletta in her place (act iv. sc. 2). By way of recompensing the service the lady had done her, Giletta gave her five hundred pounds and many costly jewels "to marie her daughter" (act iv. sc. 4), and Beltramo having returned to Rousillon, she remained at Florence till she was "brought a bedde of two soones, whiche were verie like unto their father," and "when she sawe tyme," she took her journey to Rousillon, and appeared in her husband's hall with her two sons in her arms just as he was about to sit down to table with a large company. She then produced the ring, and called upon Beltramo to recognize his children, and to receive her as his wife. This he could not refuse to do, but "abjected his obstinate rigour: causyng her to rise up, and imbraced and kissed her, acknowledging her againe for his lawfull wife (act v. sc. 3)."

STAGE HISTORY.

No record of the performance of *All's Well That Ends Well* in Shakespeare's time remains, nor do we find any mention of it among the plays performed on the reopening of the theatres at the Restoration, nor can any record be found of such a play as *Love's Labour's*

Won having ever been acted. It was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that any manager thought it worth his while to bring this play forward on the stage, when it was produced for Mrs. Giffard's benefit at the theatre in Goodman's Fields (March 7, 1741), Mrs. Giffard taking the part of Helena, and her husband that of Bertram. The Parolles of this revival was Joseph Peterson, an actor of some note, who played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard III. on the occasion of the latter's first appearance at Goodman's Fields, October 26, 1741; Miss Hippley was the Diana; she, as well as Mrs. Giffard, were in the cast in Richard III. at Garrick's début, the former as Prince Edward, the latter as Queen Anne.

Davies, who does not seem to have known of the performance at Goodman's Fields, says that this play, "after having lain more than a hundred years undisturbed upon the prompter's shelf, was, in October, 1741, revived at the theatre in Drury Lane" (*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 7). It was really on the 22nd January, 1742, that this production took place; a production attended by so many calamities to the actors that the play was termed by them "the unfortunate comedy." On this first representation Mrs. Woffington, who played Helena, was taken so ill that she fainted on the stage during the first act (*Genest*, vol. iii. p. 645), and the part had to be read. The play was advertised for the following Friday, but had to be deferred till February 16th in consequence of Milward's illness. This illness was said to have been caused by his wearing too thin clothes in the part of the King which he played with great effect. He was seized with a shivering fit, and, when asked by one of his fellow-actors how he was, replied, "How is it possible for me to be sick, when I have such a physician as Mrs. Woffington?" (*Davies*, vol. ii. p. 7). This illness soon terminated fatally, for on February 9th we find that there was a performance of *All's Well* for the benefit of Milward's widow and children. Davies says that Mrs. Ridout, "a pretty woman and a pleasing actress," was taken ill and forbidden to act for a month, and that Mrs. Butler

"was likewise seized with a distemper in the progress of this play" (*ut supra*, p. 9). Genest challenges the correctness of both these statements, on the ground that the names of these actresses appear in the bills for the remaining performances of this play; but, unless the habits of theatrical managers were different to what they are now, such a fact as the appearance of a name on the bills would not be a positive guarantee that the actor or actress so named did absolutely perform. Other troubles besides those occasioned by illness beset the production of this play. Fleetwood, the manager, had promised the part of Parolles to Macklin, but "Theophilus Cibber, by some sort of artifice, as common in theatres as in courts, snatched it from him to his great displeasure" (*ut supra*, p. 9). Macklin had to content himself with the part of the clown. In spite of these fatalities and these contretemps this revival certainly seems to have been successful; for the comedy was repeated nine times; Delane taking the place of Milward. Berry's performance of Lafau is much praised by Davies; nor does Cibber seem to have made the ridiculous failure in the part that might have been expected. When the piece was revived at Covent Garden, April 1st, 1746, Chapman succeeded Macklin as the clown; this actor was admitted to be the best representative of Shakespeare's clowns and of some other comic characters, but was the victim of a delusion that he could play tragedy; and he indulged this delusion in the theatre at Richmond which belonged to him, playing such parts as Richard III. to the utter ruin of his own property. This revival at Covent Garden was notable for the fact that Woodward first played Parolles, a part in which he is said to have been unequalled. Mrs. Pritchard was the Helena. The piece was produced again, under Garrick's management at Drury Lane, February 24, and March 2, 1756; probably owing to the instigation of Woodward, who was so fond of the part of Parolles that he revived this comedy on several occasions, not only in London but under his own management in Dublin. Mrs. Pritchard now exchanged the part of Helena for that of the Countess. On

October 23rd, 1762, Woodward having left Garrick's company, King took the part of Parolles, Bertram being played by Palmer. On July 26, 1785, All's Well was produced at the Haymarket in three acts for the benefit of Bannister, jun., who played Parolles; Mrs. Inchbald, the celebrated authoress, being the Countess, and Miss Farren, afterwards Countess of Derby, Helena. On December 12, 1794, All's Well was produced, as arranged for the stage by John Kemble at Drury Lane. The cast included himself as Bertram, with King as Parolles and Mrs. Jordan as Helena. It was only played for one night. This play would seem to have been cast in 1793, as the first edition bears that date and contains Mrs. Siddons' name as the representative of Helena. On May 24, 1811, this version was again played under Charles Kemble's management; Fawcett playing Parolles and Munden Lafau. The comedy seems, on the whole, to have been tolerably well received. It is said that Fawcett¹ was a comparative failure, and was even hissed on coming off the stage. So discouraged was he that he insisted on surrendering the part; but Kemble persuaded him not to do so, as if he did, he would "knock up the play." The piece was only played once more, on June 22nd. Kemble's alteration is a very good one. He has retained as much as possible of the original text, and has not introduced any embellishments of his own; but, by means of judicious excisions and a few ingenious transpositions, he has made a very good acting version of the play. We do not find any further record of its performance except at Bath, May 23, 1820, when, according to Genest, "it was acted in a respectable manner" (vol. ix. p. 132). The last time that it was produced at a London theatre was in 1852, September 1st, when Phelps revived it at Sadlers Wells, Phelps himself taking the part of Parolles; but the revival was not very successful.

Although All's Well That Ends Well from the nature of its main story can never be a

¹ Fawcett's copy of Kemble's edition of this play dated 1811 is in my possession. It is marked, for stage purposes, as far as his own part is concerned; but the alterations and cuts are very few.—F. A. M.

popular play, we may hope some day to see its revival, if only for a short period, when any actor can be found of sufficient vivacity and impudence—coupled with a thorough knowledge of his art—to play the part of Parolles. At any rate the experiment of its revival might be worth trying at some of those *matinées*, at which such dismal and depressing experiments are wont to be made on the patience of the audience, and on the long-suffering endurance of the critics.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

There is no doubt that at a first reading *All's Well That Ends Well* is one of the least attractive of Shakespeare's plays: it has neither the freshness and sprightliness of the earlier comedies, nor the thrilling interest of the great tragedies which succeeded it. But on re-reading it its beauties rise into relief before us; and although we should undoubtedly gain much from a careful representation of it upon the stage, we can more easily afford to dispense with the actor's aid than in most plays. There are no telling situations, no stirring incidents, the action moves calmly and soberly to its conclusion, but our interest in the heroine carries us through. It is to Shakespeare's conception of her character, perhaps, that his choice of what might seem an unpromising subject is due; but every character in the play is sketched with a master's hand, and if some scenes are dramatically irrelevant, as, for instance, those in which the clown is introduced, they fulfil their purpose in the fresh lights which they throw upon the principal personages, each of whom is a finished portrait. There is no waste of words in this play: the whole is instinct with thought, and it is perhaps from the irrepressible reflective energy of the writer's mind that the number of obscurities of language arises.

Nothing can give a clearer notion of the genius of Shakespeare than a comparison between the bald, wooden narrative in the *Palace of Pleasure* and the picture which he has painted from it. The characters which he has adopted from his original are so transformed that they may be considered almost as much new creations as those which are wholly

of his own invention. Compare Helena with the Giletta of the story. Of Giletta and her proceedings we have an unimpassioned straightforward narrative told in business-like fashion. We read of her love for Beltramo, and her desire to have him for a husband; of the conditions which he lays down, and of her fulfilment of them; we recognize in her a woman of a determined will, but we do not feel for her the love and admiration which we feel for Helena. Boccaccio retails the incidents, Shakespeare lets us into the secrets of the heart. Helena is his ideal of true womanhood, of true self-devotion, only equalled among all his heroines by Imogen and Hermione. The devotion of Helena is the key to the play, and as if to exalt it still higher, as if to emphasize the boundless capabilities of a woman's love, when once it has fastened itself upon an object, he has given it an object so unworthy as Beltramo. Brought up with the young and handsome noble, we cannot wonder, though we may regret, that she has fallen in love with him; but regrettable as the passion of such a woman for such a man may be, when once she has given herself to him—

"I dare not say I take you; but I give
Me and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power"—

she will shrink from nothing that may follow; she will save him even from himself.

It is but a superficial criticism that sees anything immodest in the conduct of Helena. She is not afraid to choose her husband, but her courage is equalled by her humility. She can meet adversity with resignation. When her hopes are dashed by the seeming refusal of the king to accept her offices she does not complain:

"My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:
I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again."

And when she is scornfully rejected by Beltramo, although her claims have all the advantage of the king's powerful advocacy, she accepts the situation with a sigh which only too plainly indicates the painfulness of the effort:

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"That you are well restor'd, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go."

The same spirit of self-sacrifice animates her subsequent conduct. For Bertram she is ready to suffer anything. In obedience to his commands she returns home, but she will not stay there when she finds that her presence keeps him away:

"My being here it is that holds thee hence:
Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
The air of paradise did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all."

Yet she is not a woman who never tells her love, not one who sits like Patience on a monument smiling at grief. She is a woman, who, with all her gentleness and tenderness, combines an indomitable resolution. Although she has abandoned her home for her husband's sake, so assured is she of her power to help and preserve him, that she goes straight to Florence in search of him, where she may at least watch over him in her disguise, and perchance find some occasion of securing him. The occasion offers, and with the decision which is one of her characteristics, she seizes it at once, saves her husband from sin, and in the end, if she has not yet won his affection, is at any rate acknowledged by him as his lawful wife.

The loveliness of Helena is felt by every personage in the drama except Bertram and Parolles. In this respect the latter is not worth consideration; but Bertram, the son of a noble father and a gentle mother, might have been expected at least to recognize her worth. Every allowance must be made for his aristocratic prejudices, and above all, for the constraint put upon him in a matter in which no man brooks constraint—the choice of a wife; but we cannot but feel that he is throughout unworthy of such a woman as Helena, and, like Johnson, we cannot reconcile our hearts to him. Had he had the courage to brave the king's displeasure and refuse the wife proffered to him, we might have questioned his taste, but could not have condemned his conduct; but after once accepting her his action is inexcusable. If in the end he finds salvation it is through no merit of his own; the victim of a delusion for a worthless led-captain, he is

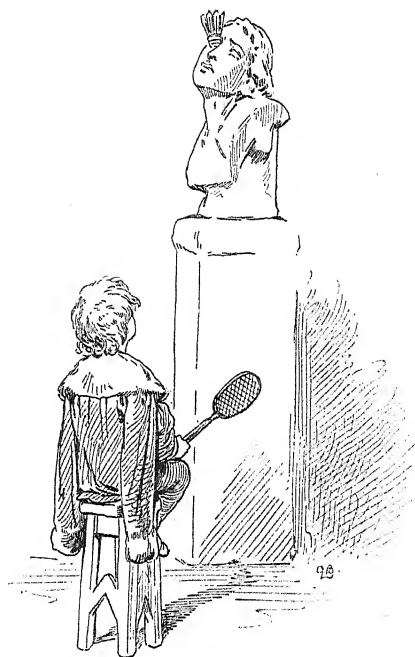
cured by the device of his friends; false to his promises to the girl whose seducer he believed himself to be, he is rescued from meshes of his own deceit and from his sovereign's displeasure by the timely interposition of his wife. We are left to hope that under her guidance he will be led to better things.

Much of Bertram's shortcoming is attributed to Parolles, a snipt-taffeta fellow with whose inducement the young nobleman corrupts a well-derived nature; and Parolles is indeed a pitiful rascal. An abject sneak and coward, he is the only thorough specimen of his class that Shakespeare has depicted. He has been compared with Falstaff, but the very idea is sacrilege; he has not a spark of the wit and the geniality which always gives us a kindly feeling for honest Jack. When he is exposed he feels no shame; he hugs himself in his disgrace:

"Captain I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft
As captain shall: simply the thing I am
Shall make me live."

Yet, like old Lafeu, who was the first that "found" him, we are content to dismiss this miserable creature, not without compassion, "Though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to."

A peculiar charm is lent to this play by the halo which it casts around old age. With this, as with all other phases of humanity, Shakespeare manifests his intense power of sympathy. The King, Lafeu, and the Countess are each delightful in their way. The King, who joins a benevolent regard for the rising generation to his eulogy of the past; Lafeu with his dry genial humour; and above all, the aged Countess, the most admirable character of her class that Shakespeare has drawn for us. The scene in which she elicits from Helena the confession of her love for Bertram sets before us at once her calm matronly dignity, her womanly insight, and her sympathy with the emotions of a girlish heart; unlike her son she could see that nobility does not depend upon birth alone, and in Helena she could recognize "a maid too virtuous for the contempt of empire."





Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew.—(Act i. 1. 3, 4.)

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rousillon, in France. The hall of the Countess of Rousillon's house.*

Enter BERTRAM, the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON, HELENA, and LAFEU, all in black.

Count. In delivering my son from me, I bury a second husband.

Ber. And I, in going, madam, weep o'er my father's death anew: but I must attend his majesty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in subjection.

[*Laf.* You shall find of the king a husband, madam;—you, sir, a father: he that so generally is at all times good, must of necessity hold¹ his virtue to you; whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is such abundance.] ¹²

Count. What hope is there of his majesty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandoned his physicians, madam; under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the process but only the losing of hope by time. ¹⁸

¹ *Hold, continue.*

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father,—O, that “had”! how sad a passage² ’t is!—whose skill was almost as great as his honesty; [had it stretched so far, would have made nature immortal, and death should have play for lack of work.] Would, for the king's sake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the king's disease.

Laf. How called you the man you speak of, madam?

Count. He was famous, sir, in his profession, and it was his great right to be so,—Gerard de Narbon. ³¹

Laf. He was excellent indeed, madam: the king very lately spoke of him admiringly and mourningly: [he was skilful enough to have lived still, if knowledge could be set up against mortality.]

Ber. What is it, my good lord, the king languishes of?

Laf. A fistula,³ my lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before. ⁴⁰

Laf. I would it were not notorious.—]

² *Passage*, something passed, an event.

³ *Fistula*, a sinuous ulcer.

Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon? 43

Count. His sole child, my lord; and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have those hopes of her good that her education promises: her dispositions she inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; [for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplicity;] she derives her honesty,¹ and achieves her goodness. 52

Laf. Your commendations, madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the best brine a maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart but the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek.—No more of this, Helena,—go to, no more; lest it be rather thought you affect a sorrow than to have it. 61

Hel. I do affect a sorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

[*Laf.* Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal.]

Ber. Madam, I desire your holy wishes.

[*Laf.* How understand we that?]

Count. Be thou blest, Bertram! and succeed thy father 70

In manners, as in shape! thy blood and virtue Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness Share² with thy birthright! Love all, trust a few,

Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy Rather in power than use, and keep thy friend Under thy own life's key; be check'd³ for silence,

But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more will,

That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck down,

Fall on thy head!—Farewell, my lord:

'Tis an unseason'd courtier; good my lord, 80 Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love. 82

Count. Heaven bless him!—Farewell, Bertram. [*Exit.*]

Ber. The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you! [*To Helena*] Be comfortable⁴ to my mother, your mistress, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty lady: you must hold the credit of your father.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Lafew.*]

Hel. O, were that all!—I think not on my father; 90

And these great tears grace his remembrance more

Than those I shed for him. What was he like?

I have forgot him: my imagination Carries no favour⁵ in 't but Bertram's.

I am undone: there is no living, none,

If Bertram be away. It were all one,

That I should love a bright particular star,

And think to wed it, he is so above me:

[In his bright radiance and collateral light Must I be comforted, not in his sphere. 100]

Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself:]

The hind that would be mated by the lion

Must die for love. 'T was pretty, though a plague,

To see him every hour; to sit and draw

His arched brows, his hawking⁶ eye, his curls,

In our heart's table,—heart too capable⁷

Of every line and trick⁸ of his sweet favour:

But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy

Must sanctify his relics.—Who comes here?

One that goes with him: I love him for his sake; 110

And yet I know him a notorious liar,

Think him a great way fool, solely⁹ a coward;

[Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,

That they take place,¹⁰ when virtue's steely bones

Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see

Cold wisdom waiting on superfluous¹¹ folly.]

⁴ Comfortable, serviceable. ⁵ Favour, features.

⁶ Hawking, hawk-like. ⁷ Capable, susceptible.

⁸ Trick, peculiarity. ⁹ Solely, without an equal.

¹⁰ Place, precedence.

¹¹ Superfluous, having more than enough.

¹ Honesty, honourable position, claims to respect.

² Share, go even with, be as great as.

³ Check'd, rebuked.

*Enter PAROLLES.**Par.* Save you, fair queen!*Hel.* And you, monarch!*[Par. No.**Hel.* And no. 120*Par.* Are you meditating on virginity?*Hel.* Ay. You have some stain¹ of soldier in you: let me ask you a question. Man is enemy to virginity; how may we barricado it against him?*Par.* Keep him out.*Hel.* But he assails; and our virginity, though valiant in the defence, yet is weak: unford to us some warlike resistance. 128*Par.* There is none: man, sitting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.*Hel.* Bless our poor virginity from underminers and blowers-up!—Is there no military policy, how virgins might blow up men?*Par.* Virginity being blown down, man will quicker be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourselves made, you lose your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preserve virginity. Loss of virginity is rational increase; and there was never virgin got till virginity was first lost. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once lost, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 't is too cold a companion; away with 't!*Hel.* I will stand for 't a little, though therefore I die a virgin. 146*Par.* There's little can be said in 't; 't is against the rule of nature. To speak on the part of virginity, is to accuse your mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himself is a virgin: virginity murders itself; and should be buried in highways, out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate offender against nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a cheese; consumes itself to the very paring, and so dies with feeding his own stomach. Besides, virginity is peevish, proud, idle, made of self-love, which is the most inhibited sin in the canon. Keep it not; you cannot choose but lose by 't: out with 't! within ten year it will make itself ten, which

is a goodly increase; and the principal itself not much the worse: away with 't! 162

Hel. How might one do, sir, to lose it to her own liking?*Par.* Let me see: marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'T is a commodity will lose the gloss with lying; the longer kept, the less worth: off with 't while 't is vendible; answer the time of request. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of fashion; richly suited, but unsuitable: just like the brooch and the toothpick, which wear not now.² Your date is better in your pie and your porridge than in your cheek: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French withered pears,—it looks ill, it eats dryly; marry, 't is a withered pear; it was formerly better; marry, yet, 't is a withered pear: will you any thing with it?*Hel.* Not my virginity yet.There shall your master have a thousand loves, A mother, and a mistress, and a friend, 181 A phoenix, captain, and an enemy, A guide, a goddess, and a sovereign, A counsellor, a traitress, and a dear; His humble ambition, proud humility, His jarring concord, and his discord dulcet, His faith, his sweet disaster; with a world Of pretty, fond, adoptious christendoms,³ That blinking Cupid gossips.⁴ Now shall he—I know not what he shall:—God send him well!— 190

The court's a learning-place;—and he is one—

Par. What one, i' faith?*Hel.* That I wish well.—'T is pity—*Par.* What's pity?*Hel.* That wishing well had not a body in 't, Which might be felt; that we, the poorer born, Whose baser stars do shut us up in wishes, Might with effects of them follow our friends, And show what we alone must think; which never

Returns us thanks. 200

*Enter a Page.**Page.* Monsieur Parolles, my lord calls for you. [*Exit.*]¹ *Stain*, tinge.² *Wear not now*, are not in fashion.³ *Adoptious christendoms*, assumed Christian names or appellations.⁴ *Gossips*, gives as a sponsor.

Par. Little Helen, farewell: if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monsieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable star.

Par. Under Mars, I.

[*Hel.* I especially think, under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have so kept you under, that you must needs be born under Mars. 210

Par.] When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde,¹ I think, rather.

Par. Why think you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear proposes the safety: but the composition, that your valour and fear make in you, is a virtue of a good wing, and I like the wear² well. 219

Par. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answer thee acutely. [I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so thou wilt be capable of a courtier's counsel, and understand what advice shall thrust upon thee; else thou diest in thine unthankfulness, and thine ignorance makes thee away:] farewell. When thou hast leisure, say thy prayers; when thou hast none, remember thy friends: get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee: so, farewell. [*Exit.* 230

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie, Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated³ sky Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull. [What power is it which mounts my love so high; That makes me see, and cannot feed mine eye? The mightiest space in fortune nature brings To join like likes, and kiss like native⁴ things. Impossible be strange attempts to those That weigh their pains in sense;⁵ and do suppose 240

What hath been cannot be:] who ever strove

To show her merit, that did miss her love? The king's disease,—my project may deceive me, But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

[SCENE II. *Paris. The King's palace.*

Flourish of cornets. Enter the KING OF FRANCE with letters, and divers Attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;

Have fought with equal fortune, and continue A braving⁶ war.

First Lord. So 't is reported, sir.

King. Nay, 't is most credible; we here receive it

A certainty, vouch'd from our cousin Austria, With caution, that the Florentine will move us For speedy aid; wherein our dearest friend⁷ Prejudicates the business, and would seem To have us make denial.

First Lord. His love and wisdom, Approv'd so to your majesty, may plead 16 For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer, And Florence is denied before he comes: Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see The Tuscan service, freely have they leave To stand on either part.

Sec. Lord. It well may serve A nursery to our gentry, who are sick For⁸ breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

First Lord. It is the Count Rousillon, my good lord, Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face; 19 Frank⁹ nature, rather curious¹⁰ than in haste, Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts

Mayst thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your majesty's.

King. I would I had that corporal soundness now

¹ *Retrograde*, in astronomy, means, seeming to move contrary to the succession of the signs.

² *Wear*, fashion.

³ *Fated*, invested with the power of destiny.

⁴ *Native*, congenial, kindred. ⁵ *In sense*, in thought.

⁶ *Braving*, defiant.

⁷ *Our dearest friend*, i.e. our cousin Austria.

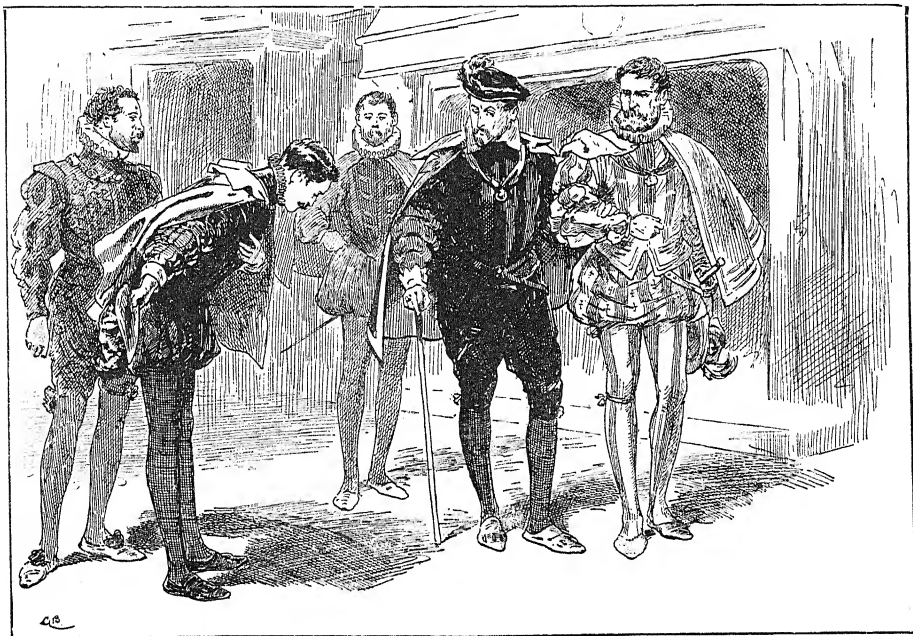
⁸ *Sick for*, pining for.

⁹ *Frank*, bountiful.

¹⁰ *Curious*, careful.

As when thy father and myself in friendship
First tried our soldiership! He did look far
Into the service of the time, and was
Discipled of the bravest: he lasted long;
But on us both did haggish age steal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father. In his youth 31
He had the wit, which I can well observe

To-day in our young lords; but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unnoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, contempt nor bitterness
Were in his pride or sharpness; if they were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when
Exception¹ bid him speak, and at this time 40



King. Youth, thou bear'st thy father's face.—(Act i. 2. 19.)

His tongue obey'd his² hand: who were below
him 41
He us'd as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility,
In their poor praise he humbled.³ Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would demonstrate them
now
But goes backward.
Ber. His good remembrance, sir,

Lies richer in your thoughts than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph 50
As in your royal speech.

King. Would I were with him! He would
always say,—
Methinks I hear him now; his plausible⁴ words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear,—“Let me not
live,”—
This his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of pastime,
When it⁵ was out,—“Let me not live,” quoth he,

¹ *Exception*, disapprobation.

² *His*, its.

³ *He humbled*, he made himself humble.

⁴ *Plausible*, pleasing.

⁵ *It*, i.e. the pastime.

"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff 59
Of younger spirits, whose apprehensive¹ senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whose con-
stancies

Expire before their fashions:"—this he wish'd:
I, after him, do after him wish too,
Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.

Sec. Lord. You're loved, sir;
They that least lend it² you shall lack³ you first.

King. I fill a place, I know't. —How long
is't, count,

Since the physician at your father's died? 70
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six months since, my lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him
yet;—

Lend me an arm;—the rest have worn me out
With several applications:⁴—nature and sick-
ness

Debate it at their leisure. Welcome, count;
My son's no dearer.

Ber. Thank your majesty.
[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. *The Countess of Rousillon's
garden.*

Enter COUNTESS, STEWARD, and CLOWN.

Count. I will now hear: what say you of
this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even
your content, I wish might be found in the
calendar of my past endeavours; [for then we
wound our modesty, and make foul the clear-
ness of our deservings, when of ourselves we
publish them.] 7

Count. What does this knave here? Get you
gone, sirrah: [the complaints I have heard
of you I do not all believe: 'tis my slowness
that I do not; for I know you lack not folly
to commit them, and have ability enough to
make such knaveries yours.]

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, madam, I
am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, sir.

Clo. No, madam, 'tis not so well that I am
poor; though many of the rich are damned:
but, if I may have your ladyship's good-will
to go to the world, Isbel the woman and I
will do as we may. 21

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this case.

Count. In what case?

Clo. In Isbel's case and mine own. Service
is no heritage: and I think I shall never have
the blessing of God till I have issue o' my
body; for they say barns are blessings.

[*Count.* Tell me thy reason why thou wilt
marry. 29

Clo. My poor body, madam, requires it: I
am driven on by the flesh; and he must needs
go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your worship's reason?

Clo. Faith, madam, I have other holy rea-
sons, such as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, madam, a wicked creature,
as you and all flesh and blood are; and, in-
deed, I do marry that I may repent.

Count. Thy marriage, —sooner than thy
wickedness. 41

Clo. I am out o' friends, madam; and I hope
to have friends for my wife's sake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies,
knave.

Clo. You're shallow, madam, in great friends;
for the knaves come to do that for me, which
I am a-weary of. He that ears⁵ my land
spares my team, and gives me leave to in the
crop; if I be his cuckold, he's my drudge: he
that comforts my wife is the cherisher of my
flesh and blood; he that cherishes my flesh
and blood loves my flesh and blood; he that
loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*,
he that kisses my wife is my friend. If men
could be contented to be what they are, there
were no fear in marriage; for young Charbon
the puritan and old Poysam the papist, how-
some'er their hearts are severed in religion,
their heads are both one,—they may joul⁶
horns together, like any deer i' the herd. 59

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul-mouthed
and calumnious knave?

¹ *Apprehensive*, fantastic, finical.

² *It*, love.

³ *Lack*, miss.

⁴ *Applications*, attempts at healing.

⁵ *Ears*, ploughs.

⁶ *Joul*, thrust.

Clo. A prophet I, madam; and I speak the truth the next¹ way: 63

For I the ballad will repeat,
Which men full true shall find;
Your marriage comes by destiny,
Your cuckoo sings by kind.]

Count. Get you gone, sir; I'll talk with you more anon. 69

Stew. May it please you, madam, that he bid Helen come to you: of her I am to speak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would speak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cause, quoth she,

Why the Grecians sacked Troy?

Fond² done, done fond,

Was this King Priam's joy?

With that she sighed as she stood,

With that she sighed as she stood,

And gave this sentence then; 80

Among nine bad if one be good,

Among nine bad if one be good,

There's yet one good in ten.

Count. What, one good in ten? You corrupt the song, sirrah.

Clo. One good woman in ten, madam; which is a purifying o' the song: would God would serve the world so all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parson: one in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but one every blazing star, or at an earthquake, 't would mend the lottery well: a man may draw his heart out, ere 'a pluck one. 93

Count. You'll be gone, sir knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man should be at woman's command, and yet no hurt done!—[Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.—] I am going, forsooth: the business is for Helen to come hither.

[*Exit.*

Count. Well, now. 102

Stew. I know, madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. Faith, I do: her father bequeathed her to me; and she herself, without other advantage, may lawfully make title to as much love as she finds: there is more owing her

than is paid; and more shall be paid her than she'll demand. 109

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think she wished me: alone she was, and did communicate to herself her own words to her own ears; she thought, I dare vow for her, they touched not any stranger sense. Her matter was, she loved your son: Fortune, she said, was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates; Love no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; [Dian no queen of virgins, that would suffer her poor knight surprised, without rescue in the first assault, or ransom afterward.] This she delivered in the most bitter touch³ of sorrow that e'er I heard virgin exclaim in: which I held my duty speedily to acquaint you withal; sithence,⁴ in the loss⁵ that may happen, it concerns you something to know it. 126

Count. You have discharged this honestly; [keep it to yourself: many likelihoods informed me of this before, which hung so tottering in the balance, that I could neither believe nor misdoubt.⁶] Pray you, leave me: stall this in your bosom; and I thank you for your honest care: I will speak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

Enter HELENA.

[Even so it was with me when I was young:]

If ever we are nature's, these⁷ are ours; this thorn

Doth to our rose of youth rightly belong;

Our blood to us, this to our blood is born;

It is the show and seal of nature's truth,
Where love's strong passion is impress'd in youth:

By our remembrances of days foregone, 140
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.

Her eye is sick on't: I observe her now.]

Hel. What is your pleasure, madam?

Count. You know, Helen,

I am a mother to you.

Hel. Mine honourable mistress.

Count. Nay, a mother:

³ Touch, sensation.

⁴ Sithence, since.

⁵ Loss, misfortune.

⁶ Misdoubt, mistrust, disbelieve.

⁷ These, these faults, line 141.

¹ Next, nearest.

² Fond, foolishly.

Why not a mother? [When I said a mother, Methought you saw a serpent: what's in "mother,"

That you start at it? I say, I am your mother; And put you in the catalogue of those That were enwombed mine: 'tis often seen Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds 151

A native¹ slip to us from foreign seeds: You ne'er oppress'd me with a mother's groan, Yet I express to you a mother's care:—

God's mercy, maiden!] does it curd thy blood, To say, I am thy mother? What's the matter, That this distemper'd messenger of wet, The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye? Why,—that you are my daughter?

Hel. That I am not.

Count. I say, I am your mother.

Hel. Pardon, madam, 160

The Count Rousillon cannot be my brother: I am from humble, he from honour'd name; No note upon my parents, his all noble: My master, my dear lord he is; and I His servant live, and will his vassal die: He must not be my brother.

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, madam; would you were—

So that my lord yourson were not my brother— Indeed my mother!—or were you both our mothers,²

I care no more for³ than I do for heaven, 170 So I were not his sister. Can't no other,⁴ But I your daughter, he must be my brother?

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law:

[God shield, you mean it not! "daughter" and "mother"

So strive upon your pulse.] What, pale again? My fear hath catch'd your fondness: now I see

[The mystery of your loneliness, and find Your salt tears' head: now to all sense 'tis gross]

You love my son; invention is asham'd, Against the proclamation of thy passion, 180

To say thou dost not: therefore tell me true; [But tell me then, 'tis so;—for, look, thy cheeks Confess it, th' one to th' other; and thine eyes See it so grossly⁵ shown in thy behaviours, That in their kind⁶ they speak it: only sin And hellish obstinacy tie thy tongue, That truth should be suspected. Speak, is't so?] If it be so, you've wound a goodly clew; If it be not, forswear't: howe'er, I charge thee, As heaven shall work in me for thine avail,⁷ To tell me truly.

Hel. Good madam, pardon me! 191

Count. Do you love my son?

Hel. Your pardon, noble mistress!

Count. Love you my son?

Hel. Do not you love him, madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,⁸

Whereof the world takes note: come, come, disclose

The state of your affection; for your passions Have to the full appeach'd.⁹

Hel. Then, I confess, Here on my knee, before high heaven and you, That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your son:— 200

My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love: Be not offended; for it hurts not him, That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not By any token of presumptuous suit; Nor would I have him till I do deserve him; Yet never know how that desert should be.

[I know I love in vain, strive against hope; Yet in this captious and intenable¹⁰ sieve I still pour in the waters of my love, And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like, Religious in mine error, I adore 211 The sun, that looks upon his worshipper, But knows of him no more. My dearest ma-

dam,

Let not your hate encounter with my love, For loving where you do: but, if yourself, Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,¹¹ Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,

⁵ Grossly, palpably. ⁶ In their kind, in their way.

⁷ Avail, interest; compare iii. 1. 22. ⁸ Bond, obligation.

⁹ Appeach'd, informed against you.

¹⁰ Captious and intenable, capacious, and incapable of retaining.

¹¹ Cites a virtuous youth, proves that you were no less virtuous when young.

¹ Native, kindred, as in i. 1. 238.

² Both our mothers, the mother of both of us.

³ I care no more for, I care as much for, wish it equally.

⁴ Can't no other. Can it not be otherwise, but that if I am your daughter, &c.

Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love; O, then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies!]

Count. Had you not lately an intent,—speak truly,— 224

To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itself, I swear.

You know my father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience had collected 229
For general sovereignty;¹ [and that he will'd me
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive² were
More than they were in note:] amongst the rest,
There is a remedy, approv'd, set down,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The king is render'd³ lost.

Count. This was your motive
For Paris, was it? speak.

Hel. My lord your son made me to think of
this; 238

Else Paris, and the medicine, and the king,
Had from the conversation⁴ of my thoughts
Haply been absent then.

Count.

But think you, Helen,
If you should tender your supposed aid, 242
He would receive it? he and his physicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help: how shall they
credit

A poor unlearned virgin[when the schools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine,⁵ have left off
The danger to itself?]

Hel. There's something in 't,
More than my father's skill, which was the
greatest

Of his profession, that his good receipt 250
Shall, for my legacy, be sanctified
By the luckiest stars in heaven: and, would
your honour

But give me leave to try success,⁶ I'd venture
The well-lost life of mine on 's grace's cure
By such a day and hour.

Count. Dost thou believe 't?

Hel. Ay, madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou shalt have my
leave, and love,
Means, and attendants, and my loving greet-
ings 258

To those of mine in court: I'll stay at home,
And pray God's blessing into thy attempt:
Be gone to-morrow; and be sure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou shalt not miss.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

[SCENE I. *Paris. The King's palace.*

*Flourish of cornets. Enter KING, attended with
divers young Lords taking leave for the Flo-
rentine war; BERTRAM, PAROLLES.*

King. Farewell, young lords; these warlike
principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords,
farewell:—

Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain,⁷ all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

First Lord.

It is our hope, sir,
After well enter'd soldiers, to return
And find your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my
heart

Will not confess he owes⁸ the malady
That doth my life besiege. Farewell, young
lords; 10

Whether I live or die, be you the sons
Of worthy Frenchmen: let high Italy—
Those bated⁹ that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come
Not to woo honour, but to wed it; when

¹ *Sovereignty, efficacy.*

² *Inclusive, comprehensive.*

³ *Render'd, said to be.*

⁴ *Conversation, intercourse.*

⁵ *Doctrine, learning.*

⁶ *Success, fortune.*

⁷ *Gain, profit.*

⁸ *Owes, owns.*

⁹ *Bated, beaten down, subdued.*

{The bravest questant¹ shrinks, find what you seek,

{That fame may cry you loud: I say, farewell.

Sec. Lord. Health, at your bidding, serve your majesty!

King. Those girls of Italy, take heed of them: 19

{They say, our French lack language to deny,

{If they demand: beware of being captives,

{Before you serve.

Both Lords. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell.—Come hither to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

First Lord. O my sweet lord, that you will stay behind us!

Par. 'T is not his fault, the spark.

Sec. Lord. O, 'tis brave wars!

Par. Most admirable: I have seen those wars.

Ber. I am commanded here,² and kept a coil with,³—

{“Too young,” and “the next year,” and “'tis too early.”

Par. An thy mind stand to't, boy, steal away bravely.

Ber. I shall stay here the forehorse to a smock,⁴ 30

{Creaking my shoes on the plain masonry,

{Till honour be bought up,⁵ and no sword worn

{But one to dance with! By heaven, I'll steal away.

First Lord. There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, count.

Sec. Lord. I am your accessory; and so, farewell.

{*Ber.* I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body.

First Lord. Farewell, captain.

Sec. Lord. Sweet Monsieur Parolles! 39

{*Par.* Noble heroes, my sword and yours are kin. Good sparks and lustrous, a word, good metals:—you shall find in the regiment of the Spinii one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice,

an emblem of war, here on his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrenched it: say to him, I live; and observe his reports for me.⁶

Sec. Lord. We shall, noble captain.

[*Exeunt Lords.*]

Par. Mars dote on you for his novices! what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the king! 50

Re-enter KING. BERTRAM and PAROLLES retire.

Par. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremony to the noble lords; you have restrained yourself within the list⁷ of too cold an adieu: be more expressive to them: for they wear themselves in the cap of the time, there do muster true gait, eat, speak, and move under the influence of the most received star; and though the devil lead the measure, such are to be followed: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do so. 60

Par. Worthy fellows; and like to prove most sinewy sword-men.

[*Exeunt Bertram and Parolles.*]

Enter LAFEU.

Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon, my lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to stand up.

Laf. [*Rising*] Then here's a man stands that has brought his pardon.

I would you had kneel'd, my lord, to ask me mercy;

And that, at my bidding, you could so stand up.

King. I would I had; so I had broke thy pate,

And ask'd thee mercy for't.

Laf. Good faith, across: but, my good lord, 't is thus; 70

Will you be cur'd of your infirmity?

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my royal fox? Yes, but you will my noble grapes, an if My royal fox could reach them: I've seen a medicine⁸

¹ Questant, seeker, aspirant.

² I am commanded here, i.e. to remain here.

³ Kept a coil with, made a fuss about.

⁴ A smock, used contemptuously for a woman.

⁵ Till honour be bought up, and therefore there is no more left to be gained.

⁶ For me, concerning me.

⁷ List, boundary, limit.

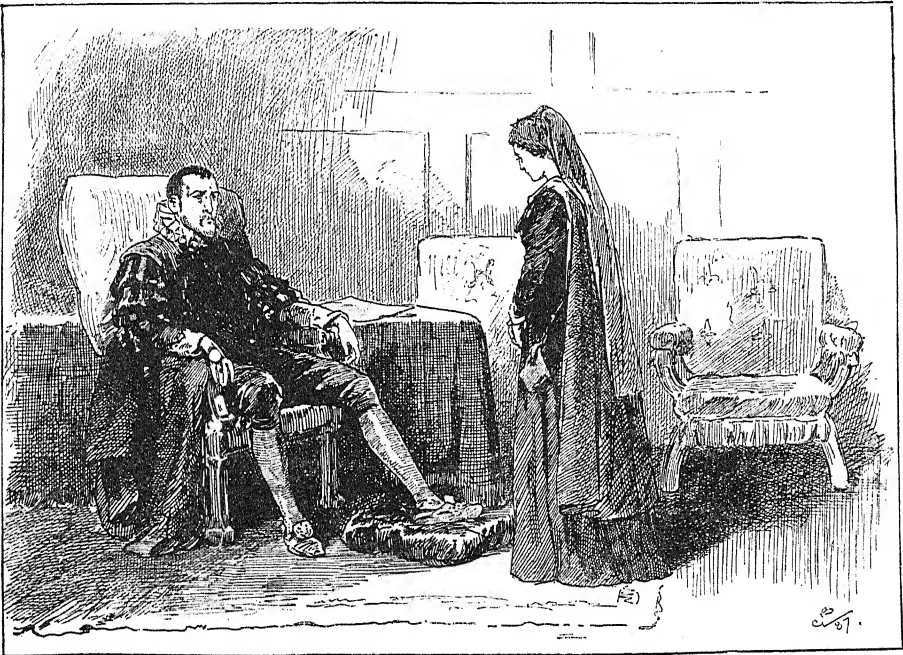
⁸ Medicine, physician.

That's able to breathe life into a stone,
 Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary¹
 With sprightly fire and motion; whose simple
 touch
 Is powerful to araise King Pepin, nay,
 To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand, so
 And write to her a love-line.

King.

What "her" is this?

Laf. Why, Doctor She: my lord, there's one
 arriv'd, 82
 If you will see her:—now, by my faith and
 honour,
 If seriously I may convey my thoughts
 In this my light deliverance,² I have spoke
 With one that, in her sex, her years, profession,³
 Wisdom, and constancy, hath amaz'd me more



King. We thank you, maiden;
 But may not be so credulous of cure.—(Act ii. 1. 117, 118.)

Than I dare blame my weakness: will you see
 her,—
 For that is her demand,—and know her busi-
 ness? 89

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
 Bring in the admiration; that we with thee
 May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
 By wondering how thou took'st it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
 And not be all day neither. [Exit.]

King. Thus he his special nothing ever pro-
 logues.

Re-enter LAFEU, with HELENA.

Laf. Nay, come your ways.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways;

This is his majesty, say your mind to him: 98
 A traitor you do look like; but such traitors
 His majesty seldom fears: I'm Cressid's uncle,
 That dare leave two together; fare you well.

[Exit.]

¹ *Canary*, a lively dance.

² *Deliverance*, utterance.

³ *Profession*, what she professes to be able to do.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us? 102

Hel. Ay, my good lord.

Gerard de Narbon was my father;
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him;

Knowing him is enough. On 's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling, 110
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two, more dear: I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touch'd
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned doctors leave us, and
The congregated college have concluded 120
That labouring art can never ransom nature
From her inaidible estate,—I say we must not
So stain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malady
To émpirics; or to disserve so
Our great self and our credit, to esteem
A senseless help, when help past sense we deem.

Hel. My duty, then, shall pay me for my pains:

I will no more enforce mine office on you;
Humbly entreating from your royal thoughts
A modest one, to bear me back again. 131

King. I cannot give thee less, to be call'd grateful:

Thou thought'st to help me; and such thanks I give

As one near death to those that wish him live;
But, what at full I know, thou know'st no part;
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.

Hel. What I can do can do no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest¹ 'gainst remedy.
He that of greatest works is finisher
Oft does them by the weakest minister: 140
So holy writ² in babes hath judgment shown,

When judges have been babes; great floods have flown 142

From simple sources;³ and great seas have dried,

When miracles have by the greatest been denied:⁴

Oft expectation fails, and most oft there

Where most it promises; and oft it hits

Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

King. I must not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid; 148

Thy pains, not us'd, must by thyself be paid:
Proffers not took reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired merit so by breath is barr'd:⁵

It is not so with Him that all things knows,

As 't is with us that square our guess by shows;

But most it is presumption in us when

The help of heaven we count the act of men.

Dear sir, to my endeavours give consent;

Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.

I am not an impostor, that proclaim

Myself against the level of mine aim; 159

But know I think, and think I know most sure,

My art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? within what space

Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The great'st grace lending grace,

Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring

Their fiery torcher⁶ his diurnal ring;

Ere twice in murk and occidental damp

Moist Hesperus hath quench'd his sleepy lamp;

Or four and twenty times the pilot's glass

Hath told the thievish minutes how they pass;

What is infirm from your sound parts shall fly,

Health shall live free, and sickness freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence

What dar'st thou venture?

Hel. Tax⁷ of impudence,— 173

A strumpet's boldness, a divulged shame,—

Traduc'd by odious ballads; my maiden's name

Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended

With vilest torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak

³ Great floods, &c., Exod. xvii. 6.

⁴ Great seas, &c., Exod. xiv. 21.

⁵ Barr'd, prevented, put at a disadvantage.

⁶ Torcher, light-giver.

⁷ Tax, reproach.

¹ Set up your rest, are resolved.

² Holy writ, Matthew xi. 25, or Daniel i. 17 and ii. 48, 49.

His powerful sound within an organ weak:
 And what impossibility would slay ¹⁸⁰
 In common sense, sense saves another way.
 Thy life is dear; for all, that life can rate
 Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate,—
 Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all
 That happiness and prime¹ can happy call:
 Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate²
 Skill infinite or monstrous desperate.
 Sweet practiser, thy physic I will try,
 That ministers thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property³
 Of what I spoke, unpitied let me die; ¹⁹¹
 And well deserv'd:⁴ not helping, death's my
 fee;

But, if I help, what do you promise me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of
 heaven.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy
 kingly hand

What husband in thy power I will command:
 Exempted be from me the arrogance

To choose from forth the royal blood of
 France,

My low and humble name to propagate ²⁰⁰
 With any branch or image of thy state;
 But such a one, thy vassal, whom I know
 Is free for me to ask, thee to bestow.

King. Here is my hand; the premises ob-
 serv'd,

Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
 So make the choice of thy own time; for I,
 Thy résolv'd patient, on thee still rely.

More should I question thee, and more I
 must,—

Though more to know could not be more to
 trust,—

From whence thou cam'st, how tended on:
 but rest ²¹⁰

Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.—
 Give me some help here, ho!—If thou proceed
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy
 deed. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

¹ *Prime*, flower of life.

² *Intimate*, suggest the idea of.

³ *Property*, the particular quality, that which is *proper*
 to it.

⁴ *Well deserv'd*, having deserved well to die.

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The hall of the
 Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS *with a letter*, and CLOWN.

Count. Come on, sir; I shall now put you to
 the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will show myself highly fed and
 lowly taught: I know my business is but to
 the court.

Count. To the court! why, what place make
 you special, when you put off that with such
 contempt? But to the court! ⁷

Clo. Truly, madam, if God have lent a man
 any manners, he may easily put it off at court:
 he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiss
 his hand, and say nothing, has neither leg,
 hands, lip, nor cap; and, indeed, such a fellow,
 to say precisely, were not for the court: but,
 for me, I have an answer will serve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful answer
 that fits all questions.

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all
 buttocks,—the pin-buttock,⁵ the quatch-but-
 tock,⁶ the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your answer serve fit to all
 questions? ²¹

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of
 an attorney, as your French crown for your
 taffeta⁷ punk, as Tib's rush for Tom's fore-
 finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tuesday, a
 morris⁸ for May-day, as the nail to his hole,
 the cuckold to his horn, as a scolding quean⁹
 to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the
 friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his skin.

Count. Have you, I say, an answer of such
 fitness for all questions? ³¹

Clo. From below your duke to beneath your
 constable, it will fit any question.

Count. It must be an answer of most mon-
 strous size that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if
 the learned should speak truth of it: here it is,
 and all that belongs to't. Ask me if I am a
 courtier: it shall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could:—I

⁵ *Pin-buttock*, i.e. thin and pointed like a pin.

⁶ *Quatch-buttock*, a squat or flat buttock.

⁷ *Taffeta*, a thin, soft, silk stuff.

⁸ *A morris*, a morris (Moorish) dance.

⁹ *Quean*, a hussy.

will be a fool in question, hoping to be the wiser by your answer. I pray you, sir, are you a courtier? 42

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—there's a simple putting off.—More, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours that loves you.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Thick, thick, spare not me.

Count. I think, sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Nay, put me to 't, I warrant you. 51

Count. You were lately whipped, sir, as I think.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—Spare not me.

Count. Do you cry, "O Lord, sir!" at your whipping, and "Spare not me"? Indeed, your "O Lord, sir!" is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to 't.¹

Clo. I ne'er had worse luck in my life in my "O Lord, sir!" I see things may serve long, but not serve ever. 61

Count. I play the noble housewife with the time,

To entertain 't so merrily with a fool.

Clo. "O Lord, sir!"—why, there 't serves well again.

Count. An end, sir: to your business. Give Helen this,

And urge her to a present answer back:

Commend me to my kinsmen and my son:

This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them. 70

Count. Not much employment for you: you understand me?

Clo. Most fruitfully: I am there before my legs.

Count. Haste you again. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III. *Paris. A room of state in the palace.*

Enter BERTRAM, LAFEU, and PAROLLES.

Laf. They say miracles are past; and we have our philosophical persons, to make mo-

dern² and familiar, things supernatural and causeless.³ Hence is it that we make trifles of terrors; ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear.⁴

Par. Why, 'tis the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ber. And so 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquished of the artists,— 10

Par. So I say.

Laf. Both of Galen and Paracelsus.

Par. So I say.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows,—

Par. Right; so I say.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,—

Par. Why, there 'tis; so say I too.

Laf. Not to be helped,—

Par. Right; as 't were a man assured of a—

Laf. Uncertain life, and sure death. 20

Par. Just, you say well; so would I have said.

Laf. I may truly say, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is, indeed: if you will have it in showing, you shall read it in—what do ye call there?

Laf. A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.

Par. That's it; I would have said the very same. 30

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not lustier: 'fore me, I speak in respect—

Par. Nay, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a most facinorous spirit that will not acknowledge it to be the—

Laf. Very hand of heaven—

Par. Ay, so I say. 39

[*Laf.* In a most weak—[*pausing*] and debile minister great power, great transcendence:⁵ which should, indeed, give us a further use to be made than alone the recovery of the king, as to be—[*pausing*] generally⁶ thankful.

Par. I would have said it;] you say well.—Here comes the king.

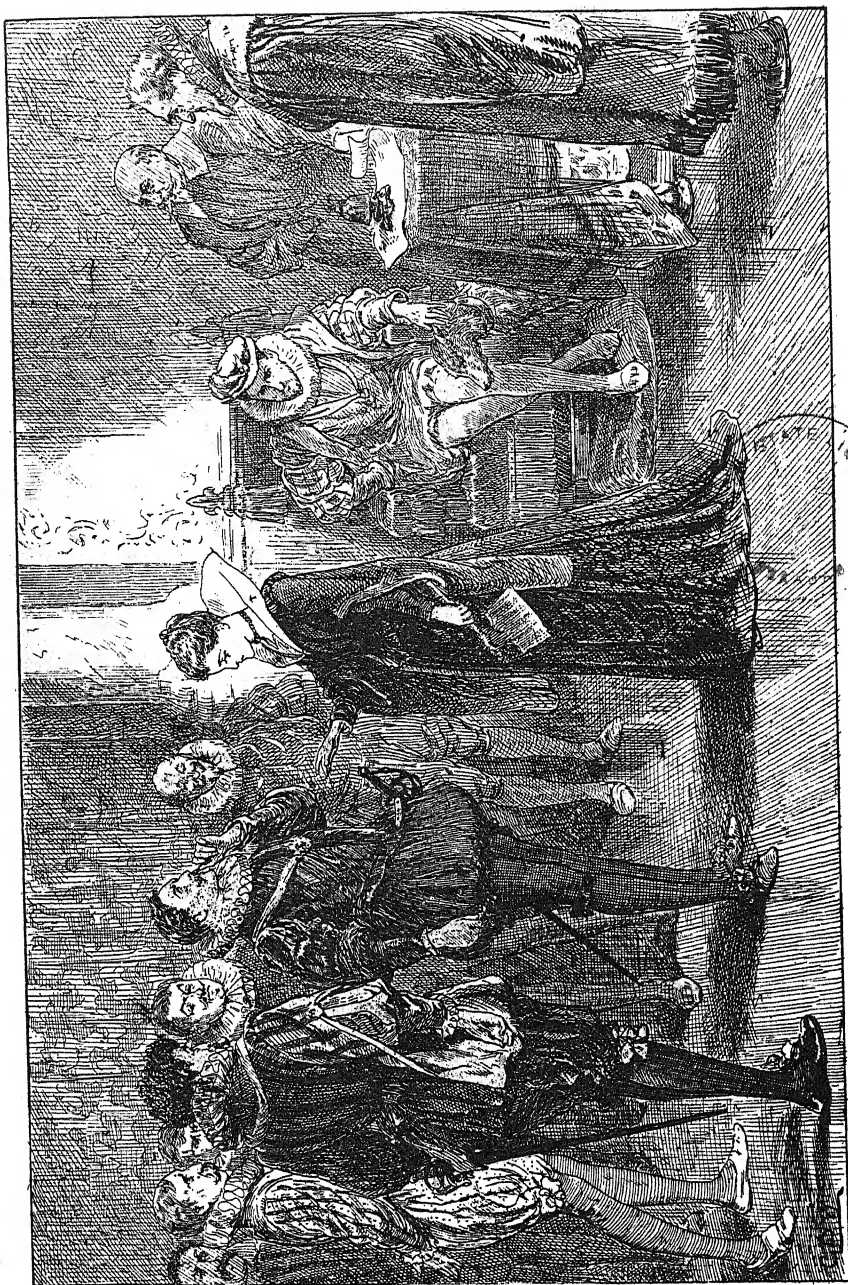
² Modern, commonplace.

³ Causeless, for which no cause can be assigned.

⁴ Fear, object of fear. ⁵ Transcendence, superiority.

⁶ Generally, not for one person only, but universally.

¹ Bound to 't, destined to undergo it.



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
Act II. Scene 3. line III.

Hel. (to Bertram.) This is the man

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Enter KING, HELENA, and Attendants. LAFEU and PAROLLES retire.

Laf. Lustig,¹ as the Dutchman says: I'll like a maid the better, whilst I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a coranto.²

Par. *Mort du vin! que!* is not this Helen?

Laf. Fore God, I think so. 51

King. Go, call before me all the lords in court.— [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Sit, my preserver, by thy patient's side;
And with this healthful hand, whose banish'd sense

Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, send forth thine eye: this youthful parcel

Of noble bachelors stand at my bestowing,
O'er whom both sovereign power and father's voice 60

I have to use: thy frank election make;
Thou'st power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress

Fall, when Love please!—marry, to each, but one!

Laf. I'd give bay Curtal³ and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than these boys',

And writ as little beard.

King. Peruse them well:
Not one of those but had a noble father.

Hel. Gentlemen,
Heaven hath, through me, restor'd the king to health. 70

All. We understand it, and thank heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple maid; and therein wealthiest,

That I protest I simply am a maid.—

Please it your majesty, I've done already:
The blushes in my cheeks thus whisper me,

“We blush that thou shouldst choose; but, be refus'd,”⁴

Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever;
We'll ne'er come there again.”

King. Make choice; and, see,
Who shuns thy love shuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly;
And to imperial Love, that god most high, 81
Do my sighs stream.—[*To First Lord*] Sir,
will you hear my suit?

First Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, sir; all the rest is mute.⁵

Laf. I had rather be in this choice than throw ames-ace for my life.

Hel. [*To Sec. Lord*] The honour, sir, that flames in your fair eyes,

Before I speak, too threateningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that so wishes and her humble love!

Sec. Lord. No better, if you please.

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great Love grant! and so, I take my leave. 91

Laf. Do all they deny her? An they were sons of mine, I'd have them whipped; or I would send them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. [*To Third Lord*] Be not afraid that I your hand should take;

I'll never do you wrong for your own sake:
Blessing upon your vows! and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. These boys are boys of ice, they'll none have her: sure, they are bastards to the English; the French ne'er got 'em. 101

Hel. [*To Fourth Lord*] You are too young, too happy, and too good,

To make yourself a son out of my blood.

Fourth Lord. Fair one, I think not so.

Laf. There's one grape yet,—I am sure thy father drunk wine:—but if thou be'st not an ass, I am a youth of fourteen; I have known thee already.

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you; but I give

Me and my service, ever whilst I live, 110
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

¹ *Lustig*, cheerful.

² *Coranto*, a quick lively dance.

³ *Curtal*, a horse with a docked tail.

⁴ *Be refus'd*, if thou art refused.

⁵ *The rest is mute*, I have no more to say to you.

King. Why, then, young Bertram, take her;
she's thy wife 112

Ber. My wife, my liege! I shall beseech
your highness,

In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?

Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry
her.

King. Thou know'st she has rais'd me from
my sickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my lord, to bring me
down 119

Must answer for your raising? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge.
A poor physician's daughter my wife!—Dis-
dain¹

Rather corrupt² me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou disdain'st in her,
the which

I can build up. Strange is it that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all to-
gether,

Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off³
In differences so mighty. If she be

All that is virtuous,—save what thou dislik'st,
A poor physician's daughter,—thou dislik'st
Of virtue for the name: but do not so: 121

[From lowest place when virtuous things
proceed,

The place is dignified by the doer's deed:

Where great additions swell's,⁴ and virtue
none,

It is a dropsied honour: good alone

Is good without a name. Vileness is so:

The property by what it is should go,

Not by the title.] She is young, wise, fair;

In these to nature she's immediate heir;

And these breed honour: that is honour's scorn,

Which challenges itself as honour's born, 121

And is not like the sire: honours thrive,

When rather from our acts we them derive

Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,

Debosh'd⁵ on every tomb, on every grave

A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb

Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What should be
said?

If thou canst like this creature as a maid,

I can create the rest: virtue and she 120

Is her own dower; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to do 't.

King. Thou wrong'st thyself, if thou shouldst,
strive to choose.

Hel. That you are well restor'd, my lord,
I'm glad:

Let the rest go.

King. My honour's at the stake; which to
defeat,

I must produce my power. Here, take her
hand,

Proud scornful boy, unworthy this good gift;
That dost in vile misprision⁶ shackle up

My love and her desert; [that canst not dream,
We, poisoning us in her defective scale, 121

Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not
know,

It is in us to plant thine honour where

We please to have it grow.] Check thy con-
tempt:

Obey our will, which travails in thy good:

[Believe not thy disdain, but presently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right

Which both thy duty owes and our power
claims;]

Or I will throw thee from my care for ever

Into the staggers⁷ and the careless lapse⁸ 120

Of youth and ignorance; both my revenge and
hate

Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,

Without all terms of pity. Speak; thine an-
swer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious lord; for I submit
My fancy to your eyes: when I consider

What great creation and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid it, I find that she, which

late

Was in my nobler thoughts most base, is now

The praised of the king; who, so ennobled,

Is, as 't were, born so.

King. Take her by the hand, 120

¹ *Disdain*, overweening pride of my own.

² *Corrupt*, deprave.

³ *Stand off*, keep at a distance from each other.

⁴ *Swell's*, swell us. ⁵ *Debosh'd*, debased.

⁶ *Misprision*, contempt.

⁷ *Staggers*, perplexity, bewilderment.

⁸ *Careless lapse*, uncared-for falling away from right.

And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
A counterpoise, if not to thy estate 182
A balance more replete.

Ber.

I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the
king

Smile upon this contrâct; whose ceremony
Shall seem expedient on the now-born brief,

And be perform'd to-night: [the solemn feast,
Shall more attend upon the coming space, 188
Expecting absent friends.] As thou lov'st her,
Thy love's to me religious;¹ else, does err.

[*Exeunt King, Bertram, Helena, Lords, and
Attendants.*

Laf. [*To Parolles, who is strutting by him*] Do
you hear, monsieur? a word with you.



Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.—(Act ii. 3. 243.)

Par. Your pleasure, sir? 192

Laf. Your lord and master did well to make
his recantation.

Par. Recantation!—My lord! my master!

Laf. Ay; is it not a language I speak?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to be un-
stod without bloody succeeding. My master!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rou-
sillon? 201

Par. To any count,—to all counts,—to what
is man.

Laf. To what is count's man: count's mas-
ter is of another style.

Par. You are too old, sir; let it satisfy you,
you are too old. [*Walks insolently by him.*

Laf. I must tell thee, sirrah, I write man;
to which title age cannot bring thee. 209

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries,²
to be a pretty wise fellow; thou didst make
tolerable vent of thy travel; it might pass:
yet the scarfs and the bannerets about thee
did manifoldly dissuade me from believing

¹ *Thy love's to me religious*, thy love to me is con-
scientiously fulfilled.

² *Ordinaries*, meals.

thee a vessel of too great a burden. I have now found thee; when I lose thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up;¹ and that thou'rt scarce worth.

Par. Hadst thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee,— 221

Laf. Do not plunge thyself too far in anger, lest thou hasten thy trial; which if—Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! So, my good window of lattice, fare thee well: thy casement I need not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart; and thou art worthy of it. 231

Par. I have not, my lord, deserved it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, every dram of it; and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser—

Laf. E'en as soon as thou canst, for thou hast to pull at a smack o' the contrary. [If ever thou be'st bound in thy scarf and beaten, thou shalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage.] I have a desire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say, in the default,² he is a man I know. 242

Par. My lord, you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy sake, and my poor doing eternal: [for doing I am past; as I will by thee,³ in what motion age will give me leave.] [Exit.

Par. Well, thou hast a son shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy lord!—Well, I must be patient; there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a lord. I'll have no more pity of his age than I would have of—I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter LAFEU.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and master's married; there's news for you: you have a new mistress. 258

Par. I most unfeignedly beseech your lordship to make some reservation of your wrongs: [he is my good lord; whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy master. Why dost thou garter up thy arms o' this fashion? dost make hose of thy sleeves? do other servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands.] By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee: methinks't, thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee: I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon thee. 272

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure, my lord.

Laf. Go to, sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'd call you knave. I leave you. [Exit.

Par. Good, very good; it is so then:—good, very good; let it be concealed awhile. 283

Re-enter BERTRAM.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited⁴ to cares for ever!

Par. What's the matter, sweet-heart?

Ber. Although before the solemn priest I've sworn,

I will not bed her.

Par. What, what, sweet-heart?

Ber. O, my Parolles, they have married me!—

I'll to the Tuscan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits 291

The tread of a man's foot: to the wars!

Ber. There's letters from my mother: what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay,

That would be⁵ known. To the wars, my boy, to the wars!

¹ Taking up, rebuking, contradicting.

² In the default, at a need.

³ As I will by thee, i.e. as I will pass by thee.

⁴ Forfeited, forsaken, abandoned.

⁵ Would be=requires to be.

[He wears his honour in a box unseen,
That hugs his kicky-wicky¹ here at home,
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which should sustain the bound and high
curvet
Of Mars's fiery steed.] To other regions! 300
France is a stable! we that dwell in't jades;
Therefore, to the war!

Ber. It shall be so: I'll send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her, 304
And wherefore I am fled; write to the king
That which I durst not speak: [his present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields,
Where noble fellows strike:] war is no strife
To the dark house and the detested wife.

Par. Will this capriccio² hold in thee, art sure?



Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me
thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.—(Act II. 4. 29-31.)

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and ad-
vise me. 311

I'll send her straight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why, these balls bound; there's noise
in it.—'T is hard:

A young man married is a man that's marr'd:
[Therefore, away, and leave her; bravely go:
The king has done you wrong; but, hush, 't is
so.] *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV. *Paris. An antechamber in
the palace.*

Enter HELENA with a letter, and CLOWN.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly: is she well?

[*Clo.* She is not well; but yet she has her
health: she's very merry; but yet she is not well:
but thanks be given, she's very well, and wants
nothing i' the world; but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be very well, what does she ail,
that she's not very well?]

¹ *Kicky-wicky*, a playful term for a wife.

² *Capriccio*, properly an Italian word = fancy.

Clo. Truly, she's very well indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things? 10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whither God send her quickly! the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly!

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Bless you, my fortunate lady!

Hel. I hope, sir, I have your good will to have mine own good fortunes.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them still.—O, my knave,—how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say. 21

Par. Why, I say nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiser man; for many a man's tongue shakes out his master's undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away! thou'rt a knave. 28

Clo. You should have said, sir, before a knave thou'rt a knave; that's, before me thou'rt a knave: this had been truth, sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool; I have found thee.

Clo. Did you find me in yourself, sir? or were you taught to find me? The search, sir, was profitable; and much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleasure, and the increase of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.—Madam, my lord will go away to-night; 40 A very serious business calls on him.

[The great prerogative and rite of love, Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;

But puts it off to a compell'd restraint;¹ Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,

Which they distil now in the curbed time,²

To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy, And pleasure drown the brim.]

Hel. What's his will else?

Par. That you will take your instant leave o' the king,

And make this haste as your own good proceeding, 50

Strengthen'd with what apology you think May make it probable need.³

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That, having this obtain'd, you presently Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In everything I wait upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so.

Hel. I pray you. [*Exit Par.*] Come, sirrah. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Paris.* Another apartment in the palace.

Enter LAFEU and BERTRAM.

Laf. But I hope your lordship thinks not him a soldier.

Ber. Yes, my lord, and of very valiant approach.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted testimony.

Laf. Then my dial⁴ goes not true: I took this lark for a bunting. 7

[*Ber.* I do assure you, my lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have, then, sinned against his experience, and transgressed against his valour; and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent.] Here he comes: I pray you, make us friends; I will pursue the amity.

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. [To *Bertram*] These things shall be done, sir.

[*Laf.* Pray you, sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well, I, sir; he, sir, 's a good workman, a very good tailor.] 21

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is she gone to the king?

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] She is.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Will she away to-night?

Par. [*Aside to Ber.*] As you'll have her.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] I've writ my letters, casketed my treasure,

¹ To a compell'd restraint, by referring to a compulsory abstinence.

² The curbed time, the time of restraint.

³ Probable need, a specious appearance of necessity. —Johnson.

⁴ Dial, watch.

Given order for our horses; and to-night,
When I should take possession of the bride,
End ere I do begin. 29

Laf. [A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner;¹ but one that lies three-thirds, and uses a known truth to pass a thousand nothings with, should be once heard, and thrice beaten.—] God save you, captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindness between my lord and you, monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my lord's displeasure. 33

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, boots and spurs and all, like him that leaped into the custard; and out of it you'll run again, rather than suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may be you have mistaken him, my lord.

Laf. And shall do so ever, though I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is his clothes: [trust him not in matter of heavy consequence; I have kept of them tame, and know their natures.—Farewell, monsieur: I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand; but we must do good against evil.] *[Exit.*

Par. An idle lord, I swear.

Ber. I think so.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well; and common speech

Gives him a worthy pass.—Here comes my clog.

Enter HELENA.

Hel. I have, sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave 60

For present parting;² only he desires
Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.
You must not marvel, Helen, at my course,
[Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not

For such a business; therefore am I found
So much unsettled: this drives me to entreat
you, 68

That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse³ than ask why I entreat you; [For my respects⁴ are better than they seem,
And my appointments⁵ have in them a need
Greater than shows itself, at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my
mother: *[Giving a letter.*

'Twill be two days ere I shall see you; so,
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall
With true observance seek to eke out that
Wherein toward me my homely stars have
fail'd 80

To equal my great fortune.

Ber. Let that go:
My haste is very great: farewell; hie home.

Hel. Pray, sir, your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine,—and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.

Ber. What would you have?

Hel. Something; and scarce so much:—nothing, indeed.—

I would not tell you what I would, my lord:—
Faith, yes;— 90

Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.

Ber. I pray you, stay not, but in haste to horse.

Hel. I shall not break your bidding, good my lord.

Ber. Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell. *[Exit Helena.*

Go thou toward home; where I will never come,
Whilst I can shake my sword, or hear the drum.—

Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, coragio!

[Exeunt.

³ *Muse*, wonder.

¹ *Something at the latter end of a dinner, i.e. for the sake of his traveller's tales.*

² *Parting, departing.*

⁴ *Respects*, motives; that to which I have respect, or regard, in acting as I do.

⁵ *Appointments*, engagements.

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Florence. A room in the Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, attended; the two Frenchmen with a troop of Soldiers.

Duke. So that, from point to point, now have you heard

The fundamental reasons of this war;
Whose great decision hath much blood let forth,
And more thirsts after.

First Lord. Holy seems the quarrel
Upon your grace's part; black and fearful
On the opposer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our cousin France
Would, in so just a business, shut his bosom
Against our borrowing prayers.

Sec. Lord. Good my lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yield, 10
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable motion:¹ therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, since I have found
Myself in my incertain grounds to fail
As often as I guess'd.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

First Lord. But I am sure the younger of
our nature,
That surfeit on their ease, will day by day
Come here for physic.

Duke. Welcome shall they be;
And all the honours that can fly from us 20
Shall on them settle. You know your places
well;
When better fall, for your avails² they fell:
To-morrow to the field. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Rousillon. The hall of the Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS with letter, and CLOWN.

Count. [*Having read Helena's letter*] It hath
happened all as I would have had it, save that
he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young lord to
be a very melancholy man.

Count. By what observance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and
sing; mend the ruff, and sing; ask questions,
and sing; pick his teeth, and sing. I know a
man that had this trick of melancholy sold a
goodly manor for a song. 10

Count. Let me see what he writes, and when
he means to come. [*Opening a letter.*

Clo. I have no mind to Isbel, since I was at
court: [our old ling³ and our Isbels o' the coun-
try are nothing like your old ling and your
Isbels o' the court:] the brains of my Cupid's
knocked out; and I begin to love, as an old
man loves money, with no stomach.

Count. What have we here? 19

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*Exit.*

Count. [*Reads.*] "I have sent you a daughter-in-
law: she hath recovered the king, and undone me. I
have wedded her, not bedded her; and sworn to make
the not eternal. You shall hear I am run away: know
it before the report come. If there be breadth enough
in the world, I will hold a long distance. My duty
to you. Your unfortunate son, BERTRAM."

This is not well, rash and unbridled boy, 30
To fly the favours of so good a king;
To pluck his indignation on thy head
By the misprizing of a maid too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder is heavy news within
between two soldiers and my young lady!

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is some comfort in the news,
some comfort; your son will not be killed so
soon as I thought he would. 40

Count. Why should he be killed?

Clo. So say I, madam, if he run away, as I
hear he does: [the danger is in standing to 't;]
that's the loss of men, though it be the getting
of children.] Here they come will tell you
more: for my part, I only hear your son was
run away. [*Exit.*

¹ Motion, perception, intuition.

² Avails, profit.

³ Ling, a fish (*Gadus morhua*).

Enter HELENA with a letter, and two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Save you, good madam.

Hel. Madam, my lord is gone, for ever gone.

Sec. Gent. Do not say so.

Count. Think upon patience.—Pray you, gentlemen,— 50

I've felt so many quirks¹ of joy and grief,
That the first face of neither, on the start,
Can woman me unto't:—where is my son, I
pray you?

Sec. Gent. Madam, he's gone to serve the
Duke of Florence:

[*Wemet him thitherward; for thence we came,
And, after some dispatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.*]

Hel. Look on his letter, madam; here's my
passport.

[*Reads*] “When thou canst get the ring upon my
finger which never shall come off, [and show me a
child begotten of thy body that I am father to,]
then call me husband: but in such a *then* I write a
never.”

This is a dreadful sentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, gentlemen?

First Gent. Ay, madam;
And, for the contents' sake, are sorry for our
pains.

Count. I prithee, lady, have a better cheer;
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,
Thou robb'st me of a moiety: he was my son;
But I do wash his name out of my blood, 70
And thou art all my child.—Towards Florence
is he?

Sec. Gent. Ay, madam.

Count. And to be a soldier?

Sec. Gent. Such is his noble purpose: and,
believe't,

The duke will lay upon him all the honour
That good convenience² claims.

Count. Return you thither?

First Gent. Ay, madam, with the swiftest
wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads*] “Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France.”

'Tis bitter.

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Ay, madam.

[*First Gent.* 'Tis but the boldness of his
hand, haply, which his heart was not consent-
ing to.] 80

Count. Nothing in France, until he have no
wife!

There's nothing here that is too good for him,
But only she; and she deserves a lord,
That twenty such rude boys might tend
upon,
And call her hourly mistress.—Who was with
him?

First Gent. A servant only, and a gentleman
Which I have some time known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

First Gent. Ay, my good lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of
wickedness.

My son corrupts a well-derived nature 90
With his inducement.³

[*First Gent.* Indeed, good lady,
The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds⁴ him much to have.

Count.] Y' are welcome, gentlemen.
I will entreat you, when you see my son,
To tell him that his sword can never win
The honour that he loses: more I'll entreat you
Written to bear along.

Sec. Gent. We serve you, madam,
In that and all your worthiest affairs.

Count. Not so, but as we change our cour-
tesies. 100

Will you draw near?

[*Exeunt Countess and Gentlemen.*

Hel. “Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France.”

Nothing in France, until he has no wife!
Thou shalt have none, Rousillon, none in
France;

Then hast thou all again. Poor lord! is't I
That chase thee from thy country, and expose
Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where
thou 109

Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of smoky muskets? [O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,

¹ Quirks, humours. ² Convenience, propriety.

³ With his inducement, owing to his instigation.

⁴ Holds, considers, judges.

{ Fly with false aim; move the still-piecing¹ air,
 { That sings with piercing; do not touch my
 { lord!] 114

Whoever shoots at him, I set him there;
 Whoever charges on his forward breast,
 I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't;
 And, though I kill him not, I am the cause



Hel. I am the caitiff that do hold him to 't.—(Act III. 2. 117.)

His death was so effected: better 't were
 I met the ravin² lion when he roar'd 120
 With sharp constraint of hunger; better 'twere
 That all the miseries which nature owes
 Were mine at once. No, come thou home,
 Rousillon,
 Whence³ honour but of danger wins a scar,

¹ *Still-piecing*, closing again immediately.

² *Ravin*, ravenous.

³ *Whence*, from there where.

As oft it loses all: I will be gone; 125
 My being here it is that holds thee hence:
 Shall I stay here to do 't? no, no, although
 The air of paradise did fan the house,
 And angels offic'd all: I will be gone,
 That pitiful rumour may report my flight, 130
 To console thine ear. Come, night; end, day!
 For with the dark, poor thief, I'll steal away.
 [Exit.]

[SCENE III. *Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*

Flourish. Enter the DUKE of Florence, BER-
 TRAM, PAROLLES, and Soldiers. *Drum,*
and trumpets.

Duke. The general of our horse thou art;
 and we,
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and cre-
 dence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir, it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength; but yet
 We'll strive to bear it, for your worthy sake,
 To th' extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth;
 And Fortune play upon thy prosperous helm,
 As thy auspicious mistress!

Ber. This very day,
 Great Mars, I put myself into thy file:
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall
 prove 10
 A lover of thy drum, hater of love. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Rousillon. Hall in the Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS and STEWARD.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter
 of her?
 Might you not know she'd do as she has done,
 By sending me a letter? Read it again.

Stew. [Reads]

"I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone:
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended,
 That barefoot plod I the cold ground upon,
 With sainted vow my faults to have amended.
 Write, write, that from the bloody course of war
 My dearest master, your dear son, may hie:
 Bless him at home in peace, whilst I from far 10
 His name with zealous fervour sanctify:

His taken labours bid him me forgive; 12
I, his despitelful Juno, sent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live,
Where death and danger dogs the heels of
worth:

He is too good and fair for death and me;
Whom¹ I myself embrace, to set him free."

Count. Ah, what sharp stings are in her
mildest words!—

Rinaldo, you did never lack advice² so much,
As letting her pass so: had I spoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents, 21
Which thus she hath prevented.

Stew. Pardon me, madam:
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'ertaken; and yet she
writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.

Count. What angel shall
Bless this unworthy husband? he cannot thrive,
Unless her prayers, whom heaven delights to
hear,
And loves to grant, reprieve him from the
wrath

Of greatest justice.—Write, write, Rinaldo,
To this unworthy husband of his wife; 30
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greatest
grief,

Though little he do feel it, set down sharply.
Dispatch the most convenient messenger:—
When haply he shall hear that she is gone,
He will return; and hope I may that she,
Hearing so much, will speed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love: which of them both
Is dearest to me, I've no skill in sense
To make distinction:—provide this messen-
ger:— 40

My heart is heavy and mine age is weak:
Grief would have tears, and sorrow bids me
speak. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Florence. Before the gates.*
A distant march.

*Enter an old WIDOW of Florence, DIANA, VIO-
LENTA, and MARIANA, with other Citizens.*

Wid. Nay, come; for if they do approach
the city, we shall lose all the sight.

Dia. They say the French count has done
most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported that he has taken their
greatest commander; and that with his own
hand he slew the duke's brother. [*Distant
march.*] We have lost our labour; they are
gone a contrary way: hark! you may know
by their trumpets. 9

Mar. Come, let's return again, and suffice



Stew. [Reads]. I am Saint Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone.
—(Act iii. 4. 4.)

ourselves with the report of it. Well, Diana,
take heed of this French earl: the honour of a
maid is her name; and no legacy is so rich as
honesty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you
have been solicited by a gentleman his com-
panion. 16

Mar. I know that knave; hang him! one
Parolles: a filthy officer he is in those sugges-
tions³ for the young earl.—Beware of them,
Diana; [their promises, enticements, oaths,

¹ Whom, i.e. death. ² Advice, consideration, discretion.

³ Suggestions, incitements, temptations.

tokens, and all these engines of lust, are not the things they go under: many a maid hath been seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so terrible shows in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that dissuade succession,¹ but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them.] I hope I need not to advise you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger known but the modesty which is so lost. 30

Dia. You shall not need to fear me.

Wid. I hope so.—Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house; thither they send one another: I'll question her.

Enter HELENA, disguised like a pilgrim.

God save you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

Hel. To Saint Jaques le Grand.

Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

Hel. Is this the way? 40

Wid. Ay, marry, is 't.—Hark you! they come this way.— [*A march afar.*]

If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample² as myself.

Hel. Is it yourself?

Wid. If you shall please so, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Here you shall see a countryman of yours 50

That has done worthy service.

Hel. His name, I pray you.

Dia. The Count Rousillon: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears most nobly of him:

His face I know not.

Dia. Whatsoe'er he is,

He's bravely taken here. He stole from France, 55
As 'tis reported, for the king had married him

Against his liking: think you it is so?

Hel. Ay, surely, mere the truth: I know his lady.

Dia. There is a gentleman that serves the count 59

Reports but coarsely of her.

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur Parolles.

Hel. O, I believe with him,

In argument of praise,³ or to⁴ the worth
Of the great count himself, she is too mean
To have her name repeated: all her deserving
Is a reserved honesty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.⁵

Dia. Alas, poor lady!

'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting lord.

Wid. I war'n't, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,

Her heart weighs sadly: this young maid might do her 70

A shrewd turn, if she pleas'd.

Hel. How do you mean?

May be the amorous count solicits her

In the unlawful purpose.

Wid. He does indeed;

And brokes with all that can in such a suit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:

But she is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard

In honestest defence.

Mar. The gods forbid else!

Wid. So, now they come:—

Flourish of trumpets.

Enter BERTRAM, PAROLLES, and the whole army.

[That is Antonio, the duke's eldest son;
That, Escalus.] }

Hel. Which is the Frenchman?

Dia. He;

That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow. 81

¹ Succession, i.e. their following the example of others who have been wrecked before them.

² Ample, fully.

³ In argument of praise, as for praise.

⁴ To, in comparison with.

⁵ Examin'd, called in question.

I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest,
He were much goodlier: is't not a handsome
gentleman? 83

Hel. I like him well.

Dia. 'Tis pity he's not honest: yond's that
same knave [*pointing at Parolles*]

That leads him to these passes:¹ were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with scarfs: why is
he melancholy?

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' the battle. 90

Par. Lose our drum! well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vex'd at something:
look, he has spied us.

Wil. Marry, hang you!

Mar. And your courtesy, for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, and army.*]

Wil. The troop is past. Come, pilgrim, I
will bring you

Where you shall host:² of enjoind' penitents
There's four or five, to Great Saint Jacques³
bound,

Already at my house.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and
thanking 101

Shall be for me; and, to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts of this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A room in Bertram's lodgings.*

Enter BERTRAM and the two French Lords.

Sec. Lord. Nay, good my lord, put him to't;
let him have his way.

First Lord. If your lordship find him not a
hilding,⁴ hold me no more in your respect.

Sec. Lord. On my life, my lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am so far deceived in
him?

Sec. Lord. Believe it, my lord, in mine own
direct knowledge, without any malice, but to
speak of him as my kinsman, he's a most

notable coward, an infinite and endless liar,
an hourly promise-breaker, the owner of no
one good quality worthy your lordship's enter-
tainment.⁵ 13

[*First Lord.* It were fit you knew him; lest,
reposing too far in his virtue, which he hath
not, he might at some great and trusty busi-
ness, in a main danger, fail you.]

Ber. I would I knew in what particu-
lar to try him. 19

First Lord. None better than to let him
fetch off his drum, which you hear him so con-
fidently undertake to do.

Sec. Lord. I, with a troop of Florentines,
will suddenly surprise him; such I will have,
whom, I am sure, he knows not from the
enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him so,
that he shall suppose no other but that he is
carried into the leaguer of the adversaries,
when we bring him to our own tents. Be but
your lordship present at his examination: if
he do not, for the promise of his life, and in
the highest compulsion of base fear, offer to
betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in
his power against you, and that with the di-
vine forfeit of his soul upon oath, never trust
my judgment in any thing.

[*First Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let
him fetch his drum; he says he has a strata-
gem for't: when your lordship sees the bottom
of his success in't, and to what metal this
counterfeit lump of ore will be melted, if you
give him not John Drum's entertainment, your
inclining cannot be removed.]—Here he comes.

Sec. Lord. O, for the love of laughter, hinder
not the honour of his design: let him fetch off
his drum in any hand.⁶

Enter PAROLLES.

Ber. How now, monsieur! this drum sticks
sorely in your disposition.

First Lord. A pox on't, let it go; 'tis but a
drum. 49

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? A drum
so lost!—There was excellent command,—to
charge in with our horse upon our own wings,
and to rend our own soldiers!

¹ *Passes, courses.*

² *Host, lodge.*

³ *Jaques, dissyllable here, as in iii. 4. 4, and elsewhere.*

⁴ *Hilding, a base fellow.*

⁵ *Entertainment, service, as in iv. i. 17.*

⁶ *In any hand, in any case.*

[*First Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the command of the service: it was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented, if he had been there to command.]

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our success: some dishonour we had in the loss of that drum; but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par. It might have been recovered.

Ber. It might; but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered: but that the merit of service is seldom attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drum or another, or *hic jacet*.¹

Ber. Why, if you have a stomach² to 't, monsieur: if you think your mystery in stratagem can bring this instrument of honour again into his native quarter, be magnanimous in the enterprise, and go on; I will grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speed well in it, the duke shall both speak of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatness, even to the utmost syllable of your worthiness.

Par. By the hand of a soldier, I will undertake it. 78

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening: [and I will presently pen down my dilemmas, encourage myself in my certainty, put myself into my mortal preparation;³] and, by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his grace you are gone about it?

Par. I know not what the success will be, my lord; but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know thou'rt valiant; and, to the possibility of thy soldiership,⁴ will subscribe for thee. Farewell. 90

Par. I love not many words. [*Exit.*]

Sec. Lord. No more than a fish loves water.—Is not this a strange fellow, my lord, that so confidently seems to undertake this business, which he knows is not to be done; damns himself to do, and dares better be damned than to do't?

[*First Lord.* You do not know him, my lord,

as we do: certain it is, that he will steal himself into a man's favour; and for a week escape a great deal of discoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.] 101

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that so seriously he does address himself unto?

Sec. Lord. None in the world; but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: [but we have almost embossed him,⁵—you shall see his fall to-night; for indeed he is not for your lordship's respect.]

First Lord. We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we case⁶ him. He was first smoked⁷ by the old Lord Lafeu: when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what a sprat you shall find him; which you shall see this very night.

Sec. Lord. I must go look my twigs: he shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he shall go along with me.

Sec. Lord. As't please your lordship: I'll leave you. [*Exit.*]

Ber. Now will I lead you to the house, and show you

The lass I spoke of.

First Lord. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with her but once, 120

And found her wondrous cold; but I sent to her, By this same coxcomb that we have i' the wind,⁸

Tokens and letters which she did re-send; And this is all I've done. She's a fair creature: Will you go see her?

First Lord. With all my heart, my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. Florence. A room in the Widow's house.

Enter HELENA and WIDOW.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she, I know not how I shall assure you further, But I shall lose the grounds⁹ I work upon.

¹ *Hic jacet*, here lies. ² *Stomach*, inclination.

³ *My mortal preparation*, my preparation for death.

⁴ *To the possibility of thy soldiership*, as far as the matter depends on what thy soldiership may possibly accomplish.

⁵ *Embossed him*, inclosed him like game.

⁶ *Case*, flay, strip.

⁷ *Smoked*, smelled out, found out.

⁸ *We have i' the wind*, we have scent of.

⁹ *Grounds*, foundations.

Wid. Though my estate be fall'n, I was
well born,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses;
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First, give me trust, the count he is my hus-
band,

And what to your sworn counsel I have spoken
Is so from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you shall borrow,
Err in bestowing it.

Wid. I should believe you;
For you have show'd me that which well ap-
proves
You're great in fortune.



Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not she,
I know not how I shall assure you further.—(Act iii. 7. 1, 2)

Hel. Take this purse of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will over-pay and pay again,
When I have found it. The count he woos
your daughter, ¹⁷
Lays down his wanton siege before her beauty,
Resolv'd to carry her: let her, in fine, con-
sent,
As we'll direct her how 't is best to bear¹ it;
Now his important² blood will naught deny
That she'll demand: a ring the county wears,
That downward hath succeeded in his house

From son to son, some four or five descents
Since the first father wore it: this ring he
holds
In most rich choice; yet, in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.

Wid. Now I see
The bottom of your purpose. ²⁹

Hel. You see it lawful, then: it is no more,
But that your daughter, ere she seems as
won,
Desires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herself most chastely absent: after this,

¹ Bear, manage, execute.

² Important, importunate.

To marry her, I'll add three thousand crowns
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yielded:
Instruct my daughter how she shall perséver,
That time and place with this deceit so lawful
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With musics¹ of all sorts, and songs compos'd
To her unworthiness: it nothing steads² us 41

To chide him from our eaves; for he persists,
As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why, then, to-night
Let us assay our plot; which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a lawful act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact:³
But let's about it. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The French camp before Florence.*

*Enter Second French Lord, with five or six
other Soldiers in ambush.*

Sec. Lord. He can come no other way but
by this hedge-corner. When you sally upon
him, speak what terrible language you will,—
though you understand it not yourselves, no
matter; for we must not seem to understand
him, unless some one among us, whom we
must produce for an interpreter.

First Sold. Good captain, let me be the inter-
preter.

Sec. Lord. Art not acquainted with him?
knows he not thy voice? 11

First Sold. No, sir, I warrant you.

Sec. Lord. But what linsey-woolsey hast
thou to speak to us again?

First Sold. E'en such as you speak to me.

Sec. Lord. He must think us some band of
strangers i' the adversary's entertainment.
Now, he hath a smack of all neighbouring
languages; therefore we must every one be a
man of his own fancy, not to know what we
speak one to another; so we seem to know, is
to know straight our purpose: choughs' lan-
guage, gabble enough, and good enough. As
for you, interpreter, you must seem very poli-
tic.—But couch, ho! here he comes,—to be-
guile two hours in a sleep, and then to return
and swear the lies he forges. 26

Enter PAROLLES.

Par. Ten o'clock: within these three hours
't will be time enough to go home. What shall

I say I have done? It must be a very plau-
sive invention that carries it: they begin to
smoke me; and disgraces have of late knocked
too often at my door. I find my tongue is too
foolhardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars
before it and of his creatures, not daring the
reports of my tongue.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] This is the first truth that
e'er thine own tongue was guilty of.

Par. What the devil should move me to
undertake the recovery of this drum, being
not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing
I had no such purpose? I must give myself
some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet
slight ones will not carry it; they will say,
"Came you off with so little?" and great ones
I dare not give. Wherefore, what's the in-
stance?⁴ Tongue, I must put you into a but-
ter-woman's mouth, and buy myself another
of Bajazet's mule, if you prattle me into these
perils.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Is it possible he should
know what he is, and be that he is? 49

Par. I would the cutting of my garments
would serve the turn, or the breaking of my
Spanish sword.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring⁵ of my beard; and to
say it was in stratagem.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] 'T would not do.

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and say I was
stripped—

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leaped from the
window of the citadel— 61

¹ Musics, bands of musicians.

² It nothing steads, it is of no use.

³ Fact, crime.

⁴ Instance, proof.

⁵ Baring, shaving.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] How deep? 62

Par. Thirty fathom.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] Three great oaths would scarce make that be believed.

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's: I would swear I recovered it.

Sec. Lord. [*Aside*] You shall hear one anon.
[*Drum beats without.*]

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

Sec. Lord. *Throca movousus, cargo, cargo,*
cargo. 71

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo,*
cargo.

Par. O, ransom, ransom!—do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

First Sold. *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*



Par. Within these three hours 't will be time enough to go home.—(Act iv. 1. 27, 28.)

Par. I know you are the Muskos' regiment;
And I shall lose my life for want of language:

If there be here German, or Dane, low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speak to me;
I will discover that which shall undo
The Florentine.

First Sold. *Boskos vauvado:*— 80
I understand thee, and can speak thy tongue:—
Kerelybonto:—sir,
Betake thee to thy faith, for seventeen poniards
Are at thy bosom.

Par. O!

First Sold. O, pray, pray, pray!—
Manka revania dulche.

Sec. Lord. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

First Sold. The general is content to spare
thee yet; 89
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee: haply thou mayst inform
Something to save thy life.

Par. O, let me live!
And all the secrets of our camp I'll show,
Their force, their purposes; nay, I'll speak that
Which you will wonder at.

First Sold. But wilt thou faithfully?
125

Par. If I do not, damn me.

First Sold. *Acordo tinta:—*
Come on; thou art granted space.

[*Exit, with Parolles guarded by four Soldiers. Drum beats without.*

Sec. Lord. Go, tell the Count Rousillon, and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled¹ 100

Till we do hear from them.

Sec. Sold. Captain, I will.

Sec. Lord. 'A will betray us all unto ourselves:—

Inform on that.

Sec. Sold. So I will, sir.

First Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and safely lock'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Florence. A room in the Widow's house.*

Enter BERTRAM and DIANA.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good lord, Diana.

Ber. Titled goddess;
And worth it, with addition! But, fair soul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument:
When you are dead, you should be such a one
As you are now, for you are cold and stern;
And now you should be as your mother was
{[When your sweet self was got. 10

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.]
Dia. No:

My mother did but duty; such, my lord,
As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more o' that,—
I prithee, do not strive against my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own sweet constraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. Ay, so you serve us
Till we serve you; but when you have our roses,

You barely leave² our thorns to prick ourselves,
And mock us with our bareness.

Ber. How have I sworn!

Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth, 21

But the plain single vow that is vow'd true.

[What is not holy, that we swear not by,
But take the High'st to witness: then, pray you, tell me,]

If I should swear by God's great attributes,
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,³
To swear by him whom I protest to love,
That I will work against him. Therefore your oaths 29

Are words and poor conditions, but unseal'd,
At least in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it;

Be not so holy-cruel: love is holy;
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with. Stand no more off,

But give thyself unto my sick desires,
Who then recover: say thou'rt mine, and ever
My love as it begins shall so perséver.

Dia. I see that men make ropes in such a scarre,
That we'll forsake ourselves. Give me that ring.

Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear; but have no power 40
To give it from me.

Dia. Will you not, my lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose.

Dia. Mine honour's such a ring:
My chastity's the jewel of our house,
Bequeathed down from many ancestors;
Which were the greatest obloquy i' the world
In me to lose: thus your own proper wisdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part, 50
Against your vain assault.

Ber. Here, take my ring:
My house, mine honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.

¹ Muffled, blindfolded.

² Barely leave, leave bare, naked.

³ Holding, binding force, validity.

Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window: 54

I'll order take my mother shall not hear.

Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet-maiden bed,
Remain there but an hour, nor speak to me:
My reasons are most strong; and you shall know them

When back again this ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put 61
Another ring, that what in time proceeds
May token to the future our past deeds.

Adieu, till then; then fail not. You have won
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I've won by wooing thee. [*Exit.*]

Dia. For which live long to thank both heaven and me!

You may so in the end.—

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sat in 's heart; she says all men 70
Have the like oaths: [he had sworn to marry me
When his wife's dead; therefore I'll lie with him

When I am buried.] Since Frenchmen are so braid,¹

Marry that will, I live and die a maid:
Only, in this disguise, I think 't no sin
To cozen him that would unjustly win. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The Florentine camp.*

Enter the two French Lords.

First Lord. You have not given him his mother's letter?

Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since: there is something in 't that stings his nature; for, on the reading it, he changed almost into another man.

First Lord. He has much worthy blame laid upon him for shaking off so good a wife and so sweet a lady. 9

Sec. Lord. Especially he hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the king, who had even tuned his bounty² to sing happiness to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you.

First Lord. When you have spoken it, 't is dead, and I am the grave of it.

Sec. Lord. He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a most chaste renown; [and this night he fleshes his will in the spoil of her honour:] he hath given her his monumental³ ring, and thinks himself made in the unchaste composition. 22



Sec. Lord. I have delivered it an hour since.—(Act iv. 3. 3.)

First Lord. [Now, God delay our rebellion! as we are ourselves, what things are we!

Sec. Lord. Merely our own traitors. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends, so he that in this action contrives against his own nobility, in his proper stream o'erflows himself. 30

First Lord. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be trumpeters of our unlawful intents?]

¹ *Braid*, deceitful.

² *Bounty*, benevolence.

³ *Monumental*, memorial.

We shall not, then, have his company to-night?

Sec. Lord. Not till after midnight; [for he is dieted to his hour.

First Lord. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company¹ anatomized, that he might take a measure of his own judgments, wherein so curiously² he had set this counterfeit.³ 40

Sec. Lord. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.]

First Lord. In the mean time, what hear you of these wars?

Sec. Lord. I hear there is an overture of peace.

First Lord. Nay, I assure you, a peace concluded.

Sec. Lord. What will Count Rousillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France? 51

First Lord. I perceive, by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

Sec. Lord. Let it be forbid, sir! so should I be a great deal of his act.

First Lord. Sir, his wife, some two months since, fled from his house; her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint Jaques le Grand; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimony, she accomplished; and, there residing, the tenderness of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her last breath; and now she sings in heaven.

Sec. Lord. How is this justified?⁴

First Lord. The stronger⁵ part of it by her own letters, which make her story true, even to the point of her death: her death itself, which could not be her office to say is come, was faithfully confirmed by the rector of the place. 60

Sec. Lord. Hath the count all this intelligence?

First Lord. Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

[*Sec. Lord.* I am heartily sorry that he'll be glad of this.

First Lord. How mightily sometimes we make us comforts of our losses!

Sec. Lord. And how mightily some other times we drown our gain in tears! The great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 82

First Lord. The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! where's your master? 89

Serv. He met the duke in the street, sir, of whom he hath taken a solemn leave: his lordship will next morning for France. The duke hath offered him letters of commendations to the king. [Exit.

Sec. Lord. They shall be no more than needful there, if they were more than they can commend.

First Lord. They cannot be too sweet for the king's tartness. Here's his lordship now.]

Enter BERTRAM.

How now, my lord! is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night dispatched sixteen businesses, a month's length a-piece, by an abstract of success:⁶ I have congied⁷ with the duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourned for her; writ to my lady mother I am returning; entertained⁸ my convey; and between these main parcels of dispatch, effected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Sec. Lord. If the business be of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires haste of your lordship. 100

Ber. I mean, the business is not ended, as fearing to hear of it hereafter. But shall we have this dialogue between the fool and the soldier? Come, bring forth this counterfeit module,⁹ has deceived me, like a double-meaning prophesier.

Sec. Lord. [Bring him forth: has sat i' the stocks all night, poor gallant knave.]

¹ Company, companion. ² Curiously, carefully.

³ Counterfeit, false coin, i.e. Parolles.

⁴ Justified, proved.

⁵ Stronger, more certain.

⁶ An abstract of success, a few brief successful strokes.

⁷ Congied, taken leave.

⁸ Entertained, engaged.

⁹ Counterfeit module, delusive image.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deserved it, in usurping his spurs so long. How does he carry himself? 120

Sec. Lord. I have told your lordship already,—the stocks carry him. But, to answer you as you would be understood; he weeps like a wench that had shed¹ her milk:] he hath confessed himself to Morgan, whom he supposes to be a friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' the stocks: and what think you he hath confessed?

Ber. Nothing of me, has a'? 120

Sec. Lord. His confession is taken, and it shall be read to his face: if your lordship be in't, as I believe you are, you must have the patience to hear it.

Ber. A plague upon him! [*looking off*]. Muffled! he can say nothing of me.—Hush, hush!

Enter the six Soldiers, bringing in PAROLLES blindfolded.

First Lord. Hoodman² comes!—*Portotartarossa.*

First Sold. He calls for the tortures: what will you say without 'em?

Par. I will confess what I know without constraint: if ye pinch me like a pasty, I can say no more. 141

First Sold. *Bosko chimurcho.*

First Lord. *Boblilindo chicurmurco.*

First Sold. You are a merciful general.—Our general bids you answer to what I shall ask you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

First Sold. [*Reads*] "First demand of him how many horse the duke is strong." What say you to that? 150

Par. Five or six thousand; but very weak and unserviceable: the troops are all scattered, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

First Sold. Shall I set down your answer so?

Par. Do: I'll take the sacrament on't, how and which way you will.

Ber. All's one to him. What a past-saving slave is this! 159

[*First Lord.* You're deceived, my lord: this is Monsieur Parolles, the gallant militarist,—

that was his own phrase,—that had the whole theoric of war in the knot of his scarf, and the practice in the chape³ of his dagger.

Sec. Lord. I will never trust a man again for keeping his sword clean; nor believe he can have everything in him by wearing his apparel neatly.]

First Sold. Well, that's set down. 169

Par. Five or six thousand horse, I said,—I will say true,—or thereabouts, set down,—for I'll speak truth.

First Lord. He's very near the truth in this.

[*Ber.* But I con him no thanks for't, in the nature he delivers it.]

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, say.

First Sold. Well, that's set down.

Par. I humbly thank you, sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor. 179

First Sold. [*Reads*] "Demand of him, of what strength they are a-foot."⁴ What say you to that?

Par. By my troth, sir, if I were to live this present hour, I will tell true. Let me see: [Spurio, a hundred and fifty; Sebastian, so many; Corambus, so many; Jaques, so many; Guiltian, Cosmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred fifty each: so that] the muster-file, rotten and sound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thousand poll; half of the which dare not shake the snow from off their cassocks, lest they shake themselves to pieces.

Ber. What shall be done to him?

First Lord. Nothing, but let him have thanks.—Demand of him my condition,⁵ and what credit I have with the duke.

First Sold. Well, that's set down. [*Reads*] "You shall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' the camp, a Frenchman; what his reputation is with the duke; what his valour, honesty, and expertness in wars; or whether he thinks it were not possible, with well-weighting sums of gold, to corrupt him to a revolt." What say you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beseech you, let me answer to the particular of the intergatories: demand them singly. 209

First Sold. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

¹ Shed, upset.

² Hoodman, Parolles blindfolded.

³ Chape, the metal tip at the end of the scabbard.

⁴ A-foot, i.e. in infantry. ⁵ Condition, character.

Par. I know him: a' was a botcher's 'prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipped for getting the shrieve's fool with child,—a dumb innocent, that could not say him nay. 214

[*First Lord (Dumain) lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.*

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; [though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

First Sold. Well, is this captain in the Duke of Florence's camp? 219

Par. Upon my knowledge, he is, and lousy.

First Lord. Nay, look not so upon me; we shall hear of your lordship anon.]

First Sold. What is his reputation with the duke?

Par. The duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me this other day to turn him out o' the band: I think I have his letter in my pocket.

First Sold. Marry, we'll search. 229

Par. In good sadness, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon a file, with the duke's other letters, in my tent.

First Sold. Here 't is; here's a paper: shall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

First Lord. Excellently.

First Sold. [Reads] 238

"Dian, the count's a fool, and full of gold,"—

Par. That is not the duke's letter, sir; that is an advertisement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurements of one Count Rousillon, a foolish idle boy, but, for all that, very ruttish: I pray you, sir, put it up again. [*Bertram lifts his hand as if to strike Parolles.*

First Sold. Nay, I'll read it first, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in 't, I protest, was very honest in the behalf of the maid; [for I knew the young count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.] 250

Ber. Damnable, both-sides rogue!

First Sold. [Reads]

"When he swears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it;

After he scores, he never pays the score:

Half won is match well made; match, and well make it;

He ne'er pays after-debts, take it before;

And say a soldier, Dian, told thee this.

Men are to mell¹ with, boys are not to kiss:

For count of this,² the count's a fool, I know it,

Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.

Thine, as he vowed to thee in thine ear, 260

PAROLLES."

Ber. He shall be whipped through the army, with this rhyme in 's forehead.

Sec. Lord. This is your devoted friend, sir, the manifold linguist, and the armipotent soldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

First Sold. I perceive, sir, by the general's looks, we shall be fain to hang you. 269

[*First Lord whispers to the Soldier.*

Par. [Falls on his knees] My life, sir, in any case: not that I am afraid to die; but that, my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature: let me live, sir, in a dungeon, i' the stocks, or any where, so I may live.

First Sold. We'll see what may be done, so you confess freely; therefore, once more to this Captain Dumain: you have answered to his reputation with the duke, and to his valour: what is his honesty? 279

Par. He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister: for rapes and ravishments he parallels Nessus: he professes not keeping of oaths; in breaking 'em he is stronger than Hercules: he will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool: [drunkenness is his best virtue, for he will be swine-drunk; and in his sleep he does little harm, save to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw.] I have but little more to say, sir, of his honesty: he has every thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing. 292

First Lord. I begin to love him for this.

[*Ber.* For this description of thine honesty? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a cat.]

¹ Mell, meddle.

² Count of this, take notice of this.

First Sold. What say you to his expertness in war? 298

Par. Faith, sir, has led¹ the drum before the English tragedians,—to belie him, I will not,—and more of his soldiership I know not; [except, in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called Mile-end, to instruct for the doubling of files:] I would

do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

[*First Lord.* He hath out-villained villany so far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat still.]

First Sold. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to ask you if gold will corrupt him to revolt. 310



Ber. Good morrow, noble captain.—(Act iv. 3. 349.)

Par. Sir, for a cardecue² he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, [the inheritance of it; and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession for it perpetually.]

First Sold. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

Sec. Lord. Why does he ask him of me?

First Sold. What's he? 319

Par. E'en a crow o' the same nest; not altogether so great as the first in goodness, but

greater a great deal in evil: he excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the best that is: in a retreat he outruns any lackey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

First Sold. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the captain of his horse, Count Rousillon.

First Sold. I'll whisper with the general, and know his pleasure. 330

Par. [*Aside*] I'll no more drumming; a plague of all drums! Only to seem to deserve

¹ Led, carried.

² Cardecue, quart d'écu, a quarter of a French crown = fifteen pence.

well, and to beguile the supposition of that lascivious young boy the count, have I run into this danger: yet who would have suspected an ambush where I was taken?

First Sold. There is no remedy, sir, but you must die [*Parolles groans*]: the general says, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use; therefore you must die.—Come, headsman, off with his head. 342

Par. O Lord, sir, let me live, or let me see my death!

First Sold. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unmuffling him.* So, look about you: know you any here?

[*All laugh, and bow mockingly to Parolles.*

Ber. Good morrow, noble captain. 349

Sec. Lord. God bless you, Captain Parolles.

First Lord. God save you, noble captain.

Sec. Lord. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

First Lord. Good captain, will you give me a copy of the sonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rousillon? an I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lords, laughing.*

First Sold. You are undone, captain; all but your scarf, that has a knot on't yet. 359

Par. [*Rising*] Who cannot be crushed with a plot?

First Sold. [If you could find out a country where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent nation.] Fare ye well, sir; I am for France too: we shall speak of you there. [*Exit with Soldiers.*

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,

'T would burst at this. Captain I'll be no more;

But I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft

As captain shall: simply the thing I am

Shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, 370

Let him fear this; for it will come to pass,

That every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword! cool, blushes! and, Parolles, live

Safest in shame! being fool'd, by foolery thrive!

There's place and means for every man alive.

I'll after them.

[*Exit.*

[SCENE IV. *Florence. Room in the Widow's house.*

Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd you,

One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my surety; 'fore whose throne 't is
needful,

Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel:

Time was, I did him a desired office,

Dear almost as his life; which gratitude

Through flinty Tartar's bosom would peep forth,

And answer, thanks: I duly am inform'd

His grace is at Marseilles; to which place

We have convenient convoy. You must know,

I am supposed dead: the army breaking,¹ 11

My husband lies him home; where, heaven

aiding,

And by the leave of my good lord the king,

We'll be before our welcome.

Wid.

Gentle madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust

Your business was more welcome.

Hel.

Nor you, mistress,

Ever a friend whose thoughts more truly labour

To recompense your love: doubt not but heaven

Hath brought me up to be your daughter's

dower,

As it hath fated her to be my motive² 20

And helper to a husband. But, O strange men!

That can such sweet use make of what they hate,

When saucy trusting of the cozen'd thoughts

Defiles the pitchy night! so lust doth play

With what it loathes, for that which is away:

But more of this hereafter.—You, Diana,

Under my poor instructions yet must suffer

Something in my behalf.

Dia.

Let death and honesty

Go with your impositions,³ I am yours

Upon your will to suffer.

Hel.

Yet, I pray you: 30

But, with the word, the time will bring on

summer,

When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,

And be as sweet as sharp. We must away;

Our wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us:

¹ *Breaking, disbanding.*

² *Motive, instrument.* ³ *Impositions, injunctions.*

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL: still the fine's
the crown; 35
Whate'er the course, the end is the renown.
[*Exeunt.*]

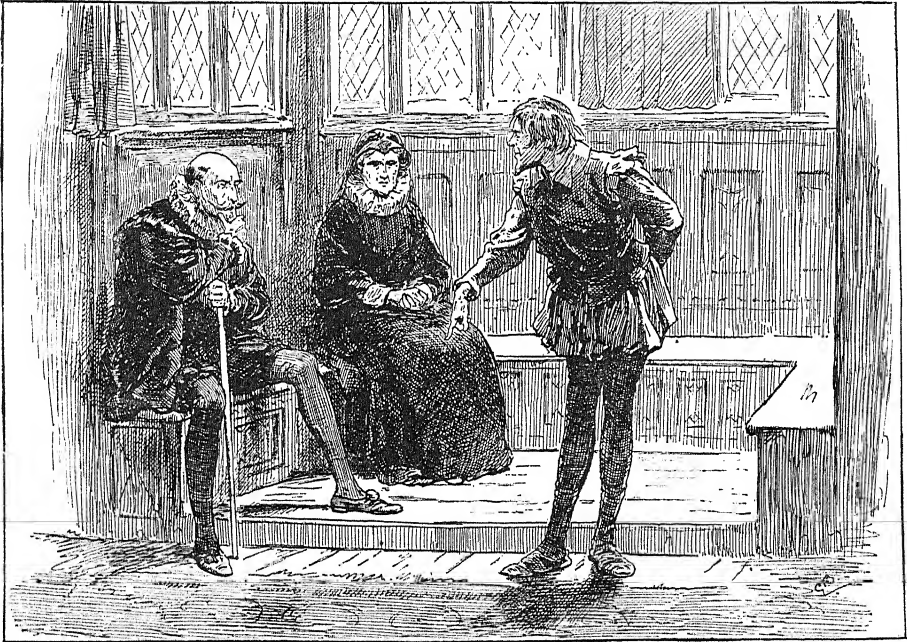
SCENE V. *Rousillon. Hall of the Countess's house.*

Enter COUNTESS, LAFEU, and CLOWN.

Laf. No, no, no, your son was misled with

a snipt-taffeta fellow¹ there, [whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour:] your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour, and your son here at home, more advanced by the king than by that red-tailed humble-bee I speak of. 7

Count. I would I had not known him! it was the death of the most virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praise for creat-



Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.—(Act iv. 5. 44, 45.)

ing: if she had partaken of my flesh, and cost me the dearest groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love. 13

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady: we may pick a thousand salads ere we light on such another herb.

Clo. Indeed, sir, she was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or rather, the herb of grace.²

¹ A snipt-taffeta fellow, a fellow who wore ribbons or snippings of taffeta—Lafeu's contemptuous allusion to Parolles' fine clothes. Compare ii. 5. 18–21.

² Herb of grace, rue.

Laf. They are not herbs, you knave; they are nose-herbs. 20

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, sir; I have not much skill in grass.

[*Laf.* Whether dost thou profess thyself,—a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, sir, at a woman's service, and a knave at a man's.

Laf. Your distinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his service.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble, sir, to do her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that? a Frenchman? 40

Clo. Faith, sir, a' has an English name; but his fisonomy is more hotter in France than there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, sir; *alias*, the prince of darkness; *alias*, the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purse: I give thee not this to suggest¹ thee from thy master thou talkest of; serve him still. 48

Clo. I am a woodland fellow, sir, that always loved a great fire; and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire. But, sure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: some that humble themselves may; but the many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire. 58

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee; and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee.] Go thy ways: let my horses be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, sir, they shall be jades' tricks; which are their own right by the law of nature. [*Exit.*]

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappy.²

Count. So he is. My lord that's gone made himself much sport out of him: by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his sauciness; and, indeed, he has no pace,³ but runs where he will. 71

Laf. I like him well; 'tis not amiss. And I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good lady's death, and that my lord your son

was upon his return home, I moved the king my master to speak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his majesty, out of a self-gracious remembrance, did first propose: his highness hath promised me to do it: and, to stop up the displeasure he hath conceived against your son, there is no fitter matter. How does your ladyship like it? 82

Count. With very much content, my lord; and I wish it happily effected.

Laf. His highness comes post from Marseilles, of as able body as when he numbered thirty: he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceived by him that in such intelligence hath seldom failed. 88

Count. It rejoices me that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my son will be here to-night: I shall beseech your lordship to remain with me till they meet together.

[*Laf.* Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable privilege.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but, I thank my God, it holds yet.]

Re-enter CLOWN.

Clo. O madam, yonder's my lord your son with a patch of velvet on's face: whether there be a scar under't or no, the velvet knows; but 'tis a goodly patch of velvet: [his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a half, but his right cheek is worn bare.

Laf. A scar nobly got, or a noble scar, is a good livery of honour; so belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonadoed⁴ face.]

Laf. Let us go see your son, I pray you: I long to talk with the young noble soldier. 109

[*Exeunt Countess and Lafew.*]

Clo. Faith, there's a dozen of 'em, with delicate fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the head and nod at every man.

[*Exit.*]

¹ Suggest, seduce.

² Unhappy, roguish.

³ No pace, no settled, orderly habits.

⁴ Carbonadoed, disfigured with cuts.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The coast of France, near Marseilles.**Enter HELENA, WIDOW, and DIANA, with two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night
Must wear your spirits low; we cannot help it:
But, since you've made the days and nights
as one,

To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs,
Be bold you do so grow in my requital
As nothing can unroot you.—In happy time;—

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

This man may help me to his majesty's ear,
If he would spend his power.—God save you,
sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seen you in the court of
France. 10

Gent. I have been sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume, sir, that you are not fall'n
From the report that goes upon your goodness;
And therefore, goaded with most sharp occa-
sions,

Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your own virtues; for the which
I shall continue thankful.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king;
And aid me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence. 21

Gent. The king's not here.*Hel.* Not here, sir!

Gent. Not, indeed:
He hence remov'd last night, and with more
haste

Than is his use.

Wid. Lord, how we lose our pains!

Hel. ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL yet,
Though time seem so adverse and means un-
fit.—

I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rousillon;
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you, sir,

Since you are like to see the king before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand; 31
Which, I presume, shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good speed
Our means will make us means.



Hel. That it will please you
To give this poor petition to the king —(Act v. 1. 18, 19.)

Gent. This I'll do for you.

Hel. And you shall find yourself to be well
thank'd,

Whate'er falls more.—We must to horse
again:—

Go, go, provide.

*[Exeunt.]*SCENE II. *Rousillon. The court-yard of the Countess's house.**Enter CLOWN, meeting PAROLLES in tattered apparel.*

Par. Good Monsieur Lavache, give my
Lord Lafeu this letter: I have ere now, sir,

been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with fresher clothes; but I am now, sir, muddled in Fortune's mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's displeasure is but sluttish, if it smell so strongly as thou speakest of: [I will henceforth eat no fish of Fortune's buttering. Prithee, allow the wind.¹ 10

Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, sir, if your metaphor stink, I will stop my nose; or against any man's metaphor. Prithee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prithee, stand away: a paper from Fortune's close-stool to give to a nobleman! Look, here he comes himself. 19



Par. Nay, you need not to stop your nose, sir; I spake but by a metaphor.—(Act v. 2. 11, 12.)

Enter LAFEU.

[Here is a pur of Fortune's, sir, or of Fortune's cat,—but not a musk-cat,—that has fallen into the unclean fishpond of her displeasure, and, as he says, is muddled withal: pray you, sir, use the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious,² foolish, rascally knave. I do pity his distress in my similes of comfort, and leave him to your lordship.]

[Exit.]

¹ Allow the wind, don't stop it, stand to the leeward of me.

² Ingenious, conscious how contemptible he is.

Par. My lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly scratched. 29

Laf. And what would you have me to do, 't is too late to pare her nails now. [Wherein have you played the knave with Fortune, that she should scratch you, who of herself is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her?] There's a cardcue for you: let the justices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other business.

Par. I beseech your honour to hear me one single word.

[*Laf.* You beg a single penny more: come? you shall ha't; save your word. 40

Par.] My name, my good lord, is Parolles.

Laf. [You beg more than "word," then.—]
Cox¹ my passion! give me your hand;—how does your drum?

Par. O my good lord, you were the first that found me!

Laf. Was I, in sooth! and I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you, my lord, to bring me in some grace, for you did bring me out. 50

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! [dost thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out.] [Trumpets sound.] The king's coming; I know by his trumpets.—Sirrah, inquire further after me; I had talk of you last night: though you are a fool and a knave, you shall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praise God for you. [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *Rousillon. A room in the Countess's house.*

Flourish. Enter KING, COUNTESS, LAFEU, the two French Lords, with Attendants.

King. We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem Was made much poorer by it: but your son, As mad in folly, lack'd the sense to know Her estimation home.

Count. 'Tis past, my liege; And I beseech your majesty to make it Natural rebellion, done i' the blaze of youth; When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force, O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd lady, I have forgiven and forgotten all; Though my revenges were high² bent upon him, 10 And watch'd the time to shoot.

Laf. This I must say,— But first I beg my pardon,—the young lord Did to his majesty, his mother, and his lady, Offence of mighty note; but to himself The greatest wrong of all: he lost a wife, Whose beauty did astonish the survey Of richest eyes; whose words all ears took captive;

Whose dear perfection hearts that scorn'd to serve

Humbly call'd mistress.

King. Praising what is lost Makes the remembrance dear.—Well, call him hither;— 20

We're reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill All repetition;—let him not ask our pardon; The nature of his great offence is dead, And deeper than oblivion we do bury Th' incensing relics of it: let him approach, A stranger, no offender; and inform him So 't is our will he should.

First Gent. I shall, my liege. [Exit.

King. What says he to your daughter? have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is hath reference to your highness.

King. Then shall we have a match. I've letters sent me 30

That set him high in fame.

Re-enter First Lord, ushering in BERTRAM.

Laf. He looks well on 't.

King. I am not a day of season,³ For thou mayst see a sunshine and a hail In me at once: but to the brightest beams Distracted clouds give way; so stand thou forth, The time is fair again.

Ber. [Kneeling] My high-repent'd blames, Dear sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole; [Bertram rises.

Not one word more of the consumed time. Let's take the instant by the forward top; For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time 41 Steals ere we can effect them. You remember The daughter of this lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my liege: at first I stuck my choice upon her, ere my heart Durst make too bold a herald of my tongue: [Where the impression of mine eye infixing, Contempt his scornful perspective⁴ did lend me, Which warp'd the line of every other favour;⁵ Scorn'd a fair colour, or express'd it stol'n; 50 Extended or contracted all proportions

¹ Cox, God's (disguised form of the word).

² High, violently

³ A day of season, a seasonable day.

⁴ Perspective, an optical glass. ⁵ Favour, features.

To a most hideous object:] thence it came
That shew whom all men prais'd, and whom myself,
Since I have lost, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores
away
From the great compt: but love that comes
too late,

Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,
To the great sender turns a sour offence,
Crying, "That's good that's gone." [Our rash
faults 60

Make trivial price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave:
Off our displeasures,¹ to ourselves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust:
Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While shameful hate sleeps out the afternoon.]
Be this sweet Helen's knell, and now forget
her.

Send forth your amorous token for fair
Maudlin:

The main consents are had; and here we'll stay
To see our widower's second marriage-day. 70

Count. Which better than the first, O dear
heaven, bless!

Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cesse!²

Laf. Come on, my son, in whom my house's
name

Must be digested,³ give a favour from you,
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come.—

[*Bertram gives Lafeu a ring.*

By my old beard,
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that e'er I took her leave at court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not. 80

King. Now, pray you, let me see it; for
mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd to't.—
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it
Helen,

I bade her, if her fortunes ever stood
Necessitied to help, that by this token

I would relieve her. Had you that craft, to
reave⁴ her

Of what should stead her most?

Ber. My gracious sovereign,
Howe'er it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've seen her wear it; and she reckon'd it 90
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm sure I saw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my lord; she never
saw it:

In Florence was it from a casement thrown
me,

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it: noble she was, and thought
I stood engag'd: but when I had subscrib'd
To mine own fortune,⁵ and inform'd her fully
I could not answer in that course of honour
As she had made the overture, she ceas'd
In heavy satisfaction,⁶ and would never 100
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himself,
That knows the tinct⁷ and multiplying me-
dicine,

Hath not in nature's mystery more science
Than I have in this ring: 't was mine, 't was
Helen's,

Whoever gave it you. Then, if you know
That you are well acquainted with yourself,
Confess 't was hers, and by what rough en-
forcement

You got it from her: she call'd the saints to
surety

That she would never put it from her finger,
Unless she gave it to yourself in bed,— 110
Where you have never come,—or sent it us
Upon her great disaster.

Ber. She never saw it.

King. Thou speak'st it falsely, as I love
mine honour;

And mak'st conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain shut out. If it should prove
That thou art so inhuman,—'t will not prove
so;—

⁴ Reave, bereave, deprive.

⁵ Subscrib'd to mine own fortune, acknowledged how
matters stood with me.

⁶ Heavy satisfaction, sorrowful acquiescence.

⁷ Tinct, tincture.

¹ Displeasures, dislikes.

² Cesse, cease.

³ Digested, i.e. and so reduced to nothing, and lost.

And yet I know not:—thou didst hate her
deadly,

And she is dead; which nothing, but to close
Her eyes myself, could win me to believe,
More than to see this ring.—Take him
away.— [*Guards seize Bertram.*]

[*My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,*
Shall tax my fears of little vanity, 122
Having vainly fear'd too little.—Away with
him!—]

We'll sift this matter further.

Ber. If you shall prove
This ring was ever hers, you shall as easy
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was. [*Exit, guarded.*]

King. I am wrapp'd in dismal thinkings.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

Gent. Gracious sovereign,
Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
[*Presenting a letter to the King.*]

Here's a petition from a Florentine, 130
Who hath for four or five removes¹ come short
To tender it herself. I undertook it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the fair grace and speech
Of the poor suppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: [her business looks in her
With an importing² visage; and she told me,
In a sweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your highness with herself.] 138

King. [*Reads*] "Upon his many protestations
to marry me when his wife was dead, I blush to
say it, he won me. Now is the Count Rousillon a
widower: his vows are forfeited to me, and my hon-
our's paid to him. He stole from Florence, taking
no leave, and I follow him to his country for justice:
grant it me, O king! in you it best lies; otherwise a
seducer flourishes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET."

Laf. I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair,
and toll³ for this:
I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on
thee, Lafeu, 150
To bring forth this discovery.—Seek these
suitors:—

Go speedily and bring again the count.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and some Attendants.*]

I am afeard the life of Helen, lady, 153
Was foully snatch'd.

Count. Now, justice on the doers!

Re-enter BERTRAM, guarded.

King. I wonder, sir, sith wives are mon-
sters to you,
And that you fly them as you swear them
lordship,
Yet you desire to marry.

*Re-enter GENTLEMAN, with WIDOW and
DIANA.*

What woman's that?

Dia. I am, my lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet:

My suit, as I do understand, you know, 160
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, sir, whose age and
honour

Both suffer under this complaint we bring;
And both shall cease,⁴ without your remedy.

King. Come hither, count: do you know
these women?

Ber. My lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them: do they charge me
further?

Dia. Why do you look so strange upon your
wife?

Ber. She's none of mine, my lord.

Dia. If you shall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heaven's vows, and those are
mine; 171

You give away myself, which is known mine;
For I by vow am so embodied yours,
That she which marries you must marry me,—
Either both or none.

Laf. [*To Bertram*] Your reputation comes
too short for my daughter; you are no hus-
band for her.

Ber. My lord, this is a fond and desperate
creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: let your
highness 179

Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour
Than for to think that I would sink it here.

¹ Removes, stages of her journey; for she failed to over-
take the king.

² Importing, significant.

³ Toll, pay toll.

⁴ Cease, come to an end, perish.

King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them
 ill to friend 182
 Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your
 honour
 Than in my thought it lies!

Dia. [Good my lord,
 Ask him upon his oath, if he does think
 He had not my virginity.

King.] What say'st thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent, my lord,
 And was a common gamester to the camp.

Dia. He does me wrong, my lord; if I were so,
 He might have bought me at a common price:
 Do not believe him: O, behold this ring, 191

[*Showing it to the King and Countess.*

Whose high respect and rich validity¹
 Did lack a parallel; yet, for all that,
 He gave it to a commoner o' the camp,
 If I be one.

Count. He blushes, and 't is it:
 Of six preceding ancestors, that gem,
 Confer'd by testament to the sequent issue,
 Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife;
 That ring's a thousand proofs.

King. Methought you said
 You saw one here in court could witness it. 200

Dia. I did, my lord, but loth am to produce
 So bad an instrument: his name's Parolles.

Laf. I saw the man to-day, if man he be.

King. Find him, and bring him hither.

[*Exit Lafew.*

Ber. What of him?
 He's quoted for a most perfidious slave,
 With all the spots o' the world tax'd and
 debosh'd,²

Whose nature sickens but to speak a truth.
 Am I or that or this for what he'll utter,
 That will speak any thing?

King. She hath that ring of yours.

Ber. I think she has: certain it is I lik'd her,
 And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth:
 She knew her distance, and did angle for me,
 Madding my eagerness with her restraint,
 As all impediments in fancy's course 214
 Are motives of more fancy; and, in fine,
 Her own suit, coming with her modern³ grace,
 Subdu'd me to her rate: she got the ring;

[And I had that which any inferior might
 At market-price have bought.]

Dia. I must be patient:

You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
 May justly diet me.⁴ I pray you yet,— 221
 Since you lack virtue, I will lose a husband,—
 Send for your ring, I will return it home,
 And give me mine again.

Ber. I have it not.

King. What ring was yours, I pray you?

Dia. Sir, much like
 The same upon your finger.

King. Know you this ring? this ring was
 his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.

King. The story, then, goes false, you threw
 it him 229

Out of a casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth.

Ber. My lord, I do confess the ring was hers.

King. You boggle⁵ shrewdly, every feather
 starts you.—

Re-enter LAFEU with PAROLLES.

Is this the man you speak of?

Dia. Ay, my lord.

King. Tell me, sirrah,—but tell me true, I
 charge you,
 Not fearing the displeasure of your master,
 Which, on your just proceeding, I'll keep off,—
 By him and by this woman here what know
 you?

Par. So please your majesty, my master
 hath been an honourable gentleman: tricks
 he hath had in him, which gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpose: did he
 love this woman? 242

Par. Faith, sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, sir, as a gentleman
 loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He loved her, sir, and loved her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave.—
 What an equivocal companion⁶ is this! 250

Par. I am a poor man, and at your ma-
 jesty's command.

¹ *Validity*, value.

² *Debosh'd*, debased.

³ *Modern*, modish.

⁴ *Diet me*, put me under strict treatment.

⁵ *Boggle*, start aside, swerve.

⁶ *Companion*, contemptuously, as we use *fellow*.

Laf. He's a good drum, my lord, but a naughty¹ orator.

Dia. Do you know he promised me marriage?

Par. Faith, I know more than I'll speak.

King. But wilt thou not speak all thou knowest? 257

Par. Yes, so please your majesty. I did go between them, as I said; but more than that, he loved her,—for, indeed, he was mad for her, and talked of Satan, and of Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew [of their going to bed; and of other motions, as promising her marriage, and] things which would derive me ill will to speak of; therefore I will not speak what I know.

King. Thou hast spoken all already, unless thou canst say they are married: but thou art too fine² in thy evidence; therefore stand aside.— 270

This ring, you say, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it, then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all these ways,

How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave't him.

Laf. This woman's an easy glove, my lord; she goes off and on at pleasure.

King. This ring was mine; I gave it his first wife. 280

Dia. It might be yours or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away; I do not like her now; To prison with her: and away with him.— Unless thou tell'st me where thou hadst this ring,

Thou diest within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my liege.

King. I think thee now some common customer.

[*Dia.* By Jove, if ever I knew man, 't was you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Because he's guilty, and he is not guilty: 290

He knows I am no maid, and he'll swear to't; I'll swear I am a maid, and he knows not.

Great king, I am no strumpet, by my life; I'm either maid, or else this old man's wife.]

King. She does abuse our ears: to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. [*She gives Widow the ring.*—Stay, royal sir:

[*Exit Widow.*

The jeweller that owes the ring is sent for, And he shall surety me. But for this lord, Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himself, Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him: 300

[He knows himself my bed he hath defild; And at that time he got his wife with child: Dead though she be, she feels her young one kick:]

So there's my riddle,—One that's dead is quick:

And now behold the meaning.

Re-enter WIDOW, with HELENA.

King. Is there no exorcist
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes!

Is't real that I see?

Hel. No, my good lord;

'T is but the shadow of a wife you see,

The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both:—O, pardon!

Hel. [O my good lord, when I was like this maid, 310

I found you wondrous kind.] There is your ring;

And, look you, here's your letter; this it says:

"When from my finger you can get this ring,

And are by me with child, &c." This is done:

Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,

I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

¹ Naughty, good-for-nothing. ² Fine, subtle.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,

Deadly divorce step between me and you!—

[*To Countess*] O my dear mother, do I see you living? 320

Laf. Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon:—

[*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkercher: so, I thank thee: wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: let thy courtesies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this story know,

To make the even truth in pleasure flow.—

[*To Diana*] If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower,

Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower; 328

For I can guess that, by thy honest aid,

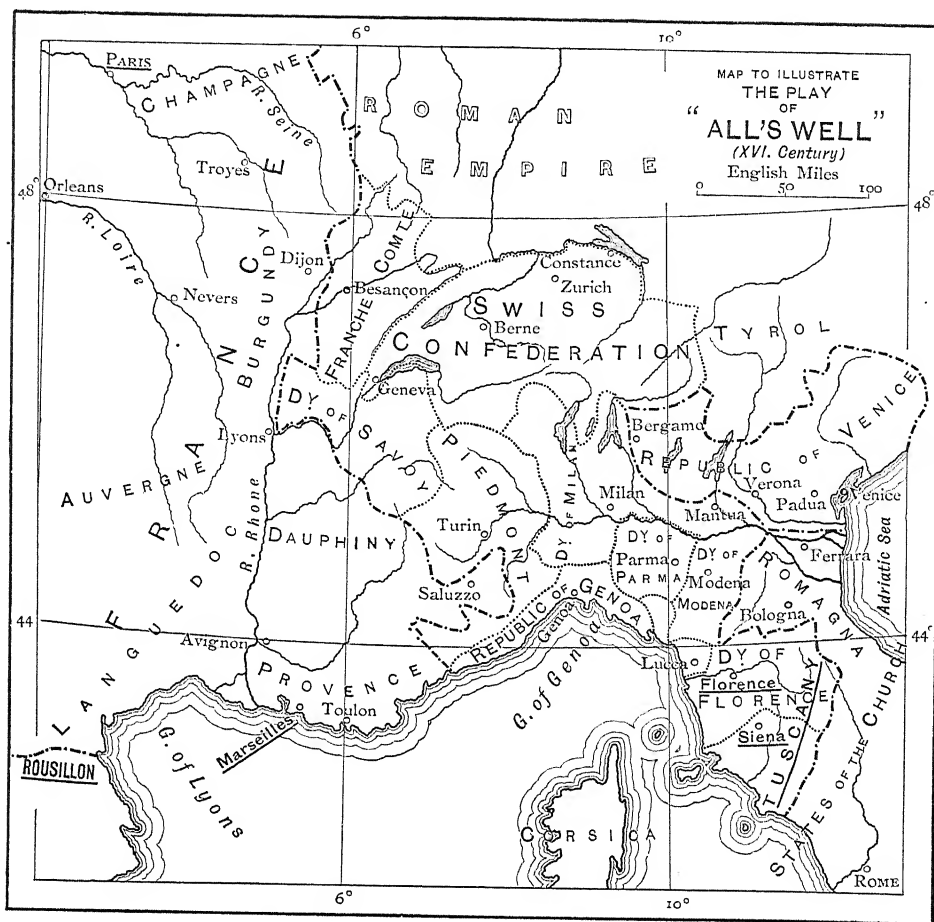
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.—
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly¹ more leisure shall express: 332
All yet seems well; and if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

[*Flourish.*]

EPILOGUE.

[The king's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content; which we will pay,
With strife to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our
parts; 339
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our
hearts. [*Exeunt.*]]

¹ *Resolvedly*, clearly.



NOTES TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

1. **DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.** The *Dramatis Personæ* of this play have been left, either through oversight or through the haste with which the play was written, in a very confused and unsatisfactory condition as far as the naming of them goes. We have at least four important speaking characters who have no names at all, viz. the First and Second Lord, the First Soldier, and the Gentleman attached to the French court who aids Helena in her suit to the king (v. 1.); besides these we have Two Gentlemen belonging to the French army (iii. 2.), and the usual quantity of nameless lords and gentlemen. In the case of the French lords who accompany Bertram to the war, the omission seems the more singular, because from iv. 3.

199-324 we learn that they were two brothers, and that their names were *Dumain*. In the edition which Kemble prepared for the stage we find no less than five additional *Dramatis Personæ* named: *Dumain*, *Lewis*=First and Second Lords, who take an important part in act iv. scene 3; *Jagues* and *Biron*, belonging to the French army, and friends, apparently, of Bertram; and *Tourville*, a gentleman belonging to the French court, who appears in act v. It would certainly be far more convenient to adopt some names for the First and Second Lord, if not for all these characters; but there is no internal evidence in the play on which we can assign to any of these nameless characters any name except *Dumain* to the First Lord,

and *Dumain*, jun., to his brother; the latter's Christian name not being mentioned. The First Soldier, who plays the part of the Interpreter, is generally known by that title, as appears from the notices of the performance of this play. We have therefore given a somewhat fuller description of the *Dramatis Personæ* than that usually given; and though we have not ventured to go so far as to adapt into the list of *Dramatis Personæ* the names to be found in Kemble's acting edition, yet it would be a very great convenience if, as far as concerns the First and Second Lord, editors were to agree to adopt the names of *Dumain* and *Lewis*, for the first of which, as we have already said, there is a justification in the text.—F. A. M.

ACT I. SCENE I.

2. Line 5: *to whom I am now in ward*.—Wardship was one of the feudal incidents. In virtue of it the lord had the care of his tenant's person during his minority, and enjoyed the profits of his estate. By another "incident," that of marriage, the lord had the right of tendering a husband to his female wards, or a wife to his male wards; a refusal involving the forfeit of the value of the marriage, that is, the sum that any one would give the lord for such an alliance. These customs prevailed in England and in some parts of Germany, but in no province of France with the exception of Normandy. Shakespeare, however, is not responsible for whatever error there may be in making the French king impose a wife upon Bertram, as he only followed the original story. See Hallam, *Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 177, ed. 1853.

3. Lines 10-12: *whose worthiness would stir it up where it wanted, rather than LACK it where there is such abundance*.—So worthy a gentleman as Bertram would be more likely to arouse kindly feelings in a man of defective sympathies, than fail to win them from so generous a heart as that of the King of France. Warburton altered *lack* to *slack*, which, says Capell, "is the very term the place calls for; and so natural a correction, that he who does not embrace it, must be under the influence of some great prepossession."

4. Lines 47-49: *where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities, there commendations go with pity,—they are virtues and traitors too*.—While we commend his virtues we naturally feel pity for the man in whom they are but bright spots in a nature otherwise vicious; but why are these virtues called traitors? Surely not, as Johnson thought, because they betray his too confiding friends into evil courses, but because they are false to, inconsistent with, the rest of his character.

5. Line 58: *liveliness*.—Liveliness; not used by Shakespeare in its modern sense. Compare:

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and *liveliness*.

—Venus and Ad. 25, 26.

6. Line 61: *than to have it*.—F. 1 reads "*then to haue—*." The reading in the text is due to Dyce. For the insertion of *to* in the second member of the comparison Abbott (*Shakespearian Grammar*, § 416) quotes Bacon (*Essays*, 103): "In a word, a man were better relate himself to a Statue

or Picture, *than* to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother." Capell printed: "*than* have it."

7. Lines 65, 66: *If the living be enemy to the grief, the excess makes it soon mortal*.—If grief in any shape is the enemy of the living, excessive indulgence in it must soon make of it a fatal or deadly enemy. It is to this sentiment that Lafeu refers (l. 68): "How understand we that?"

8. Line 85: *The best wishes, &c.*—Since Rowe the whole of this speech has been given as spoken to Helena. On the suggestion of Dr. Brinsley Nicholson (*Shakespeariana*, vol. i. p. 54) I have assumed the first part of it: "The best wishes that can be forged in your thoughts be servants to you"—to be addressed to the countess.

9. Lines 91, 92:

*these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him.*

Not, as Johnson supposed, the tears shed by great people, the King and Countess, but, as Monck Mason says, "the big and copious tears she then shed herself, which were caused in reality by Bertram's departure, though attributed by Lafeu and the Countess to the loss of her father; and from this misapprehension of theirs graced his remembrance more than those she actually shed for him."

10. Line 100: *sphere*.—The sphere of a star is the orbit in which it moves; and this is generally the sense in which Shakespeare uses the word; he rarely applies it to the star itself, as in the following:—

all kind of natures
That labour on the bosom of this *sphere*.—Timon, i. 1. 65, 66.

11. Line 106: *In our heart's TABLE*.—The table is the material on which the picture is drawn; compare:

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in *table* of my heart.—Sonn. xxiv.

12. Lines 114-116:|

*That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak i' the cold wind: withal, full oft we see
Cold wisdom waiting on SUPERFLUOUS folly.*

The vices of Parolles suit him so well that they enable him to take precedence over men of unattractive, unyielding virtue; he is received into good society when they are left out in the cold, and wisdom starves while folly has more than enough.

For this use of "superfluous" compare:

Let the *superfluous* and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly.

—Lear, iv. 1. 70-72.

13. Line 150: *He that hangs himself, &c.*—He that hangs himself and a virgin are, in this circumstance, alike; they are both *self-destroyers*.—Malone.

14. Line 160: *within TEN year it will make itself TEN*.—F. 1 reads "*within ten years it will make it selfe two*;" which is clearly wrong. The correction is due to Sir Thomas Hanmer.

15. Line 171: *which WEAR not now*.—F. 1 reads "*which were not now*." The correction is Rowe's.

16. Line 179: *Not my virginity yet*.—This speech has

caused much perplexity to the commentators. Johnson says: "The whole speech is abrupt, unconnected and obscure;" and Warburton is persuaded that "the eight lines following *friend* (l. 181) is the nonsense of some foolish conceited player," who, finding a thousand loves mentioned and only three enumerated, added a few more of his own. The obscurity, however, is not so great as appears at first sight. The chief difficulty is the occurrence of the word *there*, without anything being mentioned to which it could refer: "THERE *shall your master have a thousand loves*" (l. 180). From l. 191: "*The court's a learning-place*," it is clear that, with possibly a secret undercurrent of reference to herself (Rofe), the place in Helena's mind is the *court*, where Bertram would be entangled in all these thousand love affairs. Nevertheless the transition from the short line '*not my virginity yet*' is abrupt, and perhaps intentionally so. Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots in Shakespeare, 1886, p. 151) says: "A short line here is surely not out of place, where the subject is cut short—where there is a break, a pause—perhaps a silent wish, a secret sigh; where at any rate there is a marked crisis in the conversation, and Helena has to extemporize another more appropriate but not less engaging topic." If this explanation does not satisfy us, we must take refuge in the supposition that some words have been lost, the recovery of which will complete the sense; and accordingly Hamner reads:

Not my virginity yet.—You're for the court:
There shall your master, &c.

This reading was adopted by Capell, while Malone suggested that the omission is in Parolles's speech, and that after the words "*'tis a withered pear*" we should read, "I am now bound for the court; will you anything with it? [*i.e.* the court]." It may be noticed that the Folio has only a colon at *yet*, a fact which, so far as it is of any value at all, tends to show that the line is incomplete. As they stand the words "Not my virginity yet" are a reply to Parolles's question, "Will you anything with it?" and mean "I will nothing with my virginity yet."

17. Line 181: *A mother, and a mistress, &c.*—These are the names Helena applies to the various mistresses who will captivate Bertram at court; for instance, a rare and matchless dame would be a *phoenix*, and one who commands him and his affections, a *captain*.

18. Line 188: *christendoms*.—Christian names—the only time Shakespeare uses the word in this sense. Malone quotes Nash, Four Letters Confuted (1693): "But for an author to renounce his *Christendome* to write in his owne commendation, to refuse the name which his Godfathers and Godmothers gave him in his baptism," &c.

19. Line 218: *a virtue of a good wing*.—The meaning of this passage appears to be this: "If your valour will suffer you to go backward for advantage, and your fear for the same reason will make you run away, the composition that your valour and fear make in you, must be a virtue that will fly far and swiftly." A bird of a good wing is a bird of swift and strong flight.—*Monck Mason*.

20. Line 227: *when thou hast NONE, remember thy friends*.—Dyce quotes W. W. Williams (The Parthenon,

Nov. 1, 1862, p. 848), who proposed to read: "when thou hast *money*, remember thy friends."

21. Lines 237, 238:

*The mightiest SPACE in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiss like NATIVE things.*

Malone correctly gives the meaning: "The affections given us by nature often unite persons between whom fortune or accident has placed the greatest distance or disparity; and cause them to join like likes (*instar partium*), like persons in the same situation or rank of life." *Space* will then be put for *spaces*, according to the metrical usage, by which "the plural and possessive cases of nouns in which the singular ends in *s*, *se*, *ss*, *ce* and *ge* are frequently written . . . without the additional syllable" (Abbott, Sh. Gram. § 471). See also W. S. Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, art. li. p. 243, where a large number of examples are quoted. For "*native*" in the sense of *congenial*, *kindred* compare:

'tis often seen

Adoption strives with nature; and choice breeds

A *native* slip to us from foreign seeds.—Act i. 3. 150-152.

and

The head is not more *native* to the heart.—Hamlet, i. 2. 47.

22. Line 241: *What HATH BEEN CANNOT be*.—Hamner suggested: "What hath *not* been *can't* be;" and so Dyce; but I agree with Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 153) in thinking the change unnecessary. These timid venturers regard as impossible what, in spite of their obstinate refusal to believe it, has actually taken place.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

23. Line 1: *Senoys*.—The *Sanesi*, as they are termed by Boccace. Painter, who translates him, calls them *Senois*. They were the people of a small republic, of which the capital was *Sienna*. The Florentines were at perpetual variance with them.—*Steevens*.

24. Line 11: *He hath ann'd our answer*.—He hath furnished us with a ready and fit answer.

25. Line 18: *Count ROUSILLON*.—The Folio, which here has Count *Rosignoll*, usually spells the word *Rossillion*. Painter has *Rossiglione*.

26. Lines 33-36:

*but they may jest,
Till their own scorn return to them unwoted
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, &c.*

The punctuation is that of the Folio. Sir William Blackstone (approved by Capell, Steevens, and Dyce) proposed to punctuate:

Ere they can hide their levity in honour,
So like a courtier.

But the original punctuation gives the better sense; "The young lords of the present day," says the king, "may go on with their mockeries till no one pays any attention to them, and without that power of keeping their folly within the bounds required by self-respect which Bertram's father had. He was so much all that a courteous gentleman ought to be that his pride was without contempt, and his sharpness without bitterness, unless in-

deed it was his equal who had roused him: his sense of honour was a perfectly regulated clock, of which his tongue was the hammer, and ever struck the note of disapprobation when the hand pointed to the right moment, and then only." The Globe editors mark line 36 as corrupt.

27. Line 45: *In their poor praise he humbled.*—Sir Philip Perring seems to me very happy in his interpretation of these words: "in the sentence 'he humbled' I catch the *ipsissima verba* of the humble poor—their own poor way of expressing their appreciation of the great man's condescension" (Hard Knots, p. 155). *He humbled*, then, is in the phrase of "creatures of another place," "he made himself humble." Malone explains it, "he being humbled in their poor praise," i.e. humbling himself by accepting their praises. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt.

28. Lines 50, 51:

*So in APPROOF lives not his epitaph
As in your royal speech.*

Approof, as in ii. 5. 3: "of very valiant *approof*," is the state of being approved; and the lines mean, as Dr. Schmidt explains, after Heath and Malone, "His epitaph receives by nothing such confirmation and living truth as by your speech."

29. Lines 59, 60:

*After my flame lacks oil, to be the SNUFF
Of younger spirits.*

Snuff is the burnt wick, and used metaphorically for a feeble and expiring old age, and the words mean "to be called a *snuff* by younger spirits." Compare:

My snuff and loathed part of nature should
Burn itself out. —Lear, iv. 6. 39, 40.

30. Lines 61, 62:

*whose judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments.*

Johnson explains this: "Who have no other use of their faculties than to invent new modes of dress."

ACT I. SCENE 3.

31.—Steevens calls attention to some verses by William Cartwright prefixed to the folio Beaumont & Fletcher, 1647, which may have reference to this dialogue between the Countess and the Clown, or to that between Olivia and the Clown in Twelfth Night, act i. sc. 5.:

Shakespeare to thee was dull, whose best jest lies
I' th' Ladies questions, and the Fooles replies;
Old fashion'd wit, which walkt from town to town
In turn'd Hose, which our fathers call'd the Clown;
Whose wit our nice times would obseannesse call,
And which made Bawdry passe for Comicall.

—Ed. 1647, sig. d 2 b.

32. Line 3: *Madam, the care I have had to EVEN your content, &c.*—"It ill becomes me to publish my deserts myself; I would have you look in the record of my deeds, to discover the trouble I have taken to act up to your satisfaction." For the verb *even* in this sense compare:

There's more to be considered; but we'll *even*
All that good time will give us [and so make the most of it].

—Cymbeline, iii. 4. 124, 125.

33. Line 20: *to go to the world.*—To be married. Compare: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 331). And "a woman of the world" is a married woman. "I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world" (As You Like It, v. 3. 3).

34. Line 20: *ISBEL the woman and I.*—F. 1 has "*Isbell the woman and w*"; the correction was made in F. 2.

35. Line 25: *Service is no heritage.*—According to Ritson a proverbial expression. The connection seems to be; "if service is no blessing, children are." The Rev. John Hunter (ed. 1873) quotes Psalm cxvii. 3, "Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord."

36. Line 46: *You're shallow, madam, in great friends.*—"You don't understand fully what a great friend is." Hamner altered to "you'r shallow, madam; e'en great friends"; and the change was adopted by Capell, Malone, and Dyce.

37. Line 49: *to in the crop*, spelt *Inne* in the Folio, is to get it in, harvest it.

38. Lines 55, 56: *young Charbon the puritan and old Poyssam the papist.*—Malone suggested that Poyssam was a misprint for Poisson, alluding to the custom of eating fish on fast-days; and that Charbon, "Firebrand," was an allusion to the fiery zeal of the Puritans. Dyce quotes a writer in Notes and Queries, Aug. 8, 1863, p. 106. After dismissing the latter part of Malone's conjectures as unsatisfactory this writer continues: "As however Poisson is significant of the fasting and self-denying Papist, so I think Charbon, Chairbon, or Chairbounne was given authentically to the fast-denying or sleek Puritan as derivable from *chair bonne*, or *bonne chair*. The antithesis and the appropriateness of the allusions prove the truth of these emendations and interpretations; and if other proof were wanting, it is to be found in this, that Shakespeare has clearly appropriated to his own purposes the old French proverb, '*Jeune chair, et viel poisson*'—young flesh and old fish (are the daintiest). Hence also, the full meaning intended to be conveyed is not that some, but that the best men, whatever their age or whatever may be their own or their wives' religious opinions, all share the common fate."

39. Line 58: *they may JOUL horns together.*—For *joul* (i.e. dash, thrust), compare: "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave *jouls* it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jawbone" (Hamlet, v. 1. 83).

40. Line 64: *the ballad.*—Steevens quotes John Grange, The Golden Aphroditis, whereunto be annexed his Garden, 1577:

Content yourself as well as I, let reason rule your mind,
As cuckoldes come by destinie, so cuckowes sing by kind.

41. Line 90: *but ONE every blazing star.*—F. 1 has "*ore every*;" the emendation is due to the Collier MS. Staunton printed "*fore*."

42. Line 96: *That man should be at woman's command, &c.*—"T is a wonder if a man should execute a woman's commands, and yet no mischief be done! But then

honesty like mine, though not very precise or puritanical, will do no mischief; it will bear itself humbly, and do my lady's bidding, though all the while secretly priding itself on its own excellence." The Puritans, as everybody knows, took violent offence at the surplice, and their "big hearts" would brook nothing more ornamental than the black gown. The surplice might be styled a surplice of humility when worn in humble submission to the orders of the church. Steevens quotes *A Match at Midnight*, 1633 (Dodsley, ed. Hazlitt, vol. xiii. p. 14): "H' has turned his stomach for all the world like a Puritan's at the sight of a surplice;" and The Hollander, 1640: "A puritan who, because he saw a surplice in the church would needs hang himself in the bell-ropes."

For "*no puritan*" Tyrwhitt proposed *a puritan*; "though honesty be a puritan, *i.e.* strictly moral, it will not stand out obstinately against the injunctions of the church, but will humbly submit itself to them." This conjecture had the approval of Malone, but the original reading gives sufficiently good sense.

43. Line 118: *Love no god that would not extend his might, ONLY where qualities were level.*—Only, as Schmidt points out, is used as if the sentence were not negative, but affirmative—"that would extend it only where, &c."

44. Line 119: *DIAN NO queen of virgins.*—The words *Dian no* were inserted by Theobald. The Folio has "leuell, Queene of Virgins, that." &c. For the word *knight*, applied to a female, compare:

Pardon, goddess of the night,
Those that slew thy *virgin knight*.

—Much Ado, v. 3. 12, 13.

Thy virgin knight is Hero, who, like Helena, belonged to Diana's order of chastity. See Much Ado, note 386.

45. Line 120: *that would suffer her poor knight surprised.*—Rowe unnecessarily inserted "to be" before "surprised." Dyce quotes:

And suffer not their mouths *shut up*, oh Lord,
Which still thy name with praises doo record.

—Drayton's *Harmonie of the Church*, 1597, sig. F 2.

46. Lines 157, 158:

*That this distemper'd messenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eye?*

Referring, says Henley, to "that suffusion of colours which glimmers around the sight when the eye-lashes are wet with tears," he compares:

And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd like *rainbows in the sky*.

—Rape of Lucrece, 1586, 1587.

47. Line 177: *The mystery of your LONELINESS.*—Theobald's correction for the *lowliness* of the Folios.

48. Line 183: *th' one to th' other.* F. 1 has "ton tooth to th' other," a manifest printer's error.

49. Line 184.—The plural *behaviours* is here, as often elsewhere, used in the sense of "gestures," "manners;" *e.g.* "one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his *behaviours* to love" (Much Ado, ii. 3. 7).

50. Line 194: *bond.*—For this word in the sense of *obligation*, compare "you make my *bonds* still greater,"

i.e. my *obligations* to you (*Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 8); and:

To build his fortune I will strain a little
For 't is a *bond* in men.

—Timon of Athens, i. 1. 143, 144.

51. Line 197: *appeach'd.*—For this sense of *appeach'd* = informed against, compare:

were he twenty times my son,
I would *appeach* him. —Rich. II. v. 2. 101, 102.

52. Line 208: *this CAPTIOUS and INTENIBLE sieve.*—Farmer supposed *captious* to be a contraction of *capacious*; Malone thought it only signified "capable of receiving what was put into it." No other instance of the word is known. *Intenible* is the reading of F. 2; F. 1 has *intemible*.

53. Line 210: *And lack not to lose still.*—If, like the daughters of Danaus, she still kept on pouring water into a sieve, though the supply never failed, she lost it all. Her love failed not, but since it never was rewarded it was thrown away.

54. Lines 218, 219:

*Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and love.*

Malone proposed to read:

Love dearly, and wish chastely, that, &c.,

but the separation of the dependent clause from "wish" by another verb is but the result of rapid composition. The words of course mean: "If you ever entertained an honest passion which implies the union of chastity and desire, of Diana and Venus, then pity me."

55. Line 226: *I will tell truth.*—So F. 1; F. 2 has "I will tell true."

56. Line 229: *manifest experience* = experience manifested to the world. W. S. Walker (*Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare*, 1800, vol. ii. p. 245) proposed *manifest*, and so Dyce.

57. Lines 232, 233:

*As notes, whose faculties inclusive were
More than they were in note.*

"As prescriptions which were really more powerful than they were reputed to be." *They were in note* = so far as note has been taken of them. [Schmidt explains *inclusive*: "full of force and import;" but does not *more inclusive* mean "including more qualities," *i.e.* "more comprehensive"? F. A. M.]

58. Lines 248–251:

*There's something IN 'T
THAT his good receipt
Shall for my legacy, be sanctified.*

For *in 't* Hamner unnecessarily substituted *hints*, which, besides, is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare as a verb. *That* is, as very often, used to introduce a fact supposed to be in connection with what precedes—"it being the case that." The following passages will well illustrate this use:—

What foul play had we, *that* we came from thence?

—Tempest, i. 2. 60.

I doubt he be not well, *that* he comes not home.

—Merry Wives, i. 4. 43.

59. Line 260: *INTO thy attempt*.—*Into* is frequently equivalent to *unto*; compare:—

for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town.

—Twelfth Night, v. i. 85.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

60. Lines 1, 2:

*Farewell, young lords; these warlike principles
Do not throw from you:—and you, my lords, farewell.*

It appears from act i. 2. 13–15—

Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to see
The Tuscan service, freely have they leave
To stand on either part;

that the young lords had leave from the king to espouse either side in the Tuscan quarrel. Hence we may conclude, with the Cambridge editors, that there are two parties of lords taking leave of the king here,—the party who were going to join the Florentines, and the party who were going to join the Senoys, and the king turns first to the one and then to the other.

61. Lines 3–5:

*Share the advice betwixt you; if both gain, all
The gift doth stretch itself as 't is receiv'd,
And is enough for both.*

If both parties of young lords endeavour to profit by it, and make it their own, the good advice the king has given them will be a gift ample enough for both.

62. Line 6: *After well enter'd soldiers*.—The meaning of this passage is: "After our being well entered, initiated, as soldiers"—a Latinism; compare such a phrase as *post urbem conditam*. Latinisms in *construction*, though common in learned writers such as Bacon and Ben Jonson, are very rare in Shakespeare. Milton uses the one in question:—

Nor delay'd
The winged saint *after his charge received*.

—P. L. v. 248.

and

He, *after Eve seduced* unmind'd slunk
Into the wood fast by.

—Ib. 332.

—Quoted by Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 418.

63. Lines 12–14:

*let HIGH Italy—
Those BATED that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy—see that you come, &c.*

The Folios read *higher Italy*. I have ventured to print Schmidt's conjecture *high* (i.e. "great," "exalted") Italy; the passage then becomes fairly intelligible.

If we take *bated* to mean "beaten down," "subdued," as in—

These griefs and losses have so *bated* me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.

—Merch. of Ven. iii. 3. 32–34.

The sense will be, "Let great Italy witness your valour, exhibited, as it will be, in subduing those upstart states which have been formed out of the ruins of the Roman empire, the last of the four great monarchies of the world." One of these states would be Sienna, with whom the Florentines were now "hy the ears." It is very improbable that Shakespeare was thinking of any particular

quarrel between these two states—such as that of 1495 mentioned by Staunton. For the framework of the play he was simply following Painter's story, without any historical specifications whatever. Thus the King of France is simply King of France, and not Charles VIII., who invaded Italy in 1494 and made an alliance with the Florentine, or any other individual king. Of those who retain the original reading, "*higher Italy*," some give it a geographical signification: "the side next to the Adriatic," says Hammer, "was denominated the higher Italy, and the other side the lower;" but both Florence and Sienna are on the *lower* side, and Capell accordingly says that "the poet has made a little mistake, using '*higher*' where he should have said '*lower*;' but this is of no moment;" while Johnson explains it to mean merely *upper Italy*. Warburton, on the other hand, thought it had a moral sense and meant *higher* in rank and dignity than France—a most forced interpretation. For *bated* Hammer printed *bastards*, the bastards of Italy being opposed to the *sons* of France. The Globe marks the line as corrupt.

64. Line 30: *I shall stay here the FOREHORSE to a smock*.—The forehorse of a team was gaily ornamented with tufts, and ribbons, and bells. Bertram complains that, bedizened like one of these animals, he will have to squire ladies at the court instead of achieving honour in the wars.—Staunton.

65. Lines 32, 33:

*and no sword worn
But one to dance with.*

Light swords were worn for dancing. Douce (Illustrations, ed. 1839, p. 194) quotes: "I thinke wee were as much dread or more of our enemies, when our Gentlemen went simply, and our Servingmen plainly, without Cuts or gards, bearing their heavy Swordes and Bucklers on their thighes, in sted of cuts and Gardes and light daunsing Swordes; and when they rode carying good Spears in theyr hands, in stede of white rods, which they cary now, more like ladies or gentlewomen then men; all which delicacyes maketh our men cleane effeminate and without strength" (W. Stafford. A Compendious or brieve examination of certayne ordinary complaints, 1581, p. 65, of the New Shakspeare Society's reprint). Compare also

he [Octavius] at Philippi kept
His sword e'en like a dancier; while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius.

—Ant. and Cleop. iii. ii. 35.

i.e. Octavius did not draw his sword.

66. Line 37: *I grow to you, and our parting is a tortured body*.—As they grow together, the tearing them asunder was torturing a body.—Monck Mason.

67. Line 43: *one Captain Spurio, with his cicatrice*.—Theobald's correction for "one Capitaine *Spurio* his cicatrice, with" of the Folios.

68. Line 54: *they wear themselves in the cap of the time, &c.*—The language of Parolles is affected and sententious throughout, like that of Don Armado in Love's Labour's Lost. Hence its occasional obscurity. "These young men," he says, "are the ornaments in the cap of fashion, and there they muster, or arrange, the correct modes of

walking, eating, and speaking, all under the influence of the most popular leader of fashion."

69. Line 64: *I'll FEE thee to stand up.*—Fee is Theobald's correction for *see* of the Folios. Staunton (comparing Richard II. v. 3. 129, 130:

Bohng. Good aunt, stand up.

Duch. I do not sue to stand;
Pardon is all the suit I have in hand.)

reads *sue*. "The afflicted king mindful of his own debility remarks, 'Instead of your begging permission of me to rise I'll sue thee for the same grace.'"

70. Line 70: *Good faith, across;* i.e. "I would you had broken it across;" for in tilting it was thought awkward and disgraceful to break the spear *across* the body of the adversary, instead of by a direct thrust. Staunton thinks the allusion is "to some game where certain successes entitle the achiever to mark a cross."

71. Line 75: *I've seen a MEDICINE.*—For *medicine* in this sense (French, *médecin*), compare:

Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The *medicine* of our house, how shall we do?
—Wint. Tale, iv. 4. 596-598.

and

Meet we the *medicine* of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us. —Macbeth, v. 2. 27-29.

72. Line 77: *dance canary.*—A lively dance. See note 54 to Love's Labour's Lost, and Douce, Illustrations of Shakespeare, p. 136.

73. Line 80: *To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand.*—Charlemain late in life vainly attempted to learn to write.—Dyce.

74. Lines 87, 88:

*hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakness.*

i.e. more than I like to confess, the confession involving a confession of weakness.

75. Line 138: *Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedy.*—In the game of *primero* "to set up one's rest" was to stand upon the cards you have in your hand in the hope that they may prove better than those of your adversary; hence its very common figurative use, "to take a resolution." Compare Romeo and Juliet, note 18.

76. Line 147: *despair most FITS.*—*Fits*, according to Dyce, who quotes Nichols's Illustrations, &c., vol. ii. p. 343, is Theobald's correction for *shifts* of the Folios. Theobald, however, printed *sits*, which is Pope's emendation.

77. Lines 158, 159:

*I am not an impostor, that proclaim
Myself against the level of mine aim.*

I am not an impostor, pretending to have another object in view from that which I am really aiming at.

78. Lines 164, 165:

*Ere twice the horses of the sun shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring.*

"Ere they shall conduct him round his daily orbit." The *pilot's glass* in line 168 must be a two-hour glass.

79. Line 167: *HIS sleepy lamp.*—The Folios have "*her* sleepy lamp;" corrected by Rowe.

80. Lines 175-177:

*my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise; nay, worse—if worse—extended
With vilest torture let my life be ended.*

"May my name be otherwise branded, stigmatized as belonging to anything rather than a maiden." What follows is the reading of the Globe Shakespeare, and explains itself. The passage as it stands in the Folios is very difficult. F. 1 has

*my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwise, ne worse of worst extended
With vilest torture, let my life be ended.*

Schmidt (Sh. Lex. s. v. *extend*) attempts to explain this as follows: "nor would that be an increase of ill; it would not be the worst mended by what is still worse." But *ne* = *nor* occurs nowhere else in any work attributed to Shakespeare except in the doubtful Prologue to Pericles (ii. 36), and none but the most servile worshipper of the Folio will be content with this explanation. The other three Folios alter *ne* to *no* ("no worse of worst extended"), which Steevens interprets, "provided nothing worse is offered to me (meaning violation), let my life be ended with the worst of tortures." Of the various emendations suggested, the reading given in the text seems decidedly the best. Malone first suggested *nay* for *ne*.

81. Line 184: *Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all.*—To mend the metre Theobald printed: "Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, virtue, all." But see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 509: "Lines with four accents are found when a number of short clauses or epithets are connected together in one line, and must be pronounced slowly."

82. Line 195: *Ay, by my sceptre and my hopes of HEAVEN.*—The Folios have "hopes of *helpe*"—perhaps from the verb occurring twice two lines above. The correction is Thirlby's, and is one required by the rhyme.

83. Line 213: *my deed shall match thy DEED.*—So the Folios. The Globe reads "my deed shall match thy *need*."

ACT II. SCENE 2.

84. Line 24: *as Tib's rush for Tom's forefinger.*—"Tib and Tom," says Douce (Illustrations, p. 196), "were names for any low and vulgar persons, and they are usually mentioned together in the same manner as Jack and Gill." *Rush rings* were sometimes used in the marriage ceremony, especially where the parties had cohabited previously. They were also employed as rustic gifts emblematic of marriage. Boswell quotes:

O thou greates shepheard, Lobbin, how grent is thy grieft!
Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,
The knotted *rush-rings*, and gilte Rosemaree?

—Spenser, Shepherds Calendar, November.

ACT II. SCENE 3.

85. Lines 1-46: *They say . . . Here comes the king.*—I have printed this passage as it stands in the Globe ed. Johnson, who saw that "the whole merriment of the

scene consists in the pretensions of Parolles to knowledge and sentiments which he has not," was the first to make any change in the distribution of the dialogue. The Folio distributes it as follows:

Line 11: *Par.* So I say both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authentick fellows.

Par. Right so I say.

Line 40: *Ol. Laf.* In a most weak—

Par. And debile minister great power, gear transcendence, which should indeede giue vs a further vse to be made, then alone the recourty of the king, as to bee

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, &c.

The rest is as it appears in the text.

86. Line 29: *A showing of a heavenly effect in an earthly actor.*—The title of some pamphlet is here ridiculed.—*Warburton*.

87. Line 31: *Why, your DOLPHIN is not lustier.*—Steevens thought the Dauphin was intended; but Malone, followed by Dyce, rightly interpreted it of the *dolphin*, which is "a sportive lively fish." Compare:

his delights

Were *dolphin-like*; they shew'd his back above

The element they lived in. —*Ant. & Cleop.* v. 2. 88-90.

88. Line 64: *marry, to each, but one!*—Monck Mason says: "To each, except Bertram, whose mistress she hoped to be herself." But it is much more natural to understand it, as Rolfe does, to mean "*but one* mistress."

89. Line 66: *My mouth no more were broken.*—A *broken mouth* is a mouth which has lost part of its teeth.—*Johnson*.

90. Line 67: *And WRIT as little beard.*—From meaning "to subscribe" ("a gentleman born . . . who writes himself Armigero," *Merry Wives*, i. 1. 9), to *write* came to mean "to claim a title," "lay claim to." Compare, "I must tell thee, sirrah, I *write* man" (line 208 of this scene): "and yet he'll be crowing as if he had *writ* man ever since his father was a bachelor" (II. Hen. IV. i. 2. 30).

91. Line 68: *a noble father.*—The Folio here has the stage-direction: *She addresses her to a Lord.*

92. Lines 84, 85: *I had rather be in this choice than throw AMES-ACE for my life.*—It is very difficult to see what Lafeu means here. *Ames-ace*, formed from the old French *ambes as*, and now called *ambes-ace*, is the two aces at dice. Now if this were the highest throw, the ace counting highest as in whist, the meaning would be clear; Lafeu would say that he would rather have a good chance of winning such a prize as Helena, than have the best possible luck at gaming. But unfortunately there is no proof forthcoming that *ames-ace* was ever counted as the highest throw; on the contrary, except in games in which all doublets counted double, and in which *ames-ace* was still the lowest doublet, as seizes was the highest,—it was always the lowest throw. Even in the expression of Thomas Nashe, "as you love good fellowship and *ames-ace*" ("The Induction to the Dapper Mounsier Pages of the Court," prefixed to the *Unfortunate Traveller*, 1594; Works, ed. Grosart, v. 9), the reference is probably to the custom of throwing for wine, the lowest thrower having

to pay for it; and the meaning will be, "as you love good fellowship and would rather throw for wine even if you were the loser, than spoil the sport of the company." The next point to be settled is the meaning of "for my life:" does it mean "in exchange for, as the price of, my life," or "during my whole life?" If the former, we must suppose the preservation of Lafeu's life to depend upon the remote chance of his throwing *ames-ace*, and the expression will not amount to more than, "I had rather be in this choice than just escape with my life." But if this is so, why should he have mentioned *ames-ace*, rather than any other throw? The latter alternative is the more probable, that is, that the case suggested by Lafeu is his throwing *ames-ace*, or having bad luck during the remainder of his life. But how is this to the point, and what is the drift of the speech? Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, who was kind enough to send me a very full discussion of *ames-ace*, answers the question as follows:—"The humorous old man [Lafeu] uses a humorous comparison, one not unknown then or now. We may call it, for want of a better term, a *comparison by contraries*, or if you will, an *ironical comparison*; but another example will best explain it. One lauding a sweet-songed prima donna says, 'I'd rather hear her than walk an hundred miles with peas in my boots.' Literally taken this is nonsense, but taken in the spirit in which such a saying is uttered, it is seen that the greatness of his desire is to be measured by the difficulty, toil, pain, and resolution required to complete the task with which he associates that desire." And Mr. P. A. Daniel, who accepts Dr. Nicholson's interpretation, gives another known example of this mode of expression; to the effect, "I would rather have it, than a poke in the eye with a birch rod." Rolfe takes the same view: as he concisely puts it, "He ironically contrasts this ill luck [*ames-ace* for life] with the good luck of having a chance in the present choice."

93. Line 90: *No better, if you please; i.e. I wish no better wife than you.*

94. Line 105: *There's one grape yet, &c.*—Old Lafeu, having, upon the supposition that the lady was refused, reproached the young lords as *boys of ice*, throwing his eyes on Bertram, who remained, cries out, "There is one yet into whom his father put good blood—but I have known thee long enough to know thee for an ass."—*Johnson*.

95. Line 132: *From lowest place WHEN virtuous things proceed.*—When is Thirlby's correction for *whence* of the Folios.

96. Lines 156, 157:

*My honour's at the stake; WHICH to DEFEAT
I must produce my power.*

Which often stands for *which thing* (Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 271). So here it is "which danger to defeat." Theobald changed *defeat* to *defend*, and so Dyce reads.

97. Line 170: *Into the STAGGERS.*—Some species of the *staggers*, or the *horse's apoplexy*, is a raging impatience, which makes the animal dash himself with a destructive violence against posts or walls. To this the allusion, I suppose, is made.—*Johnson*.

98. Lines 185, 186:

*whose ceremony**Shall seem expedient on the new-born BRIEF.*

The *brief* may be, as Johnson suggests, the marriage contract; but Malone compares:

she told me,
In a sweet verbal *brief*, it did concern
Your highness with herself. —Act v. 3. 136-138.

And—

To stop which scruple, let this *brief* suffice,
It is no pumper'd glutton we present,
Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin.

—The History of Sir John Oldcastle, Prologue 5-7.

which passages prove that *brief* need not always imply a written document; it may therefore mean the *brief* troth plight which has just taken place, and upon which the king says, it is convenient that the marriage ceremony shall forthwith follow.

99. Line 190: *else, does err.*—The Folio here inserts: *Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.*

100. Line 210: *What I dare too well do, I dare not do.*—“I am only too ready to chastise you, but I must not. I am quite man enough to do so, but it is not expedient. You are a lord, and there is no fettering of authority” (see below, line 252).

101. Line 269: METHINKS'T.—The Folios have *nee-think'st*.

102. Lines 276-279: *you are more saucy with lords and honourable personages than the commission of your birth and virtue gives you heraldry*; i.e. more than the warrant of your birth and virtue gives you title to be. Hamner, with some plausibility, altered to “more than the heraldry of your birth and virtue gives you commission.”

103. Line 297: *That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home.*—So F. 1. The later Folios have *kicksy-wicksy*: probably a colloquial term formed from *kick*, and implying restiveness; here applied in an intelligible, though not very complimentary sense to a wife. Nares quotes:

Perhaps an ignis fatuus now and then
Starts up in holes, stinks, and goes out agen;
Such *kicksy-wicksy* flames shew but how dear
Thy great light's resurrection would be here.

Poems subj. to R. Fletcher's Epigr. [1656], p. 168.

and one of Taylor the water-poet's books is entitled, A Kicksey-Winsey, or a lerry-come-twang: wherein John Taylor hath satyrically suted 750 bad Debtors, that will not pay him for his Return of his Journey from Scotland.

104. Lines 308, 309:

*ear is no strife**To the dark house and the detested wife.*

The “dark house,” says Johnson, “is a house made gloomy by discontent.” “Detested” is Rowe's correction for “detected” of the Folios.

105. Line 310: *capriccio*.—F. 1 has *caprichio*. This Italian word was adopted as an English one. Cotgrave gives under *Caprice*, “a humour, *caprichio*, &c.”

ACT II. SCENE 4.

106. Line 10: FORTUNES.—Capell's correction for *fortune* of the Folios.

107. Line 35: *The search, sir, was profitable.*—Before these words, as at the commencement of the speech, “Did you find me,” the Folios have the prefix *Cto*. Perhaps a short speech of Parolles—for instance, “In myself,” as Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests (Shakespeareana, vol. i. p. 55)—has fallen out here.

108. Line 44: *puts it off to a compell'd restraint.*—Defers it by referring to a compulsory abstinence. So:

Please it your lordship, he hath put me off [for payment]
To the succession of new days this month.

—Tim. of Ath. ii. 2. 19, 20.

109. Lines 45, 46:

*Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets,
Which they distil now in the curbed time.*

The want and delay of “the great prerogative and rite of love” is strewn with the sweets (of expectation), which they (the want and delay) distil now in the time of restraint and abstinence.

ACT II. SCENE 5.

110. Line 29: *END ere I do begin.*—The Folios have: “*And ere I doe begin.*” The emendation, [to whomsoever it may be due,] was found in the margin of Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio, and is supported by a passage in The Two Gentlemen of Verona, act ii. sc. 4. 31:

I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

—Stamton.

111. Line 40: *like him that leaped into the custard.*—It was customary at City banquets for the City fool to leap into a large bowl of custard set for the purpose. Theobald quotes:

He may perchance, in tail of a sheriff's dinner,
Skip with a rhyme on the table, from New-nothing,
And take his *Almain-leap* into a custard,
Shall make my lady mayoress and her sisters
Laugh all their hoods over their shoulders.

—Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, i. 1. (p. 97, ed. 1631).

112. Lines 51-53: *I have spoken better of you than you have or will to deserve at my hand.*—So F. 1. Probably some word has fallen out after *have*; Malone suggested *qualities*. F. 2 reads: “than you have or will deserve.”

113. Lines 94, 95:

Ber. *Where are my other men, monsieur?—
Farewell.*

The Folios assign these words to Helena:—

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord:
Where are my other men? Monsieur, farewell.

The change in distribution and punctuation is due to Theobald, who observes that “neither the Clown, nor any of her retinue are now upon the stage: Bertram observing Helen to linger fondly, and wanting to shift her off, puts on a show of haste, asks Parolles for his servants, and then gives his wife an abrupt dismissal.”

ACT III. SCENE 1.

114. (Stage-direction) The two Frenchmen.—These are distinguished in the Folio as “*French B*” and “*French G*,” and in i. 2 as “*1 Lo. G.*” and “*2 Lo. E.*” I have followed the Globe editors in styling uniformly *G First*

Lord, E Second Lord, except in the last nine lines of iii. 6, where *G* once is evidently (and so the Globe) *Second Lord*, and *E* twice *First Lord*. The Folio sometimes calls them "*Cap. G*" and "*Cap. E*," and in iv. 1 *E* is "*1 Lord E*." Capell and Malone suggested that the initials *E* and *G* stand for the names of the actors who played the parts, and in the list of actors prefixed to F. 1 we find the names William Ecclestone, Samuel Gilburne, and Robert Gough. The same actors, as Capell points out, also took the parts of the two Gentlemen in act iii. 2., who are styled in the Folio "*French E*" and "*French G*."

115. Lines 11-13:

*But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By self unable MOTION.*

"I cannot explain state secrets, except as an ordinary outsider who frames for himself a tolerable idea of the nature of a great council, though unable to form any judgment on the weighty points there discussed." This seems to be the general sense of this somewhat obscure passage. A "self unable motion" is a "motion" which is itself unable to do something or other; and here apparently to discharge the functions of a counsellor. For *motion* in the sense of "mental sight," "intuition," compare

this sensible warm *motion* to become
A kneaded clod. —Meas. for Meas. iii. 1. 120, 121.

116. Line 22: *When better fall, for your avails they FELL*.—The past tense is required by the rhyme; otherwise one would be tempted to read "*they fall*;" "when better men (*i.e.* men in higher posts) are slain, you will step into the places they have left vacant."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

117. Lines 7, 8: *he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the RUFF, and sing*.—The ruff is probably, as most of the commentators take it to be, the top of the boot which turned over with a fringed and scalloped edge and hung loosely over the leg: this was usually called a *ruffle*: "not having leisure to put off my silver spurs, one of the rowels catch'd hold of the *ruffle* of my boot, and being Spanish leather, and subject to tear, overthrows me" (Ben Jonson, Every Man out of his Humour, iv. 4, p. 149, ed. 1616).

118. Line 9: *SOLD a goodly manor for a song*.—So F. 3; F. 1 and 2 have "*hold a goodly*," &c.

119. Line 14: *our old LING and our Isbels o' the country*.—So F. 2; F. 1 has "*our old Lings*."

120. Line 20: *VEN that*.—Theobald's correction for "*In that*" of the Folios.

121. Line 21.—F. 1 inserts the heading *A Letter*, and omits *Count [reads]*.

122. Line 53: *Can woman me unto't*.—"Can make me weak enough to give way to it as a woman usually does."

123. Line 68: *If thou engrosses all the griefs ARE thine*; *i.e.* all the griefs which are thine, the relative, as often in Shakespeare, being omitted. Rowe altered it to "all the griefs *as* thine," unnecessarily weakening the passage.

124. Line 71: *And thou art ALL my child*; *i.e.* my only child. For *all* in this sense of *alone, only*, compare:

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where *all* distress is stelled.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where *all* distress and dolour dwell'd.

—Rape of Lucrece, 1443-46.

Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you *all* [*i.e.* only you]. —Lear, i. 1. 101, 102.

The word *all* of course agrees with *thou*, not with *child*.

125. Lines 92, 93:

*The fellow has a deal of that too much,
Which holds him much to have.*

"He has a deal of that too-much (excess), which considers him to have much," *i.e.* excess of vanity, which makes him fancy he has many good qualities. Rolfe, whose view of the passage this is, compares:

For goodness, growing to a pluriſy,
Dies in his own *too much*.

—Hamlet, iv. 7. 118, 119.

126. Lines 113, 114:

*move the still-PIECING air
That sings with piercing.*

F. 1 has "*the still-peering air*;" F. 2 the "*still piercing*," "*Still-piecing air*," *i.e.* the air which closes again immediately, is due to Malone. "*Peece*" is an Elizabethan spelling of *piece* ("Now good *Cesario*, but that *peece* of song," Tw. Night, ii. 4. 2, F. 1); so that if we accept this reading we have only to alter one letter.

127. Lines 123-125:

*No, come thou home, Rousillon,
Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all.*

"Come home from that place, where all that honour gets from the danger it encounters, if it gets anything, is a scar, while it often loses everything."

ACT III. SCENE 4.

128. Lines 24, 25:

*and yet she writes,
Pursuit would be but vain.*

This must be supposed to be in a part of the letter not read aloud by the steward.

ACT III. SCENE 5.

129. Line 21: *are not the things they go under*.—Are not the things for which their names would make them pass.—*Johnson*.

130. Line 23: *example . . . cannot for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed, &c.*—All these terrible examples of ruin before their eyes cannot prevent maids from doing as others have done before them. "But that they are limed"="to prevent their being limed." For this use of "but," signifying "prevention," compare:

Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

—Meas. for Meas. iv. 2. 95, 96.

And see Abbott, Sh. Gr. § 122.

131. Line 36: *To Saint Jacques le Grand*.—By St. James the Great, Shakespeare no doubt signified the apostle so called, whose celebrated shrine was at Compostella, in Spain; and Dr. Johnson rightly observes that Florence was somewhat out of the road in going thither from Ronsillon. There was, however, subsequently, another James, of La Marca of Ancona, a Franciscan confessor of the highest eminence for sanctity, who died at the convent of the Holy Trinity near Naples, in A.D. 1476. He was not beatified until the seventeenth century, nor canonized until 1726; but it is quite possible that his reputation was very great in connection with Italy, even at the period of this play; and that Shakespeare adopted the name without considering any other distinction.—*Stanton*.

132. Line 55: *He's bravely TAKEN here*.—According to Schmidt, the verb "to take" is here intransitive = "to have the intended effect" (*German*, sich machen). Compare:

yet I know
A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
Will bring me off again. —*Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 218-220.

i.e. if it have the right effect. So here the meaning is "he has done well here," "has behaved bravely." Compare also:

[pageants and shows] Never greater
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, sir.
—*Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 11, 12.

i.e. better executed. If this is not the meaning we must interpret, "he is bravely taken here," *i.e.* "he is received as a brave fellow here."

133. Lines 69, 70:

*I wa'n't, good creature, wheresoe'er she is,
Her heart weighs sadly.*

For *wa'n't* I am indebted to Mr. B. G. Kinnear (who writes it *warr't*), *Cruces Shakespeariana*, 1883, p. 146. In *Hamlet*, i. 2. 243:

Ham. Perchance 't will walk again.
Hor. I warrant it will.

Q. 2 has "I *wa'n't* it will. F. 1 has "I write good creature, wheresoe'er she is," &c., which Malone and Schmidt defend. F. 2 has "I right good creature;" Rowe, "Ah! right good creature;" Capell, "Ay, right;—Good creature!" The Globe, "I *warrant*, good creature;" Dyce, after Williams, "I *wot*, good creature."

134. Line 86: *That leads him to these PASSES*.—The Folios have *places*. Theobald conjectured *paces*; *passes*, which Dyce prints, was suggested by Mr. W. N. Lettsom (*Walker's Crit. Exam.* vol. ii. p. 240), who compares:

your grace, like power divine,
Hath looked upon my *passes*.

i.e. courses, proceedings. —*Meas. for Meas.* v. 1. 374, 375.

135. Line 97: *Where you shall HOST*.—For *host* in this sense compare:

Go hear it to the Centaur, where we *host*.
—*Com. of Err.* i. 2. 9.

ACT III. SCENE 6.

136. Lines 37-41: *let him fetch his drum; . . . when your lordship sees the bottom of HIS success in't, and to what metal this counterfeit LUMP OF ORE will be melted.*

—The Folios have "*this success*," corrected by Rowe. *Lump of ore* is Theobald's correction for *lump of ours* of the Folios. But why was so much importance attached to a *drum*? Fairholt, quoted by Rolfe, informs us that the *drums* of the regiments in those days were decorated with the colours of the battalion: to lose a *drum* was therefore to lose the colours of the regiment.

137. Lines 41-43: *if you give him not John Drum's entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed*.—To give a person *John* or *Tom Drum's entertainment* is to turn him forcibly out of your company. The origin of the expression is doubtful. Douce suggested that it was a metaphor borrowed from the beating of a drum, or else alluded to the *drumming* a man out of a regiment; while Rolfe has "no doubt that originally *John Drum* was merely a sportive personification of the drum, and that the *entertainment* was a *beating*, such as the drum gets;" afterwards "the expression came to mean other kinds of abusive treatment than beating." Theobald quotes Holinshed's Description of Ireland:—"no guest had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his [the mayor of Dublin 1551] family: so that his porter, or any other officer, durst not, for both his cares, give the simplest man that resorted to his house, *Tom Drum his entertainment*, which is, to hale a man in by the head, and thrust him out by both the shoulders."

138. Line 107: *we have almost EMBOSSED him*.—*Emboss* was a hunting term, old French *embosquer*, and meant to inclose (game) in a wood. So here the Second Lord means that they have almost got Parolles in their toils. There is another hunting term *embossed*, meaning "foaming at the mouth from fatigue," with which the above must not be confounded. "When he [the hart] is foaming at the mouth, we say that he is *embost*" (*Gascoigne, Book of Hunting*, 1575, p. 242, quoted in Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 406). In this sense the word does not come from *embosquer*, but is merely a technical application of the ordinary verb *emboss*, "to cover with bosses." Shakespeare twice uses it in this sense:

the poor cur is *emboss'd*.
—*Taming of the Shrew*, Ind. 17.
and
O, he is more mad
Than Telamon for his shield; the boar of Thessaly
Was never so *emboss'd*. —*Ant. and Cleop.* iv. 13. 1-3.

139. Line 110: *We'll make you some sport with the fox, ere we CASE him*.—Another hunting term signifying to skin the animal. Compare:

Some of 'em knew me,
Els they had *cas'd* me like a cony too,
As they have done the rest, and I think rosted me,
For they began to baste me soundly.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher, Love's Pilgrimage*, ii. 2 (ed. 1647, p. 9).

ACT III. SCENE 7.

140. Line 19: *RESOLV'D to carry her*.—So Dyce and Globe. F. 1 has *Resolue*. F. 2 and most editors *Resolves*.

141. Line 21: *his IMPORTANT blood*.—Compare:

Therefore great France
My mourning and *important* tears hath pited.
—*Lear*, iv. 4. 25, 26.

142. Line 34: *after THIS*.—This is omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

143. Lines 44–47:

*which, if it speed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed,
And lawful meaning in a LAWFUL act;
Where both not sin, and yet a sinful fact.*

For *lawful act* in line 46 Warburton substituted "wicked act," and so Dyce; but Malone satisfactorily explains the original reading: "The first line relates to Bertram. The deed was *lawful*, as being the duty of marriage . . . but his meaning was *wicked*, because he intended to commit adultery. The second line relates to Helena, whose meaning was *lawful*, in as much as she intended to reclaim her husband. . . . The act or deed was *lawful*, for the reason already given. The subsequent line relates to them both. The fact was *sinful*, as far as Bertram was concerned, because he intended to commit adultery; yet neither he nor Helena actually sinned; not the wife, because both her intention and action were innocent; not the husband, because he did not accomplish his intention; he did not commit adultery."

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

144. Lines 19–22: *therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancy, not to know what we speak one to another; so we seem to know, is to know straight our purpose*.—"We must each fancy a jargon for himself, without aiming to be understood by one another, for provided we appear to understand, that will be sufficient for the success of our project."—*Henley*. Sir Philip Perring, with great plausibility, proposes to shift the semicolon from *another to fancy*.

145. Line 22: *Choughs' language*.—Compare:

lords that can prate
As amply and unnecessarily
As this Gonzalo: I myself could make
A *chough* of as deep chat. —*Tempest*, ii. i. 263–266.

146. Line 43: *Wherefore, what's the INSTANCE?*—According to Schmidt, *instance* is "motive," "that which set him on." So:

The *instances* that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
—*Hamlet*, iii. 2. 192, 193.

But Johnson, followed by Rolfe, with greater probability explains it as *proof*: Parolles is seeking for some proof of his exploit. So: "They will scarcely believe this without trial: offer them *instances*" (*Much Ado*, ii. 2. 42).

147. Line 45: *and buy myself another of BAJAZET'S MULE*.—Warburton conjectured *mule*, and so Dyce. A mule is doubtless used as typical of a dumb creature. Reed quotes a story of a "Philosopher" who "for th' emperor's pleasure took upon him to make a *Moyle* [mule] speak;" but what the allusion is in *Bajazet's mule* has not yet been explained.

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

148. Lines 21–31: *'T is not the many oaths that make the truth, &c.*—This speech is at a first reading very perplex-

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ing, but its meaning becomes clearer on reperusal. Diana's meaning is, I think, as follows: "A mere multitude of oaths is no evidence of integrity of purpose; a single vow made conscientiously is enough, and such a vow a man takes by what he reverences most, namely, by God's great attributes; but even were I to swear by such an awful oath as this that I loved you well, when I loved you so ill that I was trying to induce you to commit a sin, you would not believe me: in fact, an oath taken in the name of a pure and holy Being to commit an impure and unholy sin against him has no validity at all: therefore—your oaths, sworn as they are in God's name to do him a wrong, are so many empty words and worthless stipulations, but in my opinion are unsealed, that is, are unratified, and have no binding force whatever."

149. Line 25: *If I should swear by God's great attributes*.—So the Globe editors; the Folio has *Joues*, probably in accordance with the statute to restrain the abuse of the divine name (3 James I. chap. 21).

150. Lines 38, 39:

*I see that men MAKE ROPES IN SUCH A SCARRE,
That we'll forsake ourselves.*

This is the great crux of the play. None of the many emendations which have been proposed being really satisfactory, I have printed the words just as they stand in the Folio, except that the latter prints *rope's* instead of *ropes*. That there is an error somewhere few will doubt, although there have been several ingenious but far-fetched attempts at explanation. All that can be affirmed with any confidence is that the words, "That we'll forsake ourselves," are intended to convey Diana's pretended surrender to the proposals of Bertram, "we will prove unfaithful to our principles, we will give in;" and that the previous line must have given some sort of reason or excuse for such apparent weakness. "Diana ought, in all propriety," says Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps) in his folio Shakespeare, "to make some excuse to Bertram (and to the audience) for the abrupt change in her feelings and conduct,—some acknowledgment of his powers of persuasion, or some confession of her own impressibility." Diana then abruptly demands the ring, and Bertram fancies his triumph is complete. A *scarre* is a broken precipice, or, according to others, a ravine, or merely a *scarre* (fright).

I subjoin some of the principal emendations which have been suggested:

Rowe: "make *hopes* in such *affairs*."

Malone: "make *hopes*, in such a *scene*."

Mitford, printed by Dyce: "make *hopes*, in such a *case*."

Halliwell (Phillipps): "may *cope's* in such a *sorte*."

Staunton: "make *hopes*, in such a *snare*."

Kinneir: "have *hopes*, in such a *cause*."

151. Line 73: *Since Frenchmen are so BRAID*.—Steevens quotes Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616 (ed. Dyce, p. 302):

Dian rose with all her maids
Blushing thus at love's *braids*.

i.e. crafts, deceptions. The word, which is, however, here an adjective, comes from *braid*, to twist; what is deceitful being, metaphorically speaking, twisted and tortuous.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

152. Line 23: *Now, God DELAY our rebellion!*—"May God put off the day when our flesh shall rebel;" so where the Countess begs the King to forgive her son, in act v. 3. 4-8:

"T is past, my liege;
And I beseech your majesty to make it
Natural *rebellion*, done i' the blaze of youth;
When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

Hammer conjectured *allay*.

153. Lines 26-28: *we still see them reveal themselves, till they attain to their abhorred ends.*—They betray themselves before they attain to their abhorred ends, i.e. detestable purposes.

154. Line 29: *in his proper stream o'eflowes himself.*—That is, "betrays his own secrets in his own talk."—*Johnson*. He no longer confines his unlawful intents within the bounds of secrecy.

155. Line 34: *for he is DIETED to his hour.*—See above:
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window:

When you have conquer'd my yet- maiden bed,
Remain there *but an hour*. —iv. 2. 54-58.

The meaning then is, "the hour of his appointment is fixed, as well as the duration of his stay." Such is the regimen to which he has to submit. This will help to explain v. 3. 219-221:

Dia. I must be patient;
You, that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly *diet* me.

i.e. "you may prescribe rules for me, and give me just as much or as little as you please."

156. Line 36: *I would gladly have him see his company anatomized.*—For *company* in the sense of companion compare:

To seek new friends and stranger *companies*.
—Mids. Night's Dream, i. 1. 219.

157. Line 103: *ENTERTAINED my convoy.*—Taken into service guides, &c. For *entertain* compare:

Being *entertained* for a perfumer, as I was smoking a musty room.
—Much Ado, i. 3. 60.

158. Line 113: *this counterfeit MODULE.*—*Module* is a variant of *model*. *Model* comes through the Italian and French from the Latin *modulus*, a measure; *module* apparently comes direct from the Latin. *Parolles* is a *counterfeit module*, because he pretended to be a soldier and was really a fool.

159. Line 135: Stage-direction: the Folio has, *Enter Parolles with his Interpreter*, and *Inter. Int.* or *Interp.* is prefixed to the speeches of the First Soldier.

160. Line 158: *All's one to HIM.*—In the Folios this concludes the preceding speech. Capell made the change. Rowe printed "*All's one to me.*"

161. Line 182: *if I were to live this present hour; i.e. and die at the end of it.* Hammer printed "live but this present hour." Dyce, following W. S. Walker, boldly prints "if I were to die." Tollet suggests that *Parolles* meant to say *die*, but fear occasioned the mistake.

162. Line 213: *getting the shrieve's fool with child.*—"Female idiots were retained in families for diversion as well as male, though not so commonly" (*Douce, Illustrations*, p. 198).

163. Line 222: *your LORDSHIP.*—The Folios have *Lord*, without the period, but the abbreviation was no doubt intended: corrected by Pope.

164. Line 268: *by THE general's looks.*—So F. 3; F. 1 and F. 2 have *your*, a mistake arising from the abbreviation *y* in the MS.

165. Line 280: *He will steal, sir, an egg out of a cloister.*—He will steal anything, however trifling, from any place, however holy.—*Johnson*.

166. Line 303: *a place there called Mile-end.*—Mile-end Green was the usual drilling ground for the London trainbands. See II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 298.

167. Lines 313, 314: *and cut the entail from all remainders, and a perpetual succession FOR it perpetually; i.e. and set free the estate from payment of all remainders, and (grant or sell) a perpetual succession for it.* Dyce suspects some error. Hammer altered *for it* to "*in it.*"

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

168. Line 9: *Marseilles.*—F. 1 spells the name of this town here *Marcellæ*, and in iv. 5. 85, *Marcellus*.

169. Line 16: *Nor YOU, mistress.*—So F. 4. F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have: "*Nor your Mistress.*"

170. Lines 20, 21:

*As it hath fated her to be my MOTIVE
And helper to a husband.*

A *motive* is that which moves anything, so, *means, instrument*. Compare:

my teeth shall tear
The slavish *motive* of recanting fear [*i.e.* the tongue].
—Rich. II. i. 1. 192, 193.

171. Lines 30-33:

*Yet, I pray you:
But, with the word, the time will bring on summer,
When briers shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp.*

Perhaps the passage admits of this explanation. Helena has just before said:

You, Diana,
Under my poor instructions yet *must suffer*
Something in my behalf:

To which Diana has replied:

Let death and honesty
Go with your impositions, *I am yours*
Upon your will to suffer:

And Helena now continues: "*Yet, I pray you,*" i.e. for a while I pray you *BE mine to suffer*: "*but, with the word, the time will bring on summer,*" &c.; i.e. but so quickly that it may even be considered as here while we speak, the time will, &c.—*Dyce*. Rolfe, with greater probability, thinks that the words *Yet, I pray you*, merely serve to resume the thread of Helena's discourse, after Diana's impulsive interruption.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

172. Lines 2-4: *whose villanous saffron would have made all the unbaked and doughy youth of a nation in his colour.*—An allusion to the fashion of wearing yellow. Warburton points out that the mention of *saffron* suggested the epithets unbaked and doughy, saffron being commonly used to colour pastry. So in the Winter's Tale the shepherd's son says: "I must have *saffron* to colour the warden pies" (Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 48).

Yellow starch was much used for bands and ruffs, and is said to have been invented by Mrs. Turner, an infamous woman, who was concerned in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, and was executed at Tyburn (1615) in a lawn ruff of her favourite colour (see Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 328). Reed quotes Heywood, If you Know not me, you Know Nobody: "many of our young married men have tane an order to weare *yellow* garters, points, and shootings; and tis thought *yellow* will grow a custom" (Heywood, Dramatic Works, vol. i. p. 250, ed. 1874).

173. Line 19: *They are not HERBS.*—So the Folios. Rowe printed *Sallet-herbs*.

174. Line 22: GRASS.—So Rowe: the Folios have *grace*.

175. Line 32: *my bauble.*—The fool's *bauble* was a kind of baton; figures of its various shapes will be found in Douce (Illustrations, Plates II. and III.).

176. Line 41: *an English NAME.*—So Rowe; F. 1 has *maïne*.

177. Line 67: *A shrewd knave and an unhappy.*—Compare:

Ay, and a *shrewd unhappy* gallows too [speaking of Cupid].

—Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 12.

Here the meaning is simply "roguish" or "mischievous;" but it often has a stronger sense, as: "O most *unhappy* strumpet!" [pernicious] (Com. of Err. iv. 4. 127). And:

unhappy was the clock

That struck the hour!

—Cymb. v. 5. 153, 154.

178. Line 70: *he has no PACE, but runs where he will.*—He observes no rule, has no settled habits, is not broken in. Hamner unnecessarily altered *pace* to *place*; and so even Dyce.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

179. Line 6: (Stage-direction) Enter a GENTLEMAN.—So Rowe, followed by most editors. F. 1 has: *Enter a gentle Astringer*; F. 2: *Enter a gentle Astranger*; F. 3: *Enter a Gentleman a stranger*. An *astringer* or *ostringer* is, as Steevens discovered before the appearance of his second edition, a keeper of goshawks. There is, however, no apparent reason why the personage accosted by Helena should be a keeper of goshawks or of anything else, and throughout this scene the Folio prefixes "*Gent*" to his speeches, while in scene 3 it introduces him simply as "*a Gentleman*."

ACT V. SCENE 2.

180. Line 1: *Good MONSIEUR Lavache.*—So Dyce. F. 1 has "*Good M^r Lauatch*."

181. Line 26: *I do pity his distress in my SIMILES of comfort.*—Warburton's certain emendation for "*smiles of comfort*" of the Folios.

182. Line 35: *under HER.*—*Her* was added in F. 2.

183. Lines 41, 42:

Par. *My name, my good lord, is Parolles.*

Laf. *You beg more than "word," then.*

A quibble: Parolles (paroles) in French is not "word" but "words." F. 3 has "more than one word."

184. Line 43: *Cox my passion!*—*Cox* or *cock*, as in the oath "by cock and pie," was a disguise or corruption of *God*.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

185. Lines 1, 2:

We lost a jewel of her; and our esteem

Was made much poorer by it.

Does *our esteem* mean "the esteem in which we are held by others," or "the esteem in which we hold others?" Schmidt, who explains the phrase by "we are less worth by her loss," seems to take the former view; but surely the King is contrasting his own power of estimating and appreciating true worth with that of Bertram, for he goes on to say that Bertram "lack'd the sense to know her estimation home." Now the King's *esteem* in which he held others was all the poorer, inasmuch as one estimable person so esteemed was lost; and this is much what Staunton means when he interprets *our esteem* by "the sum of all we hold estimable."

186. Line 6: *Natural rebellion, done i' the BLAZE of youth.*—The Folios have *blade*; *blaze* was proposed by Theobald, who, however, did not venture to admit it into his text. It was adopted by Warburton and Capell, and is rendered extremely probable by what follows:

When oil and fire, too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

Theobald quotes, in support of his conjecture:

I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows; these *blazes*, daughter, &c.

—Hamlet, i. 3. 115-117.

and

For Hector in his *blaze* of wrath subscribes

To tender objects. —Troilus and Cr. iv. 5. 105, 106.

Sir Philip Perring (Hard Knots, p. 163) with great probability suggests *blood*, comparing:

the strongest oaths are straw

To the fire i' the *blood*. —Tempest, iv. 1. 52, 53.

The *blood* of youth burns not with such excess.

—Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 73.

and

It hath the excuse of youth and heat of *blood*.

—I. Henry IV. v. 2. 17.

187. Lines 16, 17:

*Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of RICHEST EYES.*

Richest eyes are eyes that have seen most beauty. Compare: "to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have *rich eyes* and poor hands" (As You Like It, iv. 1. 23).

188. Line 48: *Contempt his scornful PERSPECTIVE did*

lend me.—For *perspective* compare:

For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects;
Like *perspectives*, which rightly gaz'd upon
Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry
Distinguishing form. —Rich. II. ii. 2. 16–20.

See note 150 of that play.

189. Lines 65, 66:

*Our own love waking cries to see what's done,
While SHAMEFUL HATE sleeps out the afternoon.*

The Globe editors read "while *shame full late*," &c., but change seems objectionable, because it destroys the antithesis between "love" which wakes, and "hate" which continues to sleep; I have therefore retained the original reading, which Sir Philip Perring explains as follows: hate, the "displeasures" of line 63, having destroyed our friends and done its work, enjoys its afternoon slumber, while love awakes, though too late, and weeps to see the havoc hate had made. This is fairly satisfactory; but I would add that "after weep their dust" seems to be connected by a kind of *zeugma* with the preceding verb "destroy," for it is *we* who weep, not our "*displeasures*;" and that the main point of the antithesis is, that hate continues to sleep unconcerned, while love awakes to weep. The Globe marks line 65 "our own love," &c., as corrupt.

190. Lines 71, 72: Count. *Which better than the first, &c.*—These two lines were first given to the Countess by Theobald: in the Folios they are part of the preceding speech.

191. Line 79: *The last that ERER I took her leave at court.*—The last time that I ever bade her farewell at court. So the Folio, but with *e'er* spelt *ere*. Rowe printed: "The last that *e'er she* took her leave;" Hamner: "The last time *e'er she* took her leave;" Dyce: "The last time, *ere she* took her leave."

192. Lines 95, 96:

*noble she was, and thought
I stood ENGAG'D.*

The plain meaning is: When she saw me receive the ring she thought I stood engaged to her.—*Johnson*. This is the most natural interpretation; but the Folio happens to spell the word *ingag'd*, which Tyrwhitt, Malone, Staunton, and Schmidt (who even calls the reading *engaged* preposterous) explain to mean "not engaged." *En* and *in* are, however, sometimes interchangeable even in modern spelling.

193. Line 102: *the tinct and multiplying medicine.*—The tincture, by which alchemists professed to turn baser metals into gold, and the philosopher's stone, which had the power of making a piece of gold larger.

194. Line 114: *conjectural.*—So F. 2; misspelt in F. 1 *connecturall*.

195. Lines 121–123:

*My fore-past proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall TAX my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little.*

"However the matter turns out, with the proofs I have already, I shall not be accused of harbouring mere groundless suspicions; hitherto I have erred in not being suspicious enough." *Tax* is spelt *taze* in F. 1.

196. Lines 148–150:

*I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and TOLL for this:
I'll none of him.*

This is the reading of F. 1 (*toll* spelt *toule*), and probably means, "I will buy a new son-in-law in a fair, and pay *toll* for the liberty of selling this one;" F. 2 has: "and *toule* him for this," &c., which Percy takes to mean: "I'll buy me a son-in-law as they buy a horse in a fair; *toul* him, i.e. enter him on the *toul* or toll-book, to prove I came honestly by him, and ascertain my title to him." Those editors who have adopted this reading of course put a colon at "toll him:"—"and toll him: for this I'll none of him."

197. Line 155: *I wonder, sir, SITH wives are MONSTERS to you.*—So Dyce. F. 1 has: "I wonder, sir, *sir*, wiues are *monsters* to you." F. 2 has: "I wonder, sir, wives such *monsters* to you."

198. Line 195: *He blushes, and 'tis IT.*—So Capell; F. 1 has: "and 'tis *hit*." Pope reads, "and 'tis *his*;" and so Dyce.

199. Lines 215–217:

*and, in fine,
HER OWN SUIT, COMING with her MODERN grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate.*

For this reading, *Her own suit, coming*, I am indebted to Sir Philip Perring (*Hard Knots*, p. 166). F. 1 has *Her insuite coming*. Dyce, Staunton, and the Globe editors print W. S. Walker's conjecture: "Her *infinite cunning*;" perhaps we might read: "*her onset, coming*." *Modern* here seems to be used rather in the sense of *modish*, than in its ordinary Shakspearean sense of *trite, commonplace*. Johnson thinks it may mean *meanly pretty*, but he gives no other instances of the usage. Mr. W. W. Williams (*The Parthenon*, Nov. 1, 1862, p. 849) suggested *modest*, and Mr. B. G. Kinnear (*Cruces Shakspearianæ*, p. 160) *native*.

200. Line 221: *May justly diet me.*—See note 155.

201. Lines 305, 306:

*Is there no EXORCIST
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?*

An *exorcist* in Shakespeare is a person who can raise spirits, not one who can lay them. So:

Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. —Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 323, 324.

202. Line 314: *And ARE.*—So Rowe; the Folios have, "And is."

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

Those compound words marked with an asterisk are printed as *two* separate words in F. 1.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Accessory ¹ (sub.)	ii. 1 36	Cardecue.....	{ iv. 3 311	Empirics.....	ii. 1 125	*Kicky-wicky..	ii. 3 297
Acutely.....	i. 1 220		v. 2 35	Entail (sub.)...	iv. 3 313	Languishings..	i. 3 235.
Admiringly....	{ i. 1 33	Case ¹³ (verb) ..	iii. 6 111	Enticements...	iii. 5 20	Lapse (sub.)...	ii. 3 170
	v. 3 44	Casketed.....	ii. 5 26	Entrenched....	ii. 1 45	Leaguer.....	iii. 6 28
Adoptious.....	i. 1 188	Cassocks.....	iv. 3 192	Enwombed....	i. 3 150	Ling.....	iii. 2 14, 15
A-foot ²	iv. 3 181	Causeless ¹⁴ (adj.)	ii. 3 4	Examined ²²	iii. 5 66	*Linsey-woolsey	iv. 1 13
After-debts....	iv. 3 255	Cesse (verb)....	v. 3 72	Excessive ²³	i. 1 65	Love-line.....	ii. 1 81
Allurement....	iv. 3 241	Chape.....	iv. 3 164	Expertness.....	iv. 3 203, 297		
Ames-ace.....	ii. 3 85	Cherisher.....	i. 3 50	Exploit ²⁴	{ i. 2 17	Manifoldly....	ii. 3 215
Applications..	i. 2 74	Christendoms ¹⁵	i. 1 188		iv. 1 40	*Market-price..	v. 3 219
Araise.....	ii. 1 79	Clew.....	i. 3 188	Expressive....	ii. 1 54	Mell.....	iv. 3 257
Attribute ³	iii. 6 64	Coarsely.....	iii. 5 60	Facinerious ²⁵ ..	ii. 3 35	Mere ³²	iii. 5 58
Avail (sub.)....	{ i. 3 190	Coherent.....	iii. 7 39	Fated ²⁶	i. 1 232	Militarist.....	iv. 3 161
	iii. 1 22	Confidently....	iv. 6 21, 94	File ²⁷ (sub.)....	iv. 3 231	Ministration...	ii. 5 65
Bannerets.....	ii. 3 214	Congied.....	iv. 3 100	Finisher.....	ii. 1 139	Misprision ³³ ..	ii. 3 159
Barely ⁴	iv. 2 19	Console (verb)	iii. 2 131	Fishpond.....	v. 2 22	Mites ³⁴	i. 1 154
Bareness ⁵	iv. 2 19	Cox ¹⁶	v. 2 43	Fisnomy ²⁸	iv. 5 42	Morris ³⁵	ii. 2 26
Barricado ⁶ (verb)	i. 1 124	Credible.....	i. 2 4	Fistula.....	i. 1 39	Mourningly....	i. 1 34
Bed-clothes....	iv. 3 287	Curvet (sub.)..	ii. 3 299	Foregoers.....	ii. 3 144	Muddled ³⁶	v. 2 5, 23
Blade ⁷	v. 3 6	Custard.....	ii. 5 41	Forehorse.....	ii. 1 30	Murk.....	ii. 1 166
*Blowers-up..	i. 1 132	Default ¹⁷	ii. 3 241	Fore-past.....	v. 3 121	Musk-cat.....	v. 2 21
Boggle.....	v. 3 232	Discipled.....	i. 2 28	Gabble (sub.)..	iv. 1 22	Muskets.....	iii. 2 111
Both-sides ⁸	iv. 3 251	Diurnal.....	ii. 1 165	Gossips ²⁹	i. 1 189	*Muster-fle....	iv. 3 189
Braid (adj.)....	iv. 2 73	Doctrine ¹⁸	i. 3 247	Haggish.....	i. 2 29	Mystery ³⁷	iii. 6 68
*Brawn-buttock	ii. 2 19	Dog-hole.....	ii. 3 291	Hawking ³⁰	i. 1 105	Naturalize....	i. 1 223
Bubble ⁹	iii. 6 5	Double-meaning		Headsmen.....	iv. 3 342	Neatly.....	iv. 3 168
Bunting.....	ii. 5 7	(adj.).....	iv. 3 114	*High-repented	v. 3 36	Necessitated...	v. 3 85
Camping ¹⁰ (intrans.)	iii. 4 14	Doughy.....	iv. 5 4	*Holy-cruel...	iv. 2 32	None-sparing..	iii. 2 108
Canary ¹¹ (sub.)	ii. 1 77	Dropsied.....	ii. 3 135	Hoodman.....	iv. 3 136	Nose-herbs....	iv. 5 20
Capriccio ¹²	ii. 3 310	Dryly.....	i. 1 175	Idolatrous....	i. 1 108	*Now-born.....	ii. 3 186
Captious.....	i. 3 208	Eagerness.....	v. 3 213	In (verb).....	i. 3 48	Occidental....	ii. 1 166
		Eats ¹⁹ (intrans.)	i. 1 175	Inadible.....	ii. 1 122	Offendress....	i. 1 153
		Embodied.....	v. 3 173	Inaudible.....	v. 3 41	Out-villained..	iv. 3 305
		Embossed ²⁰	iii. 6 107	Inclusive ³¹	i. 3 232	Overlooking (sub.)	i. 1 45
		Embowelled ²¹ .	i. 3 247	*Indian-like...	i. 3 210	Over-night.....	iii. 4 23
				Intenible.....	i. 3 208	Over-pay.....	iii. 7 16

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¹ Lucrece, 922; Sonn. xxxv. 13.
² = in infantry; used frequently in the ordinary sense.

³ As a sub. used repeatedly.

⁴ = in a *bare* or naked condition; it occurs three times—only.

⁵ = nakedness here and in Sonn. v. 8; xevii. 4. In I. Henry IV. iv. 2. 77 the word occurs in the sense of "leanness."

⁶ Used elsewhere as a sub.

⁷ Of corn. The reading of Ff. (in a figurative sense). See note 186.

⁸ Used adjectively.

⁹ Used figuratively = a cheat; occurs frequently in ordinary sense.

¹⁰ Used transitively in Ant and Cleo. iv. 8. 33.

¹¹ = a dance; and so used as a verb in Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 12. Occurs three times—the wine of that name.

¹² An anglicized Italian word = fancy, humour. See note 105.

¹³ = to flay; used frequently elsewhere in various senses.

¹⁴ Venus and Adonis, 897.

¹⁵ = Christian names; the word occurs frequently in its ordinary sense.

¹⁶ In expression "ooz my passion!"

¹⁷ In the phrase "in the default" = at a need; occurs three times in its ordinary sense.

¹⁸ = learning; used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

¹⁹ Used in expression "it eats dryly."

²⁰ = inclosed; used elsewhere in other senses.

²¹ = exhausted, emptied, in figurative sense; it occurs in literal sense in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 109, 111; Rich. III. v. 2. 10.

²² = doubted. Occurs frequently in other senses.

²³ Lucrece, Arg. 1.

²⁴ Used = warlike adventure.

²⁵ Parolles' equivalent for *facinorous*, which latter word does not occur in Shakespeare.

²⁶ = having the power of fate; used elsewhere = destined.

²⁷ i.e. for papers; used elsewhere in various other senses.

²⁸ The Clown's form of *physiognomy*.

²⁹ Christens, or gives as a sponsor; used elsewhere intransitively in its ordinary sense.

³⁰ = hawk-like.

³¹ Used in a peculiar sense = comprehensive; occurs in Richard III. iv. 1. 59 = inclosing.

³² = merely.
³³ = contempt; it occurs several times = mistake.

³⁴ Here = cheese-mites; it is used once again in Pericles, ii. Prol. 8 = anything small.

³⁵ = morris-dance. *Morris* (= a game) occurs in Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 1. 98; and *morris-dance* in Henry V. ii. 4. 25.

³⁶ = soiled; used, figuratively, in Hamlet, iv. 5. 81.

³⁷ Used with *in* = professional experience; occurs frequently in its more usual senses.

³⁸ Used figuratively = estimation; occurs frequently elsewhere in various other senses.

WORDS PECULIAR TO ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line	
Past-cure (adj.)	ii.	1	124	Remainders ⁵ ...	iv.	3	313	Smoke ¹¹	{	iii.	6	112	Thitherward ..	iii.	2	55
Past-saving (adj.)	iv.	3	158	Removes ⁶	v.	3	131		{	iv.	1	31	Threateningly .	ii.	3	87
Persecuted....	i.	1	16	Re-send.....	iii.	6	123	*Snipt-taffeta...	iv.	5	2	Title.....	iv.	3	217	
Personages ¹ ..	ii.	3	278	Resolvedly....	v.	3	332	Soundness	i.	2	24	*Tithe-woman .	i.	3	89	
Philosophical..	ii.	3	2	*Riddle-like...	i.	3	223	Spark ¹²	ii.	1	25, 41	Token (verb) ..	iv.	2	63	
Pile ²	iv.	5	103	King-carrier...	iii.	5	95	Sprat.....	iii.	6	112	Tolerable ¹⁰	ii.	3	213	
*Pin-buttock ..	ii.	2	18	Ruttish.....	iv.	3	243	Staggers ¹³	ii.	3	170	Toll ²⁰	v.	3	148	
Prejudicates...	i.	2	8	Sally (verb)....	iv.	1	2	Steely ¹⁴	i.	1	114	Torchet.....	ii.	1	165	
Prologues (verb)	ii.	1	95	Searre ⁷	iv.	2	38	Still-piecing ...	iii.	2	113	Traitress	i.	1	184	
Prophecier	iv.	3	114	Schools ⁸ (sub.)	i.	3	246	Succession ¹⁵ ...	iii.	5	24	Transcendence	ii.	3	41	
				Seducer.....	v.	3	146	Surplice ¹⁶	i.	3	99	Unbaked	iv.	5	3	
Quatch-buttock	ii.	2	18	Self-gracious ..	iv.	5	77	Swine-drunk ..	iv.	3	236	Uncropped	v.	3	327	
Questant	ii.	1	16	Shot ⁹ (verb intr.)	ii.	3	8	Sword-men....	ii.	1	62	Underminers..	i.	1	131	
				Shrieve.....	iv.	3	213	Tax ¹⁷ (sub.)....	ii.	1	173	Unroot.....	v.	1	6	
Rational ³	i.	1	139	Shrove-Tuesday	ii.	2	25	Thievish ¹⁸	ii.	1	169	Unsealed ²¹	iv.	2	30	
Ravin (adj.) ..	iii.	2	120	Sithence (conj.)	i.	3	125					Unserviceable .	iv.	3	152	
Ravishments ⁴	iv.	3	281	Smack ¹⁰	iv.	1	18					Vent ²² (sub.)..	ii.	3	213	
Récantation ..	ii.	3	194, 195									Vileness	ii.	3	136	
Rector	iv.	3	68									Wear ²³ (intr.)..	i.	1	171	
Red-tailed.....	iv.	5	6									*Well-derived .	iii.	2	90	
Relinquished..	ii.	3	10									*Well-lost.....	i.	3	254	
												Woman (verb)..	iii.	2	53	
												Woodland	iv.	5	49	

1 == persons; *personage* == "personal appearance" occurs in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 292, and *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 164.

2 *i.e.* the *pile* of cloth; used in ordinary sense = heap, in five passages.

3 Here = reasonable; it occurs once again in *Love's Labour's Lost* (i. 2. 124) = "endowed with reason."

4 *Lucrece*, 430, 1128.

5 Used here in legal sense; the word occurs elsewhere frequently in the ordinary sense.

6 = stages of journey; used elsewhere in various senses.

7 Occurs in a corrupt passage. See note 150.

8 Used in its academical sense = schools of art or science; it occurs frequently in the ordinary sense.

9 In the phrase "shot out" = sprouted; occurs frequently in other senses.

10 = a smattering; occurs in this play (i. 3. 237 and II. Henry IV. 1. 2. 111 = taste.

11 = to find out; the verb occurs frequently elsewhere with varied meanings.

12 A young man.

13 Used figuratively = bewildering; = vertigo, *Cymbeline*, v. 5. 234; = a disease in horses, *Taming of Shrew*, iii. 2. 56.

14 Used figuratively = unbending; occurs II. Henry VI. ii. 3. 16 = made of steel.

15 = the act of following another's example. It occurs frequently in other senses.

16 *The Phoenix* and *Turtle*, 13.

17 Here = a charge, accusation; *taxes* (in fiscal sense) occurs *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 246.

18 Here and in *Sonn.* lxxvii. 8 used figuratively; elsewhere used in its literal sense.

19 Used blunderingly by *Dogberry* for *intolerable*, *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 37.

20 = to pay toll.

21 The verb *to unsual* = to break the seal of, occurs four times.

22 = utterance; *Venus* and *Adonis*, 334.

23 = to be the fashion.

¹ = persons; *personage* = "personal appearance" occurs in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 292, and *Twelfth Night*, i. 5. 164.

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²¹ The verb *to unseal* = to break the seal of, occurs four times.

²² = utterance; *Venus and Adonis*, 334.

²³ = to be the fashion.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ADOPTED.

None

ORIGINAL EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note

199. v. 3. 216: *Her ONSET, coming.*



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRIAM, King of Troy.

HECTOR,
TROILUS,
PARIS,
DEIPHOBUS,
HELENUS,

} his sons.

MARGARELON, a bastard son of Priam.

ÆNEAS,
ANTENOR,

} Trojan commanders.

CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, taking part with the Greeks.

PANDARUS, uncle to Cressida.

AGAMEMNON, the Grecian general.

MENELAUS, his brother.

ACHILLES,
AJAX,
ULYSSES,
NESTOR,
DIOMEDES,
PATROCLUS,

} Grecian commanders.

THERSITES, a deformed and scurrilous Grecian.

ALEXANDER, servant to Cressida.

Servant to Troilus.

Servant to Paris.

Servant to Diomedes.

HELEN, wife to Menelaus.

ANDROMACHE, wife to Hector.

CASSANDRA, daughter of Priam; a prophetess.

CRESSIDA, daughter of Calchas.

Trojan and Greek Soldiers, and Attendants.

SCENE—TROY, and the Grecian camp before it.

HISTORIC PERIOD: the Trojan war.

TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis—four days:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1 and 2.—Interval; the truce.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 3; Act II. and Act III.

Day 3: Act IV., Act V. Scene 1, and part of Scene 2.
Day 4: Act V., latter part of Scene 2, and the rest
of the play.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

INTRODUCTION.

LITERARY HISTORY.

"This," says Dr. Furnivall, "is the most difficult of all Shakspeare's plays to deal with." I think we may accept Dr. Furnivall's statement of the case. The history of Troilus and Cressida is perplexed and confusing to an extraordinary degree; it has long been the crux of commentators, the sphinx-like problem to which the wise man will modestly say, "Davus sum, non Œdipus." The date of the composition of the play; its relation to previous works upon the same subject; the circumstances attendant on its publication, both in the Quarto form of 1609 and later in the First Folio; the metrical peculiarities; the clear traces of irregular and composite workmanship; the purpose of the piece, satiric, didactic, ironical, or what not, the idea, that is, that should run throughout, informing the parts with something of the continuity of an organic whole; all these are points upon which much has been conjectured and more written, and which, in spite of, or perhaps because of, the efforts of successive generations of commentators, remain as dark and bewildering as ever. Hence a complete theory which shall untie all the hard knots, must not be looked for. I shall content myself for the moment with a close statement of the facts, and later on there will be something to say as to the conclusions which may be drawn from the conflicting evidence. First, then, as to Shakspeare's choice of a subject.

The Troy legend was the favourite theme, the tale *par excellence*, of mediæval romance writers; no other cycle of stories could in any way compete with it in point of widespread diffusion and popularity. Almost every European country had its version of the fall of Troy, and not a few countries

claimed for themselves a Trojan origin. Thus the Welsh could trace their descent to Æneas with unimpeachable certainty, and London was regularly described as Troynovant. Of these early romances that of Benoît de Sainte-More, the so-called Roman de Troyes, is the first; it dates from somewhere between 1175 and 1185. A century later a translation of it into Latin was made by Guido de Colonna of Messina, whose *Historia Destructionis Trojæ* was, according to his own account, completed in 1287. This version of Guido's was made the basis of various other versions, in Italian, Spanish, High and Low German, Dutch, &c., and amongst these the earliest that English literature can show is the long alliterative romance entitled *The Gest Hystoriale of the Destruction of Troy*; it was printed some years ago (1869 and 1874) for the Early English Text Society, and should probably be assigned to the fourteenth century. After the anonymous author of the *Gest Hystoriale* came Chaucer, whose *Troilus and Chryseyde* is based very largely on Boccaccio's *Filostrato*. Chaucer indeed expressed his obligations to a certain Lollius, who seems to have been decidedly mythical; in fact, critics generally agree that a misunderstanding of Horace's lines—

Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ Præneste relegi—
—Ep. i. 2. 1.

was the sole basis of the poet's reference to this shadowy authority.

Besides Boccaccio, Chaucer probably used Benoît and other writers, possibly Guido, while much no doubt was due to his own invention. About 1460 Lydgate followed with his well-known *Troy-Booke*, and almost simultaneously appeared the *Recueil des Histoires de Troyes* by Raoul Le Fèvre; the latter

speedily passed into England under the title of the Recuyell of the histories of Troye, translated and draun out of frenshe into Englishe by W Caxton, 1471. This brings us to the end of the fifteenth century. From this bare *résunée* we see that the story of the siege and fall of Troy had penetrated into England as into almost every other European country. The dramatist, therefore, who wanted a subject had plenty of material at hand, and in this mass of material there was one episode—the story of Troilus and Cressida (for which Homer and the classical writers have no counterpart, the legend being one of the embellishments added to the original by Benoît)—that appealed to writers with a special fascination. Chaucer, as we have seen, had made it the theme of his story, and Chaucer's poem seems to have been extremely popular. So Peele in his Tale of Troy writes:

But leave I here of Troilus to say,
Whose passions for the ranging Cressida,
Read as fair England's Chaucer doth unfold,
Would tears exhale from eyes of iron mould.

Now at the beginning of the sixteenth century (1515), amongst the Christmas entertainments presented before Henry VIII. at Eltham, was a "Komedie" upon "the story of Troylus and Pandor." Unfortunately no account of the entertainment survives—it may have been merely a pageant (Ward, vol. i. p. 433); but the reference is interesting as serving to show that the Troilus and Cressida tale was getting more and more differentiated from the general mass of incidents associated with the Trojan war. Possibly there were other interludes and crude dramatic treatments of the subject, though none such survive; in the same way song writers may have made use of it. Nothing definite, however, can be said of the interval from 1515 to 1565; but in the latter year a "ballett intituled the history of Troylus, whose *throtes* (Warton queried *troth*) hath well bene tryed" was entered upon the register of the Stationers' Company.¹ Again, in 1581 we find notice of another "proper ballad, dialogue-wise, betwene Troylus and Cressida;"² and in the Marriage of Wit and

Wisdom.³ Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps gives yet one more poem (from a MS. in the Ashmolean Museum) dealing with the same theme. The story, therefore, was becoming popular with writers of the period, and it seemed natural that some dramatist should essay to represent on the stage this old-world tale of man's love and woman's faithlessness; and, as a matter of fact, if we turn to that storehouse of information upon things dramatic, Henslowe's Diary, we find that "Mr. Dickers and harey Cheattell" had been commissioned by the manager to write a play on "Troyeles and creasseday." "Dickers and harey Cheattell" stand in Henslowe's somewhat fanciful orthography for Dekker and Henry Chettle; the date under which the entry occurs is April 7, 1599. Nine days later the play is again referred to in the Diary, and then in the next month we have the following: "Lent unto Mr. Dickers and Mr. Chettell, the 26 of Maye, 1599, in earneste of a Boocke called the tragedie of Agamemnone, the some (=sum) of . . ." This title, according to Collier, is interlined over the words "Troylus and cresseda;" i.e. the name of the drama upon which Dekker and his friend were collaborating had been changed, why, we know not. The point should be noted. Still keeping to our dryasdust catalogue we must chronicle two more entries. Under date February 7th, 1603, the register of the Stationers' Company has this notice: "Entred for his (Master Robertes') copie in full court holden this day to print when he hath gotten sufficient aucthority for yt, The booke of 'Troilus and Cresseda,' as yt is acted by my Lord Chamberlen's men."⁴ Six years later there is a fresh entry: on January 28, 1609, Richard Bonion and Henry Walleys registered "a booke called the history of Troylus and Cressida."⁵ This last, we may be quite sure, was Shakespeare's play. In the same year it was published, two editions being printed; one edition—and I think Mr. Stokes⁶ has satisfactorily shown, chiefly upon technical grounds of pagination and so forth,

³ Old Shakespeare Society Publications.

⁴ Taken from Arber's Transcript of the Registers, vol. iii. p. 91b.

⁵ Ibid. p. 178b.

⁶ Introduction to Quarto-Facsimile.

¹ Edited by Collier for the Old Shakespeare Society, vol. i. p. 121.

² Ibid. vol. ii. p. 146.

INTRODUCTION.

that it was the second issue—appeared with the following remarkable and almost unique preface:—

“A NEVER WRITER TO AN EVER READER.
NEWES.

“Eternall reader, you have heere a new play, never stal’d with the stage, never clapper-claw’d with the palmes of the vulger, and yet passing full of the palme comicall; for it is a birth of your braine, that never undertooke any thing commicall, vainely; and were but the vaine names of commedies change for the titles of commodities, or of playes for pleas; you should see all those grand censors, that now stile them such vanities, flock to them for the maine grace of their gravities; especially this authors commedies, that are so fram’d to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, shewing such a dexteritie and power of witte, that the most displeased with playes, are pleased with his commedies. And all such dull and heavy-witted worldlings, as were never capable of the witte of a commedie, comming by report of them to his representations, have found that witte there, that they never found in them-selves, and have parted better-witted then they came: feeling an edge of witte set upon them, more then ever they dreamd they had braine to grind it on. So much and such savord salt of witte is in his commedies, that they seeme (for their height of pleasure) to be borne in the sea that brought forth Venus. Amongst all there is none mor witty than this: and had I time I would comment upon it, though I know it needs not, (for so much as will make you thinke your testerne well bestowd) but for so much worth, as even poore I know to be stuf in it. It deserves such a labour, as well as the best commedy in Terence or Plautus. And beleeve this, that when hee is gone, and his commedies out of sale, you will scramble for them, and set up a new English inquisition. Take this for a warning, and at the perill of your pleasures losse, and judgements, refuse not, nor like this the lesse, for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude; but thanke fortune for the scape it hath made amongst

you: since by the grand possessors wills I believe you should have prayd for them (?it) rather then beene prayd. And so I leave all such to bee prayd for (for the states of their wits healths) that will not praise it. Vale.”

I shall return to this preface again. There is one more point in the history of the publication of the play to be noticed before we can gather up the threads and give the general impression derived from study of the evidence. The First Folio of 1623 had, as all students know, a list of the plays at the beginning, arranged under the different heads of Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies. Troilus and Cressida is omitted from this list. It is printed in the middle of the volume, between Henry VIII. and Coriolanus, *i.e.* between the last of the Histories and the first of the Tragedies; and practically it is unpagged. From these facts it has been conjectured that the insertion of the play in the Folio was an after-thought upon the part of the editors, Heminge and Condell. Collier thinks that the printing of the drama had been intrusted to some other publisher: hence the mistake. Really it seems most probable that the editors did not know how to class the play, and eventually compromised the matter by leaving it altogether out of the list, while a niche was found for it in the body of the work, between the Histories and Tragedies, as having something of the character of both.

Roughly summarized, then, these are the main facts with which we have to deal; they must, of course, be supplemented by such internal evidence as metrical and æsthetic criticism can extract from the play. Let us look at some of these points in detail. In the first place, why did Dekker and Chettle change the title of their work? Perhaps, as Mr. Stokes suggests, because it was an infringement upon the name of some other play upon the same subject which already existed; perhaps because the “Tragedy of Agamemnon” sounded more telling and impressive. And, whatever the reason for the alteration, should their tragedy be identified with “the booke of Troilus and Cresseda” that was entered in the Stationers’ Register in 1603?

Some critics are inclined to answer in the

affirmative. But it can scarcely be so; for several reasons, one of which seems quite fatal to the hypothesis—viz., the fact that the 1603 play was “acted by my Lord Chamberlen’s men;” and the Chamberlain’s Company was long the rival of that directed by Henslowe. The theory, therefore, that the 1603 entry refers to Dekker and Chettle’s play can be dismissed, and the entry, so far as Shakespeare’s predecessors are concerned, may allude to the real *Troilus and Cressida*. I definitely think that it does. I believe that we must assign two dates to the play. *Troilus and Cressida*, as entered upon the Register in 1609, was, I think, the drama that lies before us: *Troilus and Cressida*, as entered at the earlier date, 1603, represented the first draft or version. One is always loth to introduce this much-used and, perhaps, much-abused theory of revisions, but in the present case I can see no other way out of the difficulties which beset us, whether we would believe the writers of the above-quoted preface and allow that *Troilus and Cressida* was “a new play” in 1609, or, disregarding their statement as a mere publisher’s artifice, would fix on the earlier date suggested by the 1603 entry. In favour of 1609, or thereabouts, there are two things that must be allowed to carry some weight: the statement that the piece had “never been stal’d with the stage, never clapper-claw’d with the palmes of the vulgar,” if absolutely untrue, would have been equally unhappy and pointless, because few people could have been deceived by it; hence the preface cannot be altogether ignored. Again, there is the palpable fact that a considerable portion of the drama is strongly penetrated by the tendency to bitter cynicism which we note in the parallel comedy of *disillusion*; I mean, of course, *Timon of Athens*. It is impossible to read the latter without feeling how close an affinity of thought and emotional undercurrent unites it with the scenes in *Troilus and Cressida*, where worldliness and the wisdom of those who are wise in their generation are held up to admiration, while the moral is pointed with exceeding keenness against the enthusiasm and buoyant idealism that begin in froth and end in failure. Taken together these two points of external

and internal evidence might lead us to assign *Troilus and Cressida* to the group which includes *Timon of Athens* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; but, unfortunately, the metrical critics here step in and assure us that the verse-structure of the play is radically different from that which is usually associated with Shakespeare’s later manner. According to Hertzberg (quoted by Professor Dowden), *Troilus and Cressida* does not contain a single weak ending, and only six light endings, whereas these verse-peculiarities appear with increasing frequency in all plays written after *Macbeth*. Verse-tests cannot be ignored, and this is precisely one of the cases where conclusions reached on other grounds must, if possible, be readjusted and brought into harmony with their testimony.

I think that the difficulties will be met to some extent if we suppose that *Troilus and Cressida* is a composite work, the main part of which dates from 1602–3, while some of the scenes—those, for instance, in which Ulysses appears—were subsequently expanded, with the addition, perhaps, of fresh characters. In this way the statements of the piratical printers would be partially explained and accounted for, while aesthetically the tone of brooding irony that is only too traceable throughout would harmonize with the general gloom and despair of a period that, pretty certainly, produced *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, and many of the later sonnets. Mr. Fleay, I should say, carries the theory of revision and subsequent additions still further. He traces three distinct stories in the play, stories that were written at different periods and that overlap only very slightly. They are the *Troilus and Cressida* episode—approximate date, 1594–6; “the story”—I give Mr. Fleay’s words—“of the challenge of Hector to Ajax, their combat, and the slaying of Hector by Achilles, on the basis of Caxton’s *Three Destructions of Troy*; and finally, the story of Ulysses’ stratagem to induce Achilles to return to the battlefield by setting up Ajax as his rival, which was written after the publication of Chapman’s *Homer*, from whom *Thersites*, a chief character in this part, was taken.”¹

¹ Shakespeare Manual, pp. 232, 233.

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Myself, I do not quite understand the idea of a poet writing odd scenes at different periods of his life and afterwards patching them together. A play that can be subdivided and split up in this way must be strangely inorganic, and Troilus and Cressida does not seem to me to be of this nature; there are parts, no doubt, where the work is unequal, notably in the fifth act, where not improbably we have the *débris* of some old play, perhaps of Dekker's tragedy, but the scheme of the drama is, to my mind, symmetrical and nicely thought out. How, for instance, can we separate Troilus from Ulysses? Dramatically they are complementary: they serve, and are meant to serve, as foils, antitheses. Troilus, in Dr. Furnivall's graceful phrase, is "a young fool," full of hopes and beliefs, buoyed up by noble ideals and ambitions: Ulysses is the man of gray worldly wisdom, who has seen

Cities of men

And manners, climates, councils, governments.

Once, no doubt, he too had his dreams, but time has taught its bitter lesson, and his idols have been long since broken, the temple long since turned into a counting-house. It is grotesque to separate these characters. They developed side by side in the dramatist's brain, and we can no more divide them than we can divide Troilus and Cressida themselves. Again, can we believe that the love scenes in this play date from the period which gave the world Romeo and Juliet? It seems to me that Romeo and Juliet is to Troilus and Cressida very much what Troilus is to Ulysses. The love-note in the one play is wholly lyric, in the other quasi-satiric. It is the difference between a spring day and an autumn day. In Romeo and Juliet we might think of the poet as partially identifying himself with his characters: in Troilus and Cressida we cannot help feeling that he is rather laughing at them, exaggerating the passionate, somewhat sensuous effects solely for the purpose of making the *dénouement* more bitterly telling and effective.

Upon this point, then, of the date of the play I can only repeat my belief that it was in the main written and acted before 1603,

and subsequently revised about 1609. As to the authorities used by Shakespeare, enough has already been said; moreover, his debts are pointed out in some detail in the notes. He had Chaucer's poem to draw upon, Caxton's Destruction of Troy, Lydgate's Troy-Booke, and Chapman's translation. He availed himself of them all very considerably.

STAGE HISTORY.

The materials for the stage history of this play are very scanty. In fact there does not appear to be a single record in Genest of any performance of Shakespeare's play itself, but only of Dryden's adaptation. Unfortunately the old play on this subject by Dekker and Chettle has been lost. The allusions to it in Henslowe's Diary are five, and all relate to payments on account of the book; the first being on April 7th, 1599, of *iiij^{li}* (£3); the next on the 16th of the same month of *xx^s* (20/); the next is probably some time after April 23rd, 1600, and is simply an entry "Troyeles and creasseday" (pp. 147-149); the fourth is on the 26th of May, 1599, when a payment was made to the authors of 30 shillings on account of the book (p. 153); and it is there called "the tragedie of Agamemnone."¹ The fifth entry, on May 30th in the same year, is for "*iiij^{li} vs*" (£3, 5/), being "in full paymente of the Boocke" (p. 153), and the very next item is for the payment "unto the M^r of the Revelles man, for lycensynge of a Boocke called the tragedie of agamemnon," on June 3rd of the same year. There is no record of the absolute production of the piece, but we may suppose that it was played shortly after it was licensed. Whether Shakespeare made use of this version of the story for his play, or whether he himself had any hand in "the tragedie of Agamemnone" we do not know. It would appear from an entry which I found in one of the domestic papers of the reign of Henry VIII. that in the early part of his reign an interlude called Troilus and Cressida was played before the court;² so that Dekker and

¹ See above, in the Literary History, p. 164, column 2.

² Unfortunately the reference to this entry has been mislaid.

Chettles' play may have been founded on a yet earlier dramatic version of the story.

As to Shakespeare's play itself, the only record we have of its performance is an entry in the Stationers' Register on February 7th, 1603, from which it would appear that the play was then being played "by my Lord Chamberlen's men;" and also a statement on one of the title-pages of the Quarto of 1609 that it was "acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe." This title-page appears to have been withdrawn, and in the extraordinary preface appended to the Quarto, as published in 1609, it is stated that it was "neuer stal'd with the Stage, neuer clapper-claw'd with the palmes of the vulger." That the above statement was a deliberate falsehood there can be little doubt. It is a short step from stealing to lying, either backward or forward; and the enterprising publishers, who sought to deprive Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists of their acting rights in a play by publishing it, and so enabling other companies to play it with impunity, would not have stuck at such a trifle as a lie of this sort. We can learn nothing decisive from these allusions to the acting of the play; but we may fairly deduce that it was not a very popular one, or Roberts would not have abandoned his idea of publishing it; and indeed the title-page as it stands in the Quarto of 1609 would lead one to believe that the play was more likely to be read than to be acted. In fact, what popularity it did enjoy was, as the stock phrase goes, in the closet and not on the stage. Nor can this be wondered at, for there are at most only two plays of Shakespeare which can dispute with *Troilus and Cressida* the palm of being eminently undramatic; unless it be as a vehicle for spectacular display there is absolutely nothing in this play to interest an audience. The love story, such as it is, is but feebly handled; it has no exact ending, either happy or otherwise; the character of the heroine is decidedly unsympathetic, while the admiration one feels for the hero is rather lukewarm and tinged with pity if not with contempt. Hector is the only character in the play who really bids fair to win our sympathy; but the treatment adopted by Shakespeare, or by the

older dramatists from whom he may have taken his play, rendered it impossible to bring out Hector's character strongly, or that of Andromache, who might have made a noble heroine. In fact, as Mr. Verity has pointed out in note 311, the parting of Hector and Andromache is not nearly as pathetic in this play as it is in Homer; but Hector stands out amongst the men, almost more than *Troilus*, as at once a brave man and a gentleman. He is not a clumsy lout like Ajax, or a sensual bully like Achilles, or a complacent cuckold like Menelaus, or a conceited and insolent fop like Diomedes. Ulysses and Nestor are admirable in the abstract, and the former has some telling speeches from an elocutionary point of view; but neither of them has anything to do with any dramatic situation whatever, and by a general audience there is little doubt that both of them would be ranked as bores. The long discussions that take place in the Grecian camp are great blots upon the play; in fact, when regarded from a dramatic point of view, they are inexcusable. Whatever the faults of Dryden's alteration, from a poetic point of view, may be, there is no doubt that his version of *Troilus and Cressida* serves its purpose better, as an acting drama, than Shakespeare's tragedy-comedy, as I suppose we should call it.

The theatre, known as Dorset Gardens, was opened in the year 1671 by the Duke of York's company. Genest says it "was perhaps built on the site of the old one which stood there before the civil wars" (vol. i. p. 121). It would appear that the situation of this theatre was on the south side of the Strand, opposite Shoe Lane, and close to the ancient Bridewell Palace; in fact, very near to what is known now as Salisbury Square. It was here that Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare's play *Troilus and Cressida* or *Truth Found Out Too Late* was produced in 1679. The play was entered in the Stationers' Register on April 14th of that year. The exact date of the production of the play is not given by Genest. The cast was as follows:—"Agamemnon=Gillow: Achilles=David Williams: Ulysses=Harris: Ajax=Bright: Nestor=Norris: Diomedes=Crosby: Patroclus=Bowman: Menelaus=Richards: Thersites=Underhill:—

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Trojans — Hector = Smith : Troilus = Betterton : Æneas = Joseph Williams : Priam and Calchas = Percival : Pandarus = Leigh : Cressida = Mrs. Mary Lee : Andromache = Mrs. Betterton : — the Prologue was spoken by Betterton as the Ghost of Shakspeare" (Genest, vol. i. p. 266).

There are many plays of Shakspeare on which the adapter's hand cannot be laid without committing an act of sacrilege; but Troilus and Cressida is certainly not one of them. If ever there was a play that could be altered with advantage from beginning to end, this is certainly one; that is to say, if a play is to be made of it at all. While one resents most strongly the wretched stuff introduced into the version of *The Tempest* by Dryden and Davenant, one cannot but admit that what "great and glorious John" has done for this unsatisfactory play is, in the main, done well. Most of his additions are, from a dramatic point of view, improvements; indeed one feels rather inclined to blame him that he did not do more, and did not get rid of some of the superfluous characters altogether, concentrating the interest more on those which are the best drawn in the original play. Dryden's arrangement of the first act was undoubtedly a judicious one, and, as will be seen hereafter, was followed by John Kemble when he prepared Shakspeare's play for the stage. In Act II. Dryden commences with what is the second scene in Shakspeare, and he has introduced Andromache with some effect, omitting Helen altogether; and the scene ends with the incident of Hector sending a challenge to the Grecian camp by Æneas. The next scene is between Pandarus and Cressida and Pandarus and Troilus. He concludes the act with a scene, nearly entirely his own, in which Thersites plays a very prominent part. Act III. is chiefly remarkable for the concluding scene between Troilus and Hector, which is certainly a great improvement, as far as the dramatic interest of the play is concerned. It is said that he was indebted to Betterton for the hint of this scene, which, according to Genest, is partly an imitation of the quarrel between Agamemnon and Menelaus in the *Iphigenia in Aulis* by

Euripides. It is certainly an effective acting scene, though the dialogue between the two is somewhat too prolonged. Dryden saw that some attempt must be made to render the character of Cressida more sympathetic. He therefore makes Calchas recommend her to make pretended love to Diomedes, which she consents to do with the object of being able to return to Troy. Troilus is witness to the scene between them, as in Shakspeare, and believes Cressida to be false; though Dryden makes it clear to the audience that she never is so either in intention or fact. The act concludes with a quarrel between Troilus and Diomedes, at which both Æneas and Thersites are present. In the last act considerable liberty is taken with the story. The scene between Andromache and Hector is retained very much as in Shakspeare, and Troilus persuades Hector to fight in spite of his wife's remonstrances. Cressida enters with her father in search of Troilus, in order to justify herself with him; and then Diomedes and Troilus come in fighting. Cressida appeals to Troilus, and asserts her innocence; but Diomedes implies indirectly that she has been false with him. Troilus is reproaching her in a violent speech, when she interrupts him and stabs herself, but does not die before Troilus has forgiven her. After that there is, as Genest remarks, a great deal of fighting. Troilus kills Diomedes, and is, in his turn, killed by Ulysses. The piece ends with a speech of Ulysses; the death of Hector being only related by Achilles and not shown on the stage. No doubt all this, from a strictly poetic point of view, is very indefensible; but the end of Shakspeare's play is so confused and so wretchedly abortive, that some such violent change in the story was necessary if it was to be effective on the stage. To alter the catastrophe of such a play as *Romeo and Juliet*, or *Hamlet*, or *Othello*, is a crime; but to alter such a play as *Troilus and Cressida* is a meritorious work, and can scarcely be considered disrespectful to Shakspeare, even if he were, as I very much doubt, the sole author of the work. Certain it is that it cannot have been a favourite play with him; for he does not seem to have expended on it much of that dramatic ability which is so

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

remarkable in all his best work. It can scarcely be a matter of reproach to an audience of the seventeenth century that they should have preferred Dryden's version, though it certainly leaves very much to be desired; nor can we blame Betterton if he insisted that the part of Troilus (which he played) should be made of more dramatic importance.

The next production of this piece (Dryden's version) appears to have been on June 2nd, 1709, at Drury Lane. On this occasion Betterton surrendered the part of Troilus to Wilks and played Thersites, as will be seen from the following cast: Troilus = Wilks: Hector = Powell: Achilles = Booth: Agamemnon = Mills: Ajax = Keen: Ulysses = Thurmond: Thersites = Betterton: Pandarus = Estcourt: Cressida = Mrs. Bradshaw: Andromache = Mrs. Rogers (Genest, vol. ii. p. 420).

This play was revived at Lincoln's Inn Fields—"Not acted 12 years"—on November 10th, 1720. On this occasion Ryan played Troilus, and Quin took the part of Hector; the other chief characters were thus cast: Ulysses = Boheme: Troilus = Bullock: Pandarus = Spiller: Cressida = Mrs. Seymour: Andromache = Mrs. Bullock (Genest, vol. iii. p. 54). At the same theatre about two years afterwards, on May 3rd, 1723, Hippiusley selected this play for his benefit; on which occasion Quin took the part of Thersites, which would be more suitable to him than that of Troilus. Hippiusley himself took Pandarus, Boheme Hector, Ryan again playing Troilus. In the following season, on November 21st, 1723, the piece was again played at the same theatre. The details of the cast are wanting, except that the Cressida was Mrs. Sterling. Ten years appear to have passed before any attempt was made to revive this play, which never seems to have proved attractive, or to have been performed more than once at a time. At Covent Garden, on December 20th, 1733, Troilus and Cressida was represented with much the same cast as when it was given in 1723. Davies mentions this performance, and praises Walker as Hector, Quin as Thersites, and Hippiusley as Pandarus. Davies says: "Mrs. Buchanan, a very fine woman and a pleasing actress, who died soon after in

childbed, was the Cressida." He continues: "Mr. Lacy, late manager of Drury-lane, acted Agamemnon; and Tom Chapman¹ pleased himself with the obstreperous and discordant utterance of Diomed's passion for Cressida" (vol. iii. pp. 163, 164). Davies says that the scene between Troilus and Hector in Act III. was "written in emulation of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in Julius Cæsar" (vol. iii. p. 163). It is probable that this scene was in Dryden's mind more than the one from the Greek play mentioned above. With this performance, as far as I can discover, the stage history of Troilus and Cressida ceases. In none of the numerous theatrical memoirs which I have searched, nor in any of the many books and pamphlets concerning the English stage, can I find any mention of the performance of Shakespeare's play, or even of Dryden's adaptation, after this date.

The revival of Shakespeare's play never seems to have been contemplated by any of our great actors except one, and that was John Kemble, who prepared Shakespeare's play² for the stage, and went so far as to cast it, and I believe to distribute the parts. At any rate they were copied out, but the piece was never represented. The alterations, which are confined to transpositions of portions of the dialogue, are made in that very neat handwriting which was characteristic both of John Kemble and his brother Charles. Not a single line appears to have been added from Dryden's play; the alterations in the text are confined to one or two slight verbal ones and a few unimportant transpositions. Some of the characters are omitted altogether; among them Menelaus, Helen, Deiphobus, Helenus, and Antenor. The cast would have been a strong one; it was to include Kemble as Troilus, Dicky Suett as Pandarus, Bensley as Agamemnon, Barrymore as Ajax, Bannister, jun., as Thersites, and John Kemble himself

¹ For some account of this actor see Introduction to *All's Well That Ends Well*, p. 91.

² I am indebted to Mrs. Creswick, the widow of the late well-known actor (one of the last of those who was associated with Mr. Phelps in the Shakespearean revivals at Sadler's Wells), for the original copy, as marked by John Kemble himself, which appears to have been sold at Heath's sale in 1821.

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as Ulysses. The female characters were apparently not cast. I do not think that this arrangement, though it does credit to Kemble and shows a greater reverence for Shakespeare's text than he had shown in some of the acting editions prepared by him, could possibly have been successful. No amount of condensation can make a good acting play of Troilus and Cressida. There is no dramatic backbone in it, and it may be doubted whether it would ever repay a manager the cost of reviving it.—F. A. M.

CRITICAL REMARKS.

Of the characters of this play two—Troilus and Ulysses—stand out with special prominence, and about each it has already been necessary to say something. They are placed, as we have seen, in the sharpest contrast: Troilus, the perfect lover and knight, passionate and pathetic in his boyish, buoyant idealism and fidelity, thinking no ill of others and expecting none; Ulysses, the man of gray experience, who has studied the foibles and frailties of weak humanity, and attained, not indeed to the splendid serenity of Prospero, rather to the coldly calculating prudence and insight of the critic and cynic. Artistically the antithesis is perfect: Ulysses stands at the point where Troilus, under the sting of bitter disillusion, will possibly end. Nowhere do their characters touch; the one typifies hopeful, trustful youth; the other, incredulous age; combined they give us, as it were, an epitome of human experience. And if Troilus stands for loyalty, Cressida, assuredly, is the type of all disloyalty. Quick and clever of tongue, she is utterly shallow, a mere surface nature incapable of receiving, still more of keeping, any deep impression. For such characters environment is everything: they must change with their surroundings. With Troilus she is truth itself; we believe in her as does her lover; nay, more, as she believes in herself. And then she passes into the Greek camp, and straightway all is forgotten; vows are vows no more; her heart is the prize of the first comer. It is the story of Romeo and Juliet reversed. The other side of the picture is turned to us. The poet had

given the stage a study of woman's love steadfast to the bitter end: he now lays bare the weakness of a heart that forgets and falls at the first trial. What more is there to say? Of the remaining dramatis personæ Thersites alone interests us much. What is he? A foretaste, a suggestion of Caliban, only Caliban without the saving, sovereign grace and favour of animal dulness? Perhaps; and something more. He seems to represent the democratic spirit on its most hateful side of babbling, blustering irreverence. A shrill-tongued shrew, ever railing and rancorous, he spares nobody, nothing. "We live by admiration!" To Thersites "admiration" would convey no meaning; he is nothing if not critical in the worst sense of the word. Hector, Agamemnon, Troilus, Ulysses—all present some aspect of greatness; and Thersites has a bitter word for all. Their greatness is non-existent for him: better far to find out a man's weakness, and gird and scoff at that. Thersites at his best is clever with cleverness contemptible: at his worst, he might fairly be disowned by Caliban.

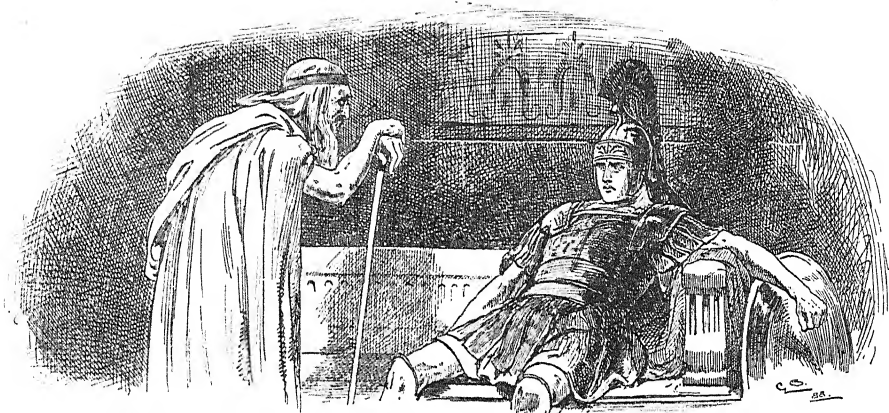
The rest of the characters—except perhaps Pandar, on whom who would care to dwell?—are sketches rather than finished works of art; the poet has just filled in the outlines so far as they are necessary to the development of the piece, and it is to be noticed that all through there is little which we can regard as classical in form or spirit. Change the name, and we might believe ourselves to be moving in some purely mediæval scene.

And now a word as to the purpose of the play. What is the *idée* of Troilus and Cressida? The question has been answered in a dozen different ways. For example: Ulrici finds in this drama an attempt to degrade and debase the heroes of antiquity in the eyes of Shakespeare's contemporaries, an attempt, in fact, to spoil the classics of their prestige. Chapman had given the world Homer: through the roll of his golden rhetoric men had lived the long years of the weary war round Troy; spell-bound they had the far-off "surge and thunder of the Odyssey." And here was the counterblast: Shakespeare was jealous of the classics. Thus far Ulrici. Hertzberg seems

to look upon Troilus and Cressida as an unconscious parody of mediæval chivalry, a kind of unintentional Don Quixote. Mr. Fleay, again, is certain, quite certain, that the whole play is nothing more nor less than a satire on rival dramatists, Hector representing Shakespeare; Thersites, Dekker; Ajax, Ben Jonson. And so on.

Everyone remembers Edgar Poe's story of the man who, having an important paper to conceal, put it in an old vase on his mantel-shelf, arguing that no one would ever look in so obvious a place. This old-vase idea is not inapplicable sometimes in matters of criticism. Critics in their efforts to find out a recondite interpretation are occasionally apt to overlook the obvious one; they forget the old vase. Perhaps it is so here. The name of the play may be the vase. The ordinary mortal, seeing

the title of the play—Troilus and Cressida—would expect to find in the piece a love-story. And is it anything more than a love-story? a love-story coloured by the peculiar phase of feeling and emotion through which the poet was passing at the time of its composition? Romeo and Juliet was written by a young man. It is natural for youth to believe strongly in the existence of such things as loyalty and love and truth. Time brings disillusion. The poet does not become a cynic and cease to believe in good; only he perceives that there is evil too in the world: fickleness and disloyalty as well as fidelity. And so, as a dramatist should, he shows the other side of the shield. Romeo and Juliet is a study of love from one stand-point; Troilus and Cressida is a study of love from exactly the opposite stand-point; *et voilà tout*.



Pan. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.—(Act i. 1. 15, 16.)

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

[PROLOGUE.

In Troy, there lies the scene. From isles of Greece

The princes orgulous,¹ their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the port of Athens sent their ships,

Fraught with the ministers and instruments
Of cruel war: sixty and nine, that wore
Their crownets regal, from th' Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia: and their vow is made

To ransack Troy; within whose strong im-
mures

The ravish'd Helen, Menelaus' queen,
With wanton Paris sleeps; and that's the quarrel. 10

To Tenedos they come;

And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage: now on Dardan plains

The fresh and yet unbruised Greeks do pitch
Their brave² pavilions: Priam's six-gated city,

Dardan, and Tymbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenorides, with massy staples,³
And corresponsive and fulfilling⁴ bolts,
Sperr up⁵ the sons of Troy.

Now expectation, tickling skittish spirits, 20
On one and other side, Trojan and Greek,
Sets all on hazard:—and hither am I come

A prologue arm'd,—but not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice; but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, that our play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firstlings of those
broils,

Beginning in the middle; starting thence
away

To what may be digested in a play. 29
Like, or find fault; do as your pleasures
are;

Now good or bad, 'tis but the chance of
war.]

¹ *Orgulous* = proud; Fr. *orgueilleux*.

² *Brave*, making a great show.

³ *Staples*, loops of iron through which the bolts are slid.

⁴ *Fulfilling*, i.e. filling full the staples; well-fitting.

⁵ *Sperr up* = inclose.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Troy. Before Priam's palace.**Enter TROILUS armed, and PANDARUS.*

Tro. Call here my varlet; I'll unarm again:
 [Why should I war without the walls of Troy,
 That find such cruel battle here within?] Each Trojan that is master of his heart,
 Let him to field; Troilus, alas, hath none!

Pan. Will this gear¹ ne'er be mended?

Tro. The Greeks are strong, and skilful to their strength,
 Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceness valiant;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
 Tamer than sleep, fonder than ignorance, 10
 Less valiant than the virgin in the night,
 And skillless as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this:
 for my part, I'll not meddle nor make no further. He that will have a cake out of the wheat must needs tarry the grinding.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.

Tro. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the bolting; but you must tarry the leavening. 20

Tro. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leavening; but here's yet in the word "hereafter" the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you must stay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Tro. Patience herself, what goddess e'er she be,

Doth lesser blench² at sufferance than I do.
 At Priam's royal table do I sit;
 And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—

So, traitor!—when she comes!—When is she thence? 31

Pan. Well, she look'd yesternight fairer than ever I saw her look, or any woman else.

Tro. I was about to tell thee,—when my heart,

As wedged with a sigh, would rive in twain;
 Lest Hector or my father should perceive me,—
 I have—as when the sun doth light a storm—
 Buried this sigh in wrinkle of a smile:

[But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladness, 39]
 Is like that mirth fate turns to sudden sadness.]

Pan. An her hair were not somewhat darker than Helen's,—well, go to,—there were no more comparison between the women, [—but, for my part, she is my kinswoman; I would not, as they term it, praise her,—but] I would somebody had heard her talk yesterday, as I did. I will not dispraise your sister Cassandra's wit; but—

Tro. O Pandarus! [I tell thee, Pandarus,—
 When I do tell thee, there my hopes lie drown'd,
 Reply not in how many fathoms deep 50
 They lie indrench'd.] I tell thee, I am mad
 In Cressid's love: thou answer'st, she is fair;
 Pour'st in the open ulcer of my heart
 Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gait, her voice;

Handlest in thy discourse, [O, that her hand,³
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach; to whose soft seizure⁴

The cygnet's down is harsh, and spirit of sense
 Hard as the palm of ploughman!—this thou tell'st me,

As true thou tell'st me, when I say I love her;]
 But, saying thus, instead of oil and balm, 61
 Thou lay'st in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

Pan. I speak no more than truth.

Tro. Thou dost not speak so much.

Pan. Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as she is: if she be fair, 't is the better for her; an she be not, she has the mends in her own hands. 68

[*Tro.* Good Pandarus,—how now, Pandarus!]

Pan. I have had my labour for my travail;
 ill-thought on of her, and ill-thought on of

¹ Gear, business.² Blench = flinch.³ That her hand, i.e. that hand of hers. ⁴ Seizure = touch.

you: gone between and between, but small thanks for my labour.] 73

Tro. What, art thou angry, Pandarus? what, with me?

Pan. Because she's kin to me, therefore she's not so fair as Helen: an she were not kin to me, she would be as fair on Friday as Helen is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not an she were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me. 80

Tro. Say I she is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do or no. She's a fool to stay behind her father; let her to the Greeks; and so I'll tell her the next time I see her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i' the matter.

Tro. Pandarus,—

Pan. Not I.

Tro. Sweet Pandarus,—

Pan. Pray you, speak no more to me: I will leave all as I found it, and there an end. 91

[*Exit Pandarus.* *Alarum.*]

Tro. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude sounds!

Fools on both sides! Helen must needs be fair, When with your blood you daily paint her thus.

[I cannot fight upon this argument; It is too starv'd a subject for my sword.]

But Pandarus,—O gods, how do you plague me! I cannot come to Cressid but by Pandar;

And he's as tetchy to be woo'd to woo, As she is stubborn-chaste against all suit. 100

[Tell me, Apollo, for thy Daphne's love,

What Cressid is, what Pandar, and what we?

Her bed is India; there she lies, a pearl:

Between our Ilium and where she resides,

Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;

Ourselves the merchant; and this sailing Pandar,

Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.]

Alarum. Enter *ÆNEAS*.

Æne. How now, Prince Troilus! wherefore not a-field?

Tro. Because not there: this woman's answer sorts,¹

For womanish it is to be from thence. 110

What news, *Æneas*, from the field to-day?

Æne. That Paris is returned home, and hurt.

Tro. By whom, [*Æneas?*]

Æne. [*Troilus,*] by Menelaus.

[*Tro.* Let Paris bleed; 'tis but a scar to scorn;² Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' horn. [*Alarum.*]

Æne.] Hark, what good sport is out of town to-day!

Tro. Better at home, if "would I might" were "may."—

But to the sport abroad:—are you bound thither?

Æne. In all swift haste.

Tro. Come, go we, then, together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The walls of Troy.*

Enter *CRESSIDA* and *ALEXANDER*.

Cres. Who were those went by?

Alex. Queen Hecuba and Helen.

Cres. And whither go they?

Alex. Up to th' eastern tower,

Whose height commands as subjectall the vale,

To see the battle. Hector, whose patience

Is, as a virtue, fix'd, to-day was mov'd:

He chid Andromache, and struck his armorer;

And, like as there were husbandry³ in war,

Before the sun rose, he was harness'd light,

And to the field goes he; where every flower

Did, as a prophet, weep what it foresaw 10
In Hector's wrath.

Cres. What was his cause of anger?

Alex. The noise goes, this: there is among the Greeks

A lord of Trojan blood, nephew to Hector;

They call him Ajax.

[*Cres.* Good; and what of him?]

Alex. They say he is a very man *per se*, And stands alone.

Cres. So do all men,—unless they are drunk, sick, or have no legs.

Alex. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beasts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lion, churlish as the bear, slow as the elephant: a man into whom nature hath so crowded humours, that his valour is crush'd into folly, his folly sauc'd with discretion:

¹ *Sorts*, i.e. suits, fits.

² *Scar to scorn*=scar to be scorned, i.e. a trifling scar.

³ *Husbandry*, economy.

there is no man hath a virtue that he hath not a glimpse of; nor any man an attain but he carries some stain of it: he is melancholy without cause, and merry against the hair: he hath the joints of every thing; but every thing so out of joint, that he is a gouty Briareus, many hands and no use; or purblind Argus, all eyes and no sight. 31

Cres. But how should this man, that makes me smile, make Hector angry?

Alex. They say he yesterday cop'd¹ Hector in the battle, and struck him down; the disdain and shame whereof hath ever since kept Hector fasting and waking.

Cres. Who comes here?

Alex. Madam, your uncle Pandarus.

Enter PANDARUS.

Cres. Hector's a gallant man. 40

Alex. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cres. Good morrow, uncle Pandarus.

Pan. Good morrow, cousin Cressid: what do you talk of?—Good morrow, Alexander.—How do you, cousin? When were you at Ilium?

Cres. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was Hector arm'd and gone, ere ye came to Ilium? Helen was not up, was she?

Cres. Hector was gone; but Helen was not up.

Pan. E'en so: Hector was stirring early.

Cres. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cres. So he says here.

Pan. True, he was so; I know the cause too; he'll lay about him to-day, I can tell them that: and there's Troilus will not come far behind him; let them take heed of Troilus, I can tell them that too. 61

Cres. What, is he angry too?

Pan. Who, Troilus? Troilus is the better man of the two.

Cres. O Jupiter! there's no comparison.

Pan. What, not between Troilus and Hector? Do you know a man if you see him?

Cres. Ay, if I ever saw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I say Troilus is Troilus. 70

Cres. Then you say as I say; for, I am sure, he is not Hector.

Pan. No, nor Hector is not Troilus in some degrees.

Cres. 'Tis just to each of them; he is himself.

Pan. Himself! Alas, poor Troilus! I would he were,—

[*Cres.* So he is.

Pan. Condition, I had² gone barefoot to India. 80

Cres. He is not Hector.

Pan. Himself! no, he's not himself:—would 'a were himself! Well, the gods are above;] timemust friend or end: well, Troilus, well,—I would my heart were in her body!—No, Hector is not a better man than Troilus.

Cres. Excuse me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cres. Pardon me, pardon me. 89

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; [you shall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't.] Hector shall not have his wit this year,—

Cres. He shall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his qualities,—

Cres. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cres. 'T would not become him,—his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, niece: Helen herself swore th' other day, that Troilus, for a brown favour³—for so 't is, I must confess,—not brown neither,—

Cres. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to say truth, brown and not brown.

Cres. To say the truth, true and not true.

[*Pan.* She prais'd his complexion above Paris.

Cres. Why, Paris hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has. 109

Cres. Then Troilus should have too much: if she prais'd him above, his complexion is

¹ Cop'd, encountered.

² Condition, I had=even on condition that I had.

³ Favour, face.

higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praise for a good complexion. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.]

Pan. I swear to you, I think Helen loves him better than Paris.

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Cres. Then she's a merry Greek indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am sure she does. She came to him th' other day into the compass'd window,—[and, you know, he has not past three or four hairs on his chin—

Cres. Indeed, a tapster's arithmetic may soon bring his particulars¹ therein to a total.



Cres. I had as lief Helen's golden tongue had commended Troilus for a copper nose.—(Act i. 2. 113-115.)

Pan. Why, he is very young: and yet will he, within three pound, lift as much as his brother Hector.

Cres. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?

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Pan. But, to prove to you that Helen loves him,—she came,] and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin—

Cres. Juno have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 't is dimpled: I think his smiling becomes him better than any man in all Phrygia.

¹ Particulars = items.

Cres. O, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

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Cres. O yes, an 't were a cloud in autumn.

[*Pan.* Why, go to, then:—but to prove to you that Helen loves Troilus,—

Cres. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus! why, he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cres. If you love an addle egg as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i' the shell.

Pan. I cannot choose but laugh, to think

177

how she tickled his chin;—indeed, she has a marvell's¹ white hand, I must needs confess,— 151

Cres. Without the rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cres. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing!—Queen Hecuba laughed, that her eyes ran o'er,—

Cres. With mill-stones.

Pan. And Cassandra laughed,— 159

Cres. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes:—did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And Hector laughed.

Cres. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that Helen spied on Troilus' chin.

Cres. An't had been a green hair, I should have laughed too.

Pan. They laughed not so much at the hair as at his pretty answer.

Cres. What was his answer? 170

Pan. Quoth she, "Here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white."

Cres. This is her question.

Pan. That's true; make no question of that. "One and fifty hairs," quoth he, "and one white: that white hair is my father, and all the rest are his sons." "Jupiter!" quoth she, "which of these hairs is Paris my husband?" "The forked one," quoth he; "pluck't out, and give it him." But there was such laughing! and Helen so blushed, and Paris so chafed, and all the rest so laughed, that it passed. 182

Cres. So let it now; for it has been a great while going by.]

Pan. Well, cousin, I told you a thing yesterday; think on't.

Cres. So I do.

Pan. I'll be sworn 't is true; he will weep you, an't were a man born in April.

Cres. And I'll spring up in his tears, an't were a nettle against May.

[A retreat sounded.

Pan. Hark! they are coming from the field: shall we stand up here, and see them as they

pass toward Ilium? good niece, do,—sweet niece Cressida.

Cres. At your pleasure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place; here we may see most bravely: I'll tell you them all by their names as they pass by; but mark Troilus above the rest. 200

Cres. Speak not so loud.

ÆNEAS passes.

Pan. That's Æneas: is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of Troy, I can tell you: but mark Troilus; you shall see anon.

[ANTENOR passes.

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Antenor: he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you; and he's a man good enough: he's one o' the soundest judgments in Troy, whosoever, and a proper man of person.—When comes Troilus?—I'll show you Troilus anon: if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cres. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

Cres. If he do, the rich shall have more.]

HECTOR passes.

Pan. That's Hector, that, that, look you, that; there's a fellow!—Go thy way, Hector!—There's a brave man, niece.—O brave Hector!—Look how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man!

Cres. O, a brave man! 220

Pan. Is 'a not? it does a man's heart good:—look you what hacks² are on his helmet! look you yonder, do you see? look you there: there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say: there be hacks!

Cres. Be those with swords?

Pan. Swords! anything, he cares not; an the devil come to him, it's all one: by God's lid, it does one's heart good.—Yonder comes Paris, yonder comes Paris: 230

PARIS passes.

look ye yonder, niece; is't not a gallant man

¹ *Marvell's*, abbreviation of *marvellous*.

² *Hacks*, marks of blows, dints.

too, is't not?—Why, this is brave now.—Who said he came hurt home to-day? he's not hurt: why, this will do Helen's heart good now, ha!—Would I could see Troilus now!—You shall see Troilus anon.

[HELENUS passes.]

Cres. Who's that?

Pan. That's Helenus:—I marvel where Troilus is:—that's Helenus:—I think he went not forth to-day:—that's Helenus. 240

Cres. Can Helenus fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus! no;—yes, he'll fight indifferent well.—I marvel where Troilus is.—Hark! do you not hear the people cry "Troilus"?—Helenus is a priest.]

Cres. What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

TROIUS passes.

Pan. Where? yonder? that's Deiphobus:—'tis Troilus! there's a man, niece!—Hem!—Brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry!

Cres. Peace, for shame, peace! 250

Pan. Mark him; note him:—O brave Troilus!—look well upon him, niece: look you how his sword is bloodied, and his helm more hacked than Hector's; and how he looks, and how he goes!—O admirable youth! [he ne'er saw three-and-twenty.—Go thy way, Troilus, go thy way!]—Had I a sister were a grace, or a daughter a goddess, he should take his choice. O admirable man! Paris?—Paris is dirt to him; and, I warrant, Helen, to change, would give an eye to boot. 260

Cres. Here comes more.

Forces pass.

Pan. Asses, fools, dolts! chaff and bran, chaff and bran! porridge after meat!—I could live and die i' the eyes of Troilus.—Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone: crows and daws, crows and daws!—I had rather be such a man as Troilus than Agamemnon and all Greece.

Cres. There is among the Greeks Achilles, —a better man than Troilus.

Pan. Achilles! a drayman, a porter, a very camel. 271

Cres. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well!—Why, have you any dis-

cretion?¹ have you any eyes? do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good shape, discourse, manhood, learning, gentleness, virtue, youth, liberality, and such like, the spice and salt that season a man?

Cres. Ay, a minced man: [and then to be baked with no date in the pie,—for then the man's date's out.] 281

Pan. You are such a woman! [one knows not at what ward you lie.

Cres. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my secrecy, to defend mine honesty; my mask, to defend my beauty; and you, to defend all these: and at all these wards I lie, at a thousand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches. 290

Cres. Nay, I'll watch you for that; and that's one of the chiefest of them too: if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unless it swell past hiding, and then it's past watching.

Pan. You are such another!]

Enter TROIUS' BOY.

Boy. Sir, my lord would instantly speak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own house; there he unarms him. 300

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come. [*Exit Boy.*] I doubt he be hurt.—Fare ye well, good niece.

Cres. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, niece, by and by.

Cres. To bring, uncle?

Pan. Ay, a token from Troilus.

Cres. [By the same token—you are a bawd.] [*Exit Pandarus.*

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full sacrifice,

He offers in another's enterprise:
But more in Troilus thousand-fold I see 310
Than in the glass of Pandar's praise may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing:
Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing:

¹ *Discretion*, i. e. in its literal sense (*discerno*), "power of seeing."

That she belov'd knows naught that knows
not this,— 314

Men prize the thing ungain'd more than it is:

That she was never yet that ever knew

Love got so sweet as when desire did sue:

Therefore this maxim out of love I teach,—

Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:

Then, though my heart's content firm love
doth bear, 320

Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Agamemnon's tent in the
Grecian camp.*

Flourish of trumpets. AGAMEMNON, NESTOR,
ULYSSES, MENELAUS, and others discovered.

Agam. Princes,

What grief hath set the jaundice on your
cheeks?

The ample proposition¹ that hope makes

In all designs begun on earth below

Fails in the promis'd largeness: [checks and
disasters

Grow in the veins of actions highest rear'd;

As knots, by the conflux of meeting sap,

Infect the sound pine, and divert his grain

Tortive and errant from his course of growth.]

Nor, princes, is it matter new to us, 10

That we come short of our suppose so far,

That, after seven years' siege, yet Troy walls
stand;

[Sith every action that hath gone before,

Whereof we have record, trial did draw

Bias and thwart, not answering the aim,

And that unbodied figure of the thought

That gave't surmised shape.] Why, then,

[you princes,]

Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our
works,

And call them shames, which are, indeed,
naught else

But the protractive trials of great Jove 20

To find persistive constancy in men?

[The fineness of which metal is not found

In fortune's love; for then the bold and coward,

The wise and fool, the artist and unread,

The hard and soft, seem all affin'd and kin:

But, in the wind and tempest of her frown,
Distinction, with a broad and powerful fan,
Puffing at all, winnows the light away;

And what hath mass or matter, by itself

Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.²] 30

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike
seat,

Great Agamemnon, Nestor shall apply

Thy latest words. In the reproof³ of chance

Lies the true proof of men: the sea being
smooth,

How many shallow bauble boats dare sail

Upon her patient breast, making their way

With those of nobler bulk!

But let the ruffian Boreas once enrage

The gentle Thetis, and, anon, behold

The strong-ribb'd bark through liquid moun-
tains cut, 40

Bounding between the two moist elements,

Like Perseus' horse: where's then the saucy
boat,

Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now

Co-rival'd greatness? either to harbour fled,

Or made a toast for Neptune. Even so

Doth valour's show and valour's worth divide

In storms of fortune: [for in her ray and
brightness

The herd hath more annoyance by the breeze⁴

Than by the tiger; but when the splitting wind

Makes flexible the knees of knotted oaks, 50

And flies fled under shade, why, then the thing
of courage,

As rous'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize,

And with an accent tun'd in self-same key

Retorts to chiding fortune.]

Ulyss.

Agamemnon,—

Thou great commander, nerve and bone of
Greece,

Heart of our numbers, soul and only spirit,

In whom the tempers and the minds of all

Should be shut up,—hear what Ulysses speaks.

[Besides the applause and approbation

The which—[*to Agamemnon*] most mighty for
thy place and sway,— 60

[*To Nestor*] And thou most reverend for thy
stretch'd-out life—

I give to both your speeches,—which were such

² *Unmingled*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

³ *Reproof*; an obvious quibble is intended.

⁴ *Breeze*, the gad-fly.

¹ *Proposition*=what hope sets before itself to achieve.

As Agamemnon and the hand of Greece 63
Should hold up high in brass; and such again
As venerable Nestor, hatch'd in silver,
Should with a bond of air—strong as the
axletree

On which heaven rides—knit all the Greekish
ears

To his experienc'd tongue,—yet let it please
both,

Though great and wise, to hear Ulysses speak.]

Agam. Speak, Prince of Ithaca; [and be't of
less expect¹ 70

That matter needless, of importless burden,

Divide thy lips, than we are confident,

When rank Thersites opes his mastic jaws,

We shall hear music, wit, and oracle.]

Ulyss. Troy, yet upon his basis, had been
down,

And the great Hector's sword had lack'd a
master,

But for these instances.²

The specialty of rule hath been neglected:

And, look, how many Grecian tents do stand

Hollow upon this plain, so many hollow fac-
tions. 80

[When that the general is not like the hive,

To whom the foragers shall all repair,

What honey is expected? Degrees being
vizarded,

Th' unworthiest shows as fairly in the mask.]

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this
centre,

Observe degree, priority, and place,

[Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,

Office, and custom, in all line of order:]

And therefore is the glorious planet Sol

In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd 90

Amidst the other; whose med'cinable eye

Corrects the ill aspects of planets evil,

[And posts, like the commandment of a king,

Sans check, to good and bad: but when the
planets,

In evil mixture,³ to disorder wander,

What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny,

What raging of the sea, shaking of earth,

Commotion in the winds, frights, changes,
horrors,

Divert and crack, rend and deracinate⁴

The unity and married calm of states 100

Quite from their fixture! O, when degree is
shak'd,

Which is the ladder to all high designs,

Then enterprise is sick! How could com-
munities,

[Degrees in schools, and brotherhoods in cities,

Peaceful commerce from dividable shores,]

The primogenity and due of birth,

Prerogative of age, crowns, sceptres, laurels,

But by degree, stand in authentic place?

Take but degree away, untune that string,

And, hark, what discord follows! [each thing
meets 110

In mere⁵ oppugnancy: the bounded waters

Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,

And make a sop of all this solid globe:

Strength should be lord of imbecility,

And the rude son should strike his father
dead:]

Force should be right; or rather, right and
wrong—

Between whose endless jar justice resides—

Should lose their names, and so should justice
too.

Then every thing includes itself in power,

Power into will, will into appetite; 120

And appetite, an universal wolf,

So doubly seconded with will and power,

Must make perforce an universal prey,

And last eat up himself. [Great Agamemnon,

This chaos, when degree is suffocate,

Follows the choking.

And this neglect of degree it is,

That by a pace goes backward, with a pur-
pose

It hath to climb.] The general's disdain'd:

By him one step below; he, by the next; 130

That next, by him beneath: so every step,

Exempl'd by the first pace that is sick

Of his superior, grows to an envious fever

Of pale and bloodless⁶ emulation:

And 't is this fever that keeps Troy on foot,

Not her own sinews. [To end a tale of length,

Troy in our weakness stands, not in her
strength.]

¹ Expect = expectation.

² Instances, causes, reasons.

³ In evil mixture, perhaps an astrological term.

⁴ Deracinate = uproot.

⁵ Mere, absolute.

⁶ Bloodless, because malignant and sluggish.

Nest. Most wisely hath Ulysses here discover'd

The fever whereof all our power is sick.

Agam. The nature of the sickness found,
Ulysses, 140

What is the remedy?

Ulyss. The great Achilles,—whom opinion crowns

The sinew and the forehead of our host,—
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our designs; with him, Patroclus,
Upon a lazy bed, the livelong day
Breaks scurril jests;
And with ridiculous and awkward action—
Which, slanderer, he imitation calls— 150



Ulyss. Sometime, great Agamemnon.—(Act i. 3. 151.)

Hepageantsus. Sometime, great Agamemnon,
Thy topless¹ deputation he puts on; 152

[And, like a strutting player,—whose conceit
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound
'Twixt his stretch'd footing and the scaffold-
age,—

Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wrested seeming]
He acts thy greatness in: and when he speaks,
'Tis like a chime a-mending; [with terms un-
suar'd,

Which, from the tongue of roaring Typhon
dropp'd, 160
Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff]

The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause;
Cries, "Excellent! 'tis Agamemnon just.
Now play me Nestor; hem, and stroke thy
beard,

[As he being drest to some oration."
That's done;—as near as the extremest ends
Of parallels; as like as Vulcan and his wife:
Yet good Achilles still cries, "Excellent!
'Tis Nestor right. Now play him me, Patroclus,
Arming to answer in a night-alarm."] 171
And then, forsooth, the faint defects of age
Must be the scene of mirth; [to cough and spit,
And, with a palsy-fumbling on his gorget,²

¹ *Topless*, i.e. which nothing overtops.

² *Gorget*, piece of armour protecting the throat; cf. *gorge*.

Shake in and out the rivet:]—and at this sport
 Sir Valour dies; cries, "O, enough, Patroclus;
 Or give me ribs of steel! I shall split all
 In pleasure of my spleen." And in this fashion,
 All our abilities, gifts, natures, shapes,
 [Severals and generals of grace exact, 180
 Achievements, plots, orders, preventions,
 Excitements to the field, or speech for truce,]
 Success or loss, what is or is not, serves
 As stuff for these two to make paradoxes.

Nest. And in the imitation of these twain—
 Who, as Ulysses says, opinion crowns
 With an imperial voice—many are infect.
 Ajax is grown self-will'd; and bears his head
 In such a rein, in full as proud a pace 189
 As broad Achilles; keeps his tent like him;
 Makes factious feasts; rails on our state of war,
 Bold as an oracle; and sets Thersites—
 A slave whose gall coins slanders like a mint,¹
 To match us in comparisons with dirt,
 [To weaken and discredit our exposure,²
 How rank soever rounded-in with danger.]

Ulyss. They tax our policy, and call it cowardice;

Count wisdom as no member of the war;
 Forestall prescience, and esteem no act 199
 But that of hand: [the still and mental parts,
 That do contrive how many hands shall strike,
 When fitness calls them on; and know, by
 measure
 Of their observant toil, the enemies' weight,—
 Why, this hath not a finger's dignity:
 They call this bed-work, mappery,³ closet-
 war;]

So that the ram that batters down the wall,
 For the great swing and rudeness of his poise,
 They place before his hand that made the
 engine,

Or those that with the fineness of their souls
 By reason guide his execution. 210

Nest. Let this be granted, and Achilles' horse
 Makes many Thetis' sons. [A tucket.

Agam. What trumpet? look, Menelaus.

Men. From Troy.

Enter ÆNEAS.

Agam. What would you 'fore our tent?

Æne. Is this great Agamemnon's tent, I pray
 you?

Agam. Even this.

Æne. May one, that is a herald and a prince,
 Do a fair message to his kingly ears?

Agam. With surety stronger than Achilles'
 arm 220

'Fore all the Greekish heads, which with one
 voice

Call Agamemnon head and general.

Æne. Fair leave and large security. [How
 may

A stranger to those most imperial looks
 Know them from eyes of other mortals?

Agam.

How!

Æne. Ay;

I ask, that I might waken reverence,
 And bid the cheek be ready with a blush
 Modest as morning when she coldly eyes
 The youthful Phœbus: 230

Which is that god in office, guiding men?

Which is the high and mighty Agamemnon?

Agam. This Trojan scorns us; or the men
 of Troy

Are ceremonious courtiers.

Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, un-
 arm'd,

As bending angels; that's their fame in peace:
 But when they would seem soldiers, they have
 galls,

Good arms, strong joints, true swords; and,
 Jove's accord, 238

Nothing so full of heart. But peace, Æneas,
 Peace, Trojan; lay thy finger on thy lips!

The worthiness of praise distains his worth,
 If that the prais'd himself bring the praise
 forth:

But what the repining enemy commends,
 That breath fame blows; that praise, sole
 pure, transcends.

Agam. Sir, you of Troy, call you yourself
 Æneas?

Æne. Ay, Greek, that is my name.]

Agam. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 't is for Agamemnon's
 ears.

Agam. He hears naught privately that
 comes from Troy.

Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whis-
 per him: 250

¹ Like a mint = as fast as a mint coins money.

² Exposure, defenceless condition.

³ Mappery, i.e. mere theory, bookish scheming.

I bring a trumpet to awake his ear; 251
To set his sense on the attentive bent,
And then to speak.

Agam. Speak frankly as the wind;
It is not Agamemnon's sleeping hour:
That thou shalt know, Trojan, he is awake,
He tells thee so himself.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud,
Send thy brass voice through all these lazy
tents; 257

And every Greek of mettle, let him know,
What Troy means fairly shall be spoke aloud.

[*Trumpet sounds.*]

We have, great Agamemnon, here in Troy
A prince call'd Hector,—Priam is his father,—
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is rusty grown: [he bade me take a trumpet,
And to this purpose speak. Kings, princes,
lords!]

If there be one among the fair'st of Greece
That holds his honour higher than his ease;
[That seeks his praise more than he fears his
peril;

That knows his valour, and knows not his
fear;] 263

That loves his mistress more than in confession,
With truant vows to her own lips he loves,
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers,—to him this challenge.
Hector, in view of Trojans and of Greeks,
Shall make it good, or do his best to do it,
He hath a lady, wiser, fairer, truer,
Than ever Greek did compass in his arms;
And will to-morrow with his trumpet call
Midway between your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouse a Grecian that is true in love:
If any come, Hector shall honour him; 260
If none, he'll say in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are sunburnt, and not worth
The splinter of a lance. [Even so much.]

Agam. This shall be told our lovers, Lord
Æneas;

If none of them have soul in such a kind,
We left them all at home: [but we are soldiers;
And may that soldier a mere recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be, 269
That one meets Hector; if none else, I am he.

Nest. Tell him of Nestor, one that was a man
When Hector's grandsire suck'd: he is old now;

But if there be not in our Grecian host 293
One noble man that hath one spark of fire,
To answer for his love, tell him from me,—
I'll hide my silver beard in a gold beaver;
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaste
As may be in the world: his youth¹ in flood,
I'll prove this truth with my three drops of
blood. 301

Æne. Now heavens forbid such scarcity of
youth!

Ulyss. Amen.

Agam. Fair Lord *Æneas*, let me touch your
hand;]

To our pavilion shall I lead you, sir.
Achilles shall have word of this intent;
So shall each lord of Greece, from tent to tent:
Yourself shall feast with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe.

[*Exeunt all except Ulysses and Nestor.*]

Ulyss. Nestor,— 310

Nest. What says Ulysses?

Ulyss. I have a young conception in my brain;
Be you my time to bring it to some shape.

Nest. What is 't?

Ulyss. This 'tis:—

Blunt wedges rive hard knots: the seeded pride
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank Achilles must or now be cropp'd,
Or, shedding, breed a nursery of like evil,
To overbulk² us all.

Nest. Well, and how? 320

Ulyss. This challenge that the gallant Hec-
tor sends,

However it is spread in general name,
Relates in purpose only to Achilles.

Nest. The purpose is perspicuous [even as
substance,

Whose grossness little characters sum up:
And, in the publication,] make no strain,³
But that Achilles, were his brain as barren
As banks of Libya,—though, Apollo knows,
'Tis dry enough,—will, with great speed of
judgment,

Ay, with celerity, find Hector's purpose 330
Pointing on him.

¹ His youth, i.e. though his youth's.

² Overbulk = overtower.

³ Make no strain, i.e. do not doubt that.

Ulyss. And wake him to the answer, think
you! 332

Vest. Yes 't is most meet: who may you else
oppose,

That can from Hector bring his honour off,
If not Achilles! Though 't be a sportful combat,
Yet in the trial much opinion dwells;

[For here the Trojans taste our dear'st reputè
With their fin'st palate: and trust to me,

Ulysses,

Our imputation shall be oddly¹ pois'd
In this wild action; for the success, 340
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;



Nest. But if there be not in our Grecian host
One noble man that hath one spark of fire, &c.—(Act i. 3. 293-301.)

And in such indexes, although small pricks
To their subsequent volumes, there is seen
The baby figure of the giant mass
Of things to come at large. It is suppos'd,
He that meets Hector issues from our choice:
And choice, being mutual act of all our souls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 't were from forth us all, a man distill'd
Out of our virtues; who miscarrying, 351
What heart receives from hence the conquer-
ing part,
To steel a strong opinion to themselves?
Which entertain'd, limbs are his instruments,

¹ Oddly, i.e. not evenly.

In no less working than are swords and bows
Directive by the limbs.]

Ulyss. Give pardon to my speech;—

[Therefore 'tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,
And think, perchance, that they will sell; if
not, 360

The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.] Do not, [then,]
consent

That ever Hector and Achilles meet;
For both our honour and our shame in this
Are dogg'd with two strange followers.

Nest. I see them not with my old eyes: what
are they?

Ulyss. What glory our Achilles shares from
Hector,
Were he not proud, we all should share with
him:
But he already is too insolent;
And we were better parch in Afric sun 370
Than in the pride and salt scorn of his eyes,
Should he scape Hector fair: if he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion¹ crush
In taint of our best man. No, make a lottery;
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw
The sort² to fight with Hector: 'mong our-
selves
Give him allowance as the worthier man;
For that will physic the great Myrmidon

Who broils in loud applause, and make him fall
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.
If the dull brainless Ajax come safe off, 381
We'll dress him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion still
That we have better men. [But, hit or miss,
Our project's life this shape of sense assumes,—
Ajax employ'd plucks down Achilles' plumes.]
Nest. Ulysses,
Now I begin to relish thy advice;
And I will give a taste of it forthwith
To Agamemnon: go we to him straight. 390
Two curs shall tame each other: pride alone
Must tarre³ the mastiffs on, as 'twere their
bone. [Exeunt.]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A part of the Grecian camp.*

Enter AJAX and THERSITES.

Ajax. Thersites,—
[*Ther.* [Taking no notice of Ajax.] Aga-
memnon,—how if he had boils,—full, all over,
generally?—

Ajax. Thersites,—
Ther. And those boils did run?—Say so,—
did not the general run then? were not that
a botchy core?—

Ajax. Dog,—
[*Ther.* Then would come some matter from
him; I see none now. 10

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's son,] canst thou
not hear? Feel, then. [*Beating him.*

Ther. The plague of Greece upon thee,
thou mongrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak, then, thou vinewedst⁴ leaven,
speak: I will beat thee into handsomeness.

Ther. I shall sooner rail thee into wit and
holiness: but, I think, thy horse will sooner
con an oration than thou learn a prayer with-
out book. Thou canst strike, canst thou? a
red murrain o' thy jade's tricks! 21

Ajax. Toadstool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Dost thou think I have no sense,
thou strik'st me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation!

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porpentine,⁵ do not: [my fin-
gers itch. 28

Ther. I would thou didst itch from head
to foot, and I had the scratching of thee; I
would make thee the loathsom'st scab in
Greece. When thou art forth in the incur-
sions, thou strik'st as slow as another.

Ajax. I say, the proclamation!⁶

Ther. Thou grumblest and raillest every
hour on Achilles; and thou art as full of envy
at his greatness as Cerberus is at Proserpina's
beauty, ay, that thou bark'st at him.

Ajax. Mistress Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him. 40

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pun thee into shivers with
his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

[*Ajax.* You whoreson cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.]

Ajax. Thou stool for a witch!

Ther. Ay, do, do; thou sodden-witted lord!
thou hast no more brain than I have in mine
elbows; [an assinego⁷ may tutor thee:] thou
scurvy-valiant ass! thou art here but to
thrash Trojans; and thou art bought and

⁵ Porpentine, i.e. porcupine.

⁶ The proclamation! = go and find out what the procla-
mation is.

⁷ Assinego, Portuguese word = ass.

¹ Opinion, reputation. ² Sort, lot. ³ Tarre = set.

⁴ Vinewedst = mouldiest.

sold¹ among those of any wit, like a barbarian slave. [If thou use to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou!]

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You scurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur!

[*Beating him.*]

Ther. Mars his idiot! do, rudeness; do, camel; do, do.

59

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. Why, how now, Ajax! wherefore do you thus?—How now, Thersites! what's the matter, man?

Ther. You see him there, do you?

Achil. Ay; what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do: what's the matter?



Ajax. You cur!—(Act ii. 1. 57.)

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well! why, I do so.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for, whosoever you take him to be, he is Ajax.

Achil. I know that, fool.

71

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himself.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters! his evasions have ears thus long. I have bobbed² his brain more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine sparrows for a penny, and his *pia mater* is not worth the ninth part of a sparrow. This lord, Achilles, Ajax,—[who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head,—] I'll tell you what I say of him.

81

Achil. What?

82

Ther. I say, this Ajax—

[*Ajax offers to beat him, Achilles interposes.*]

Achil. Nay, good Ajax.

Ther. Has not so much wit—

Achil. Nay, I must hold you.

Ther. As will stop the eye of Helen's needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietness, but the fool will not: he there; that he; look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur! I shall—

Achil. Will you set your wit to³ a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will shame it.

¹ Bought and sold, i.e. fooled; a proverbial phrase.

² Bobbed, thumped.

³ Set your wit to = match your wit against.

Patr. Good words, Thersites.

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bade the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I serve thee not. 101

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I serve here voluntary.

Achil. Your last service was sufferance, 't was not voluntary,—no man is beaten voluntary: Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an impress.

Ther. E'en so; a great deal of your wit too lies in your sinews, or else there be liars. Hector shall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains: 'a were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, Thersites?

Ther. There's Ulysses and old Nestor—whose wit was mouldy ere your grandsires had nails on their toes—yoke you like draught-oxen, and make you plough up the wars.

Achil. What, what?

Ther. Yes, good sooth: to Achilles! to Ajax, to! 120

Ajax. I shall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'T is no matter; I shall speak as much as thou afterwards.

Patr. No more words, Thersites; peace!

Ther. I will hold my peace when Achilles' brach¹ bids me, shall I?

Achil. There's for you, Patroclus.

Ther. I will see you hang'd, like clotpoles,² ere I come any more to your tents: I will keep where there is wit stirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*]

Patr. A good riddance. 132

Achil. Marry, this, sir, is proclaim'd through all our host:—

That Hector, by the fifth hour of the sun, Will, with a trumpet, 'twixt our tents and Troy, To-morrow morning call some knight to arms That hath a stomach; and such a one that dare Maintain—I know not what; 'tis trash. Farewell.

Ajax. Farewell. Who shall answer him?

Achil. I know not,—'tis put to lottery; otherwise 140

He knew his man.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus.*]

Ajax. O, meaning you.—I will go learn more of it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *Troy.* A room in Priam's palace.

Enter PRIAM, HECTOR, TROILUS, PARIS, and HELENUS.

Pri. After so many hours, lives, speeches spent,

Thus once again says Nestor from the Greeks:—"Deliver Helen, and all damage else—

As honour, loss of time, travail, expense, Wounds, friends, and what else dear that is consum'd

In hot digestion of this cormorant war—

Shall be struck off:"—Hector, what say you to 't?

Hect. Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I

As far as toucheth my particular,

Yet, dread Priam, 10

There is no lady of more softer bowels,

More spongy to suck in the sense of fear,

More ready to cry out "Who knows what follows?"

Than Hector is: the wound of peace is surety, Surety secure; but modest doubt is call'd

The beacon of the wise, the tent³ that searches To the bottom of the worst. Let Helen go:

Since the first sword was drawn about this question,

Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand dismes,⁴ 19

Hath been as dear as Helen,—I mean, of ours:

If we have lost so many tenths of ours,

To guard a thing not ours nor worth to us,

Had it our name, the value of one ten,—

What merit's in that reason which denies

The yielding of her up?

Tro.

Fie, fie, my brother!

Weigh you the worth and honour of a king,

So great as our dread father, in a scale

Of common ounces? will you with counters sum

The past-proportion of his infinite?

And buckle in a waist most fathomless 30

¹ *Brach*=hound.

² *Clotpoles*=blockheads.

³ *Tent*, probing; metaphor from surgery.

⁴ *Dimes*, tenths (of the army).

With spans and inches so diminutive 31
As fears and reasons! fie, for godly shame!

[*Hel.* No marvel, though you bite so sharp
at reasons,

You are so empty of them. Should not our
father

Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons,
Because your speech hath none that tells him so?

Tro. You are for¹ dreams and slumbers,
brother priest;

You fur your gloves with reason. Here are
your reasons:

You know an enemy intends you harm;

You know a sword employ'd is perilous, 40

And reason flies the object of all harm:

Who marvels, then, when Helenus beholds

A Grecian and his sword, if he do set

The very wings of reason to his heels,

And fly like chidden Mercury from Jove,

Or like a star disorb'd? Nay, if we talk of
reason,

Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and
honour

Should have hare hearts, would they but fat
their thoughts

With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect

Make livers pale, and lustihood deject.] 50

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she
doth cost

The holding.

Tro. What is aught, but as 't is valu'd?

Hect. But value dwells not in particular will;

It holds his estimate and dignity

As well wherein 't is precious of itself

As in the prizer: 't is mad idolatry

To make the service greater than the god;

[And the will dotes, that is attributive

To what infectiously itself affects,

Without some image of th' affected merit.] 60

Tro. [I take to-day a wife, and my election

Is led on in the conduct of² my will;

My will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,

Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous shores

Of will and judgment: how may I avoid,

Although my will distaste what it elected,

The wife I chose? there can be no evasion

To blench from this, and to stand firm by
honour:

We turn not back the silks upon the merchant
When we have soil'd them; nor the remainder
viands 70

We do not throw in unrespective sieve
Because we now are full.] It was thought meet

Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:

Your breath of full consent bellied his sails;

The seas and winds, old wranglers, took a truce,³

And did him service: he touch'd the ports
desir'd;

And, for an old aunt whom the Greeks held
captive,

He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and
freshness

Wrinkles Apollo, and makes stale the morning.

Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:

Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl, 81

Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand
ships,

And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants.

If you'll avouch 't was wisdom Paris went,—

As you must needs, for you all cried, "Go, go;"

If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,—

As you must needs, for you all clapp'd your
hands,

And cried, "Inestimable!"—why do you now

The issue⁴ of your proper wisdoms rate,

And do a deed that fortune never did,— 90

Beggar the estimation which you priz'd

Richer than sea and land? O theft most base,

That we have stol'n what we do fear to keep!

[But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,

That in their country did them that disgrace

We fear to warrant in our native place!]

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans, cry!

Pri. What noise, what shriek is this?

[*Tro.* 'T is our mad sister; I do know her
voice.]

Cas. [*Within*] Cry, Trojans!

Hect. It is Cassandra. 100

Enter CASSANDRA, raving.

Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand
eyes,

And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace!

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled
eld,⁵

¹ For = the man for, or in favour of.

² In the conduct of = under guidance of.

³ Took a truce, made peace.

⁴ Issue, result.

⁵ Eld, old age.

Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry, 105
 Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
 A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
 Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
 Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand;



Cas. Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,
 And I will fill them with prophetic tears.—(Act II. 2. 101, 102.)

Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all. 110
 Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen and a woe!
 Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go.

[*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful Troilus, do not these
 high strains
 Of divination in our sister work
 Some touches of remorse? [or is your blood
 So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
 Can qualify the same?]

Tro.

Why, brother Hector,

We may not think the justness of each act
 Such and no other than event doth form it;
 Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
 Because Cassandra's mad: her brain-sick rap-
 tures 122

Cannot distaste¹ the goodness of a quarrel
 Which hath our several honours all engag'd
 To make it gracious. For my private part,
 I am no more touch'd than all Priam's sons:
 And Jove forbid there should be done amongst
 us

Such things as might offend the weakest spleen
 To fight for and maintain!

Par. Else might the world convince² of
 levity 130

As well my undertakings as your counsels:
 But I attest the gods, your full consent
 Gave wings to my propension, and cut off
 All fears attending on so dire a project.

[For what, alas, can these my single arms?
 What propugnation³ is in one man's valour,
 To stand the push and enmity of those
 This quarrel would excite? Yet, I protest,]
 Were I alone to pass⁴ the difficulties,
 And had as ample power as I have will, 140
 Paris should ne'er retract what he hath done,
 Nor faint in the pursuit.

Pri.

Paris, you speak

Like one besotted on your sweet delights:
 You have the honey still, but these the gall;
 [So to be valiant is no praise at all.]

Par. Sir, I propose not merely to myself
 The pleasures such a beauty brings with it;
 But I would have the soil of her fair rape
 Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
 What treason were it to the ransack'd⁵ queen,
 Disgrace to your great worths, and shame to
 me, 151

Now to deliver her possession⁶ up
 On terms of base compulsion! Can it be
 That so degenerate a strain as this
 Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

¹ *Distaste*, make distasteful. ² *Convince* = convict.

³ *Propugnation*, means of defence.

⁴ *To pass* = to pass through, undergo; reading suspected.

⁵ *Ransack'd*, abducted by force.

⁶ *Her possession* i.e. possession of her.

There's not the meanest spirit on our party
Without a heart to dare, or sword to draw,
When Helen is defended; nor none so noble
Whose life were ill bestow'd, or death unfam'd,
Where Helen is the subject: [then, I say, 160
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The world's large spaces cannot parallel.]

Hect. Paris and Troilus, [you have both said well;

And on the cause and question now in hand
Have glaz'd,—but superficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
Unfit to hear moral philosophy:]
The reasons you allege do more conduce
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood
Than to make up a free determination 170
'Twixt right and wrong; for pleasure and
revenge

Have ears more deaf than adders to the voice
Of any true decision. Nature craves
All dues be render'd to their owners: now,
What nearer debt in all humanity
Than wife is to the husband? If this law
Of nature be corrupted through affection,
[And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benumbed wills, resist the same,]
There is a law in each well-order'd nation
To curb those raging appetites that are 181
Most disobedient and refractory.
If Helen, then, be wife to Sparta's king,—
As it is known she is,—these moral laws
Of nature and of nations speak aloud
To have her back return'd: thus to persist
In doing wrong extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. [Hector's
opinion

Is this, in way of truth: yet, ne'ertheless,
My spritely brethren, I propend to you 190
In resolution to keep Helen still;
For 'tis a cause that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and several dignities.]

Tro. [Why, there you touch'd the life of our
design:]

Were it not glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving spleens,
I would not wish a drop of Trojan blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy Hector,
She is a theme of honour and renown; 199
A spur to valiant and magnanimous deeds;
Whose present courage may beat down our foes,

And fame in time to come canonize us: 202
For, I presume, brave Hector would not lose
So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
As smiles upon the forehead of this action,
For the wide world's revénue.¹

Hect.

I am yours,

You valiant offspring of great Priamus.—
I have a roisting² challenge sent amongst
The dull and factious nobles of the Greeks
Will strike amazement to their drowsy spirits:
I was advéris'd³ their great general slept,
Whilst emulation⁴ in the army crept: 212
This, I presume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before
Achilles' tent.*

Enter THERSITES.

Ther. How now, Thersites! what, lost in
the labyrinth of thy fury! Shall the elephant
Ajax carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at
him: O worthy satisfaction! would it were
otherwise; that I could beat him, whilst he
rail'd at me: 's foot, I'll learn to conjure and
raise devils, but I'll see some issue of my
spiteful execrations. Then there's Achilles,—
a rare engineer. If Troy be not taken till
these two undermine it, the walls will stand
till they fall of themselves. [O thou great
thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou
art Jove, the king of gods; and, Mercury, lose
all the serpentine craft of thy caduceus; if ye
take not that little little less-than-little wit
from them that they have! which short-arm'd
ignorance itself knows is so abundant scarce,
it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from
a spider, without drawing their massy irons
and cutting the web. After this, the ven-
geance on the whole camp! or, rather, the
bone-ache! for that, methinks, is the curse
dependant on those that war for a placket.⁵
I have said my prayers; and devil envy say
Amen.]—What, ho! my lord Achilles!

Enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Who's there? Thersites! Good Ther-
sites, come in and rail. 26

¹ Révenue and revénue both occur in Shakespeare.

² Roisting, blustering.

³ Advéris'd, informed.

⁴ Emulation=envy.

⁵ Placket, petticoat.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a guilt counterfeit, thou wouldst not have slipp'd out of my contemplation: but it is no matter; thyself upon thyself! The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bless thee from a tutor, and discipline come not near thee! Let thy

blood¹ be thy direction till thy death! then if she that lays thee out says thou art a fair corse, I'll be sworn and sworn upon't she never shrouded any but lazars.² Amen.—Where's Achilles?

Patr. What, art thou devout? wast thou in prayer?



Ther. Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?—(Act ii. 3. 47, 48.)

Ther. Ay; the heavens hear me! 40

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Thersites, my lord.

Achil. Where, where?—Art thou come? why, my cheese, my digestion,³ why hast thou not serv'd thyself in to my table so many meals? Come,—what's Agamemnon?

Ther. Thy commander, Achilles.—Then tell me, Patroclus, what's Achilles?

Patr. Thy lord, Thersites: then tell me, I pray thee, what's thyself? 50

Ther. Thy knower, Patroclus: then tell me, Patroclus, what art thou?

Patr. Thou mayst tell that know'st.

Achil. O, tell, tell.

Ther. I'll decline the whole question. Agamemnon commands Achilles; Achilles is my lord; I am Patroclus' knower; and Patroclus is a fool.

Patr. You rascal!

Ther. Peace, fool! I have not done. 60

Achil. He is a privileg'd man.—Proceed, Thersites.

¹ *Thy blood*—thy passions.

² *Lazars*, lepers, or outcasts.

³ *My digestion*, i.e. my after-dinner amusement.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool; Achilles is a fool; Thersites is a fool; and, as aforesaid, Patroclus is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. Agamemnon is a fool to offer to command Achilles; Achilles is a fool to be commanded of Agamemnon; Thersites is a fool to serve such a fool; and Patroclus is a fool positive. 70

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that demand to the creator. It suffices me thou art.—Look you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, I'll speak with nobody.—Come in with me, Thersites. [*Exit into tent.*]

Ther. Here is such patchery,¹ such juggling, and such knavery! [all the argument is a cuckold and a whore;] a good quarrel to draw emulous factions and bleed to death upon. [Now, the dry serpigo² on the subject! and war and lechery confound all!] [*Exit into tent.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, DIOMEDES, and AJAX.

Agam. Where is Achilles?

Patr. Within his tent; but ill-dispos'd, my lord.

Agam. Let it be known to him that we are here.

[He shent³ our messengers; and we lay by Our appertainments, visiting of him: Let him be told so; lest perchance he think We dare not move the question of our place, Or know not what we are.]

Patr. I shall say so to him. [*Exit.*]

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his tent:

He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 't is pride: but why, why? let him show us the cause.—A word, my lord. [*Takes Agamemnon aside.*]

Nest. What moves Ajax thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. Achilles hath inveigled his fool from him. 100

Nest. Who, Thersites?

Ulyss. He.

102

Nest. Then will Ajax lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

Ulyss. No, you see, he is his argument that has his argument,—Achilles.

Nest. All the better; their fraction is more our wish than their faction: but it was a strong composure⁴ a fool could disunite.

Ulyss. The amity that wisdom knits not, folly may easily untie.—Here comes Patroclus. 111

Nest. No Achilles with him.

Ulyss. The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy: his legs are legs for necessity, not for flexure.

Re-enter PATROCLUS.

Patr. Achilles bids me say, he is much sorry, If anything more than your sport and pleasure Did move your greatness and this noble state⁵ To call upon him; he hopes it is no other But for your health and your digestion sake,—An after-dinner's breath.

Agam. Hear you, Patroclus:—

We are too well acquainted with these answers: But his evasion, wing'd thus swift with scorn, Cannot outfly our apprehensions.⁶

[Much attribute he hath; and much the reason Why we ascribe it to him: yet all his virtues, Not virtuously on his own part beheld, Do in our eyes begin to lose their gloss; Yea, like fair fruit in an unwholesome dish, Are like to rot untasted.] Go and tell him, We come to speak with him; and you shall not sin, 131

If you do say we think him over-proud And under-honest; [in self-assumption greater Than in the note of judgment; and worthier than himself

Here tend the savage strangeness he puts on, Disguise the holy strength of their command, And underwrite⁷ in an observing kind His humorous predominance; yea, watch His pettish luns,⁸ his ebbs, his flows, as if The passage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tide.] Go tell him this; and add,

⁴ Composure = union, alliance.

⁵ State, noble attendants; abstract for concrete.

⁶ Apprehensions, powers of understanding.

⁷ Underwrite = obey, subscribe to. ⁸ Luns, caprices.

¹ Patchery, roguery; generally patch = a fool.

² Serpigo = a kind of leprosy.

³ Shent, reviled, abused.

That if he overhold his price so much, 142
 { We'll none of him; [but let him, like an engine
 { Not portable, lie under this report,—
 { Bring action hither, this cannot go to war:]
 A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
 Before a sleeping giant:—tell him so.

Patr. I shall; and bring his answer presently.

[*Exit into tent.*]

Agam. In second voice we'll not be satisfied;
 We come to speak with him.—Ulysses, enter
 you. [*Exit Ulysses into tent.*]

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Agam. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he so much? Do you not think
 he thinks himself a better man than I am?

Agam. No question.

Ajax. Will you subscribe his thought, and
 say he is?

Agam. No, noble Ajax; you are as strong,
 as valiant, as wise, no less noble, much more
 gentle, and altogether more tractable. 160

Ajax. Why should a man be proud? How
 doth pride grow? I know not what pride is.

Agam. Your mind is the clearer, Ajax, and
 your virtues the fairer. He that is proud eats
 up himself; pride is his¹ own glass, his own
 trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever
 praises itself but in the deed, devours the
 deed in the praise.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the
 engendering of toads. 170

Nest. [*Aside*] Yet he loves himself: is't not
 strange?

Re-enter ULYSSES from tent.

Ulyss. Achilles will not to the field to-
 morrow.

Agam. What's his excuse?

Ulyss. He doth rely on none;
 But carries on the stream of his dispose,
 Without observance or respect of any,
 In will peculiar and in self-admission.²

Agam. Why will he not, upon our fair request,
 Untent his person, and share the air with us?

Ulyss. Things small as nothing, for request's
 sake only,

He makes important: possess'd he is with
 greatness; 180

And speaks not to himself, but with a pride
 That quarrels at self-breath: imagin'd worth
 Holds in his blood such sworn and hot dis-
 course, 182

That 'twixt his mental and his active parts
 Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,
 And batters down himself: [what should I
 say?

He is so plagu'y proud, that the death-tokens of't
 Cry "No recovery."]

Agam. Let Ajax go to him.—

Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent:
 'Tis said he holds you well; and will be led,
 At your request, a little from himself. 191

Ulyss. O Agamemnon, let it not be so!
 We'll consecrate the steps that Ajax makes
 When they go from Achilles: [shall the proud
 lord,

That bastes his arrogance with his own seam,³
 And never suffers matter of the world
 Enter his thoughts, save such as doth revolve,
 And ruminate himself,]—shall he be wor-
 shipp'd

Of that we hold an idol more than he? 199
 No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
 Must not so stale his palm, nobly acquit;
 Nor, by my will, assubjugate his merit,
 As amply titled as Achilles is,
 By going to Achilles:

[That were t' enlard his fat-already pride, }
 And add more coals to Cancer when he burns }
 With entertaining great Hyperion. }
 This lord go to him! Jupiter forbid,
 And say in thunder, "Achilles go to him."

Nest. [*Aside*] O, this is well; he rubs the
 vein of⁴ him. 210

Dio. [*Aside*] And how his silence drinks up
 this applause!

Ajax. If I go to him, with my armed fist
 I'll pash him o'er the face.

Agam. O, no, you shall not go.

Ajax. An a' be proud with me, I'll pheeze
 his pride:

Let me go to him.

Ulyss. Not for the worth that hangs upon
 our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry, insolent fellow!

Nest. [*Aside*] How he describes himself!

¹ His, its.

² Self-admission, i.e. is self-satisfied.

³ Seam, grease.

⁴ Rubs the vein of=flatters, humours.

Ajax. Can he not be sociable? 220

Ulyss. [*Aside*] The raven chides blackness.

Ajax. I'll let his humours bleed.

Agam. [*Aside*] He will be the physician that should be the patient.

Ajax. An all men were o' my mind,—

Ulyss. [*Aside*] Wit would be out of fashion.

[*Ajax.* A' should not bear it so, a' should eat swords first: shall pride carry it?

Nest. [*Aside*] And 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyss. [*Aside*] A' would have ten shares.]

Ajax. I will knead him; I'll make him supple.

Nest. [*Aside*] He's not yet through warm: force him with praises: pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyss. [*To Agam.*] My lord, you feed too much on this dislike.

Nest. Our noble general, do not do so.

Dio. You must prepare to fight without Achilles.

Ulyss. Why, 'tis this naming of him does him harm.

Here is a man—but 't is before his face; 240
I will be silent.

Nest. Wherefore should you so?

He is not emulous, as Achilles is.

Ulyss. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whoreson dog, that shall palter thus with us! Would he were a Trojan!

Nest. What a vice were it in Ajax now,—

Ulyss. If he were proud,—

Dio. Or covetous of praise,—

Ulyss. Ay, or surly borne,—

Dio. Or strange, or self-affected! 250

Ulyss. Thank the heavens, lord, thou art of sweet composure;¹ 251

Praise him that got thee, she that gave thee suck:

Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature Thrice-fam'd, beyond all erudition:

But he that disciplin'd thy arms to fight,

Let Mars divide eternity in twain,

And give him half: [and, for thy vigour, let Bull-bearing Milo his addition yield

To sinewy Ajax.] I'll not praise thy wisdom,

[Which, like a bourn, a pale, a shore, confines Thy spacious and dilated parts: here's Nes-

tor,— 261

Instructed by the antiquary times,

He must, he is, he cannot but be wise:—]

But pardon, father Nestor, were your days

As green as Ajax', and your brain so temper'd,

You should not have the eminence of him,

But be as Ajax.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Nest. Ay, my good son.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, Lord Ajax.

Ulyss. There is no tarrying here; the hart Achilles 269

Keeps thicket. Please it our great general

To call together all his state of war;

Fresh kings are come to Troy: to-morrow

We must withall our main of power stand fast:

And here's a lord,—come knights from east to west,

And cull their flower, Ajax shall cope the best.

Agam. Go we to council. Let Achilles sleep:

Light boats sail swift, though greater hulks draw deep. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Troy. A room in Priam's palace.*

Enter a Servant and PANDARUS.

Pan. Friend, you,—pray you, a word: do not you follow the young Lord Paris?

Serv. Ay, sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend upon him, I mean?

Serv. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman; I must needs praise him.

Serv. The lord be praised!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Serv. Faith, sir, superficially. 10

Pan. Friend, know me better; I am the Lord Pandarus.

Serv. I hope I shall know your honour better.

Pan. I do desire it.

Serv. You are in the state of grace.

¹ *Composure*, disposition.

Pan. Grace! not so, friend; honour and lordship are my titles. [*Music within.*]—What music is this?

Serv. I do but partly know, sir: it is music in parts. 20

Pan. Know you the musicians?

Serv. Wholly, sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Serv. To the hearers, sir.

Pan. At whose pleasure, friend?

Serv. At mine, sir, and theirs that love music.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Serv. Who shall I command, sir?

Pan. Friend, we understand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whose request do these men play? 31

Serv. That's to't,¹ indeed, sir: marry, sir, at the request of Paris my lord, who's there in person; with him, the mortal Venus, the heart-blood of beauty, love's invisible soul,—

Pan. Who, my cousin Cressida?

Serv. No, sir, Helen: could you not find out that by her attributes?

Pan. It should seem, fellow, that thou hast not seen the Lady Cressida. I come to speak with Paris from the Prince Troilus: I will make a complimentary² assault upon him, for my business seethes.

Serv. Sudden business! there's a stewed³ phrase indeed!

Enter PARIS and HELEN, attended.

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair desires, in all fair measure, fairly guide them!—especially to you, fair queen! fair thoughts be your fair pillow! 49

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You speak your fair pleasure, sweet queen.—Fair prince, here is good broken music.

Par. You have broke it, cousin: and, by my life, you shall make it whole again; you shall piece it out with a piece of your performance.—Nell, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, sir,—

Pan. Rude, in sooth; in good sooth, very rude. 60

Par. Well said, my lord! well, you say so in fits.⁴

Pan. I have business to my lord, dear queen.—My lord, will you vouchsafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this shall not hedge us out: we'll hear you sing, certainly.

Pan. Well, sweet queen, you are pleasant with me.—But, marry, thus, my lord.—My dear lord, and most esteemed friend, your brother Troilus,— 70

Helen. My lord Pandarus; honey-sweet lord,—

Pan. Go to, sweet queen, go to:—commends himself most affectionately to you,—

Helen. You shall not bob⁵ us out of our melody: if you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, I faith,—

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence. 80

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no. And, my lord, he desires you, that if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand? where sups he to-night? 90

Helen. Nay, but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen?—My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my disposer Cressida.

Pan. No, no, no such matter; you are wide:⁶ come, your disposer is sick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuse. 99

Pan. Ay, good my lord. Why should you say Cressida? no, your poor disposer's sick.

Par. I spy.

Pan. You spy! what do you spy?—Come, give me an instrument.—Now, sweet queen.

¹ *That's to't*=that's to the point.

² *Complimentary*, courteous.

³ *Stewed*, fit for a stew; a quibbling expression.

⁴ *Fits*, the divisions of a song.

⁵ *Bob*, cheat.

⁶ *You are wide*, i.e. wide of the mark.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done. 105

Pan. My niece is horribly in love with a thing you have, sweet queen.

Helen. She shall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord Paris.

Pan. He! no, she'll none of him; they two are twain. 111

Helen. Falling in, after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this; I'll sing you a song now.

Helen. Ay, ay, prithee now. By my troth, sweet lord, thou hast a fine forehead.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may.

Helen. Let thy song be love: this love will undo us all. O Cupid, Cupid, Cupid! 120

Pan. Love! ay, that it shall, i' faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins so. [*Sings.* Love, love, nothing but love, still more!¹

Love, love, nothing but love, still more!¹

For, O, love's bow

Shoots buck and doe:

The shaft confounds,

Not that it wounds,

But tickles still the sore.

These lovers cry—Oh! oh! they die! 130

Yet that which seems the wound to kill

Doth turn oh! oh! to ha! ha! he!

So dying love lives still:

Oh! oh! a while, but ha! ha! ha!

Oh! oh! groans out for ha! ha! ha!

Heigh-ho!

Helen. In love, i' faith, to the very tip of the nose. 139

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love; and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds is love.

Pan. Is this the generation² of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? Why, they are vipers: is love a generation of vipers?—Sweet lord, who's a-field to-day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the gallantry of Troy: I would fain have arm'd to-day, but my Nell would not have it so. How chance³ my brother Troilus went not? 151

¹ Still more = evermore, always.

² Generation, the way love is generated.

³ How chance = how comes it that.

Helen. He hangs the lip at something:—you know all, Lord Pandarus. 153

Pan. Not I, honey-sweet queen.—I long to hear how they sped to-day.—You'll remember your brother's excuse?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewell, sweet queen.

Helen. Commend me to your niece. 159

Pan. I will, sweet queen. [*Exit.*

[*A retreat sounded.*

Par. They're come from field: let us to Priam's hall,

To greet the warriors. Sweet Helen, I must woo you

To help unarm our Hector: his stubborn buckles,

With these your white enchanting fingers touch'd,

Shall more obey than to the edge of steel Or force of Greekish sinews; you shall do more Than all the island kings,—disarm great Hector.

Helen. 'T will make us proud to be his servant, Paris;

Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty Gives us more palm in beauty than we have, Yea, overshines ourself. 171

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Pandarus' orchard.*

Enter PANDARUS and TROILUS' Boy, meeting.

Pan. How now! where's thy master? at my cousin Cressida's?

Boy. No, sir; he stays for you to conduct him thither.

Pan. O, here he comes.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, how now!

Tro. Sirrah, walk off. [*Exit Boy.*

Pan. Have you seen my cousin? 8

Tro. No, Pandarus: I stalk about her door, Like a strange soul upon the Stygian banks Staying for waftage. [O, be thou my Charon, And give me swift transportance to those fields Where I may wallow in the lily-beds Propos'd for the deserver!] O gentle Pandarus, From Cupid's shoulder pluck his painted wings, And fly with me to Cressid!

Pan. Walk here i' the orchard, I'll bring her straight. [*Exit.*]

Tro. I am giddy; expectation whirls me round.

Th' imaginary relish is so sweet 20
That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
When that the watery palate tastes indeed
Love's thrice-repured¹ nectar? death,² I fear me;
Swooning destruction: or some joy too fine,
Too subtle-potent, tun'd too sharp in sweetness,
For the capacity of my ruder powers:
[I fear it much; and I do fear besides,
That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
The enemy flying.] 30

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. She's making her ready, she'll come straight: you must be witty now. She does so blush, [and fetches her wind so short, as if she were fray'd with a sprite:] I'll fetch her. It is the prettiest villain: she fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow. [*Exit.*]

Tro. Even such a passion doth embrace my bosom:
My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
And all my powers do their bestowing³ lose,
Like vassalage at unawares encount'ring
The eye of majesty. 41

Re-enter PANDARUS with CRESSIDA.

Pan. Come, come, what need you blush? shame's a baby.—Here she is now: swear the oaths now to her that you have sworn to me.—What, are you gone again? you must be watch'd ere you be made tame, must you? Come your ways, come your ways; [an you draw backward, we'll put you i' the fills.⁴—] Why do you not speak to her?—[Come, draw this curtain, and let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend daylight! an 't were dark, you'd close sooner. So, so; rub on, and kiss the mistress. How now! a kiss in fee-farm!⁵ build there, carpenter; the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river: go to, go to.] 56

Tro. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: [but she'll bereave you o' the deeds too, if she call your activity in question.] What, billing again? Here's—"In witness whereof the parties interchangeably"—Come in, come in: I'll go get a fire. [*Exit.*]

Cres. Will you walk in, my lord?

Tro. O Cressida, how often have I wish'd me thus!

Cres. Wish'd, my lord!—The gods grant—O my lord!

Tro. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious⁶ dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cres. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

[*Tro.* Fears make devils of cherubins; they never see truly.]

Cres. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear: to fear the worst oft cures the worst.]

Tro. O, let my lady apprehend no fear: in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster. 81

Cres. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Tro. Nothing, but our undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady,—that the will is infinite, [and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless,] and the act a slave to limit. 90

Cres. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions and the act of hares, are they not monsters?

Tro. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted,⁷ allow us as we prove; [our head shall go bare till merit crown it: no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in pre-

¹ Repured=purified. ² Death, i.e. it will be death.

³ Bestowing, self-control. ⁴ Fills, shafts.

⁵ Fee-farm, metaphorically=in perpetuity.

⁶ Curious, perhaps "causing curiosity." ⁷ Tasted=tested.

sent: we will not name desert before his birth;
and, being born, his addition shall be humble.]

Few words to fair faith: Troilus shall be such
to Cressid as what envy can say worst shall be
a mock for his truth, and what truth can
speak truest not truer than Troilus.

[*Cres.* Will you walk in, my lord?

Re-enter PANDARUS.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not
done talking yet? 109

Cres. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I
dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that: if my lord get



Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?—(Act iii. 2. 108, 109.)

a boy of you, you'll give him me. Be true to
my lord: if he flinch, chide me for it.

Tro. You know now your hostages; your
uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too:
our kindred, though they be long ere they are
wooded, they are constant being won: they are
burs, I can tell you; they'll stick where they
are thrown.] 120

Cres. Boldness comes to me now, and brings
me heart:—

Prince Troilus, I have lov'd you night and day
For many weary months.

Tro. Why was my Cressid, then, so hard
to win?

Cres. Hard to seem won: but I was won,
my lord,

With the first glance that ever—pardon me—
If I confess much, you will play the tyrant.

I love you now; but not, till now, so much
But I might master it:—in faith, I lie;

My thoughts were like unbridled children,
grown 130

Too headstrong for their mother:—see, we
fools!

Why have I blabb'd? who shall be true to us
When we are so unsecret to ourselves?—

But, though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man,
Or that we women had men's privilege

Ofspeaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
 For, in this rapture, I shall surely speak 138
 The thing I shall repent. See, see, your silence,
 Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws
 My very soul of counsel!—stop my mouth.

Tro. And shall, albeit sweet music issues
 thence.

[*Pan.* Pretty, i' faith.] [*Kisses her.*

Cres. My lord, I do beseech you, pardon me;
 'T was not my purpose thus to beg a kiss:
 I am asham'd;—O heavens! what have I done?
 For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

[*Tro.* Your leave, sweet Cressid!

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to-mor-
 row morning,— 150

Cres. Pray you, content you.]

Tro. What offends you, lady?

Cres. Sir, mine own company.

Tro. You cannot shun
 Yourself.

Cres. Let me go and try:

I have a kind of self resides with you;
 But an unkind self, that itself will leave,¹
 To be another's fool. I would be gone:—
 Where is my wit? I know not what I speak.

Tro. Well know they what they speak that
 speak so wisely.

Cres. Perchance, my lord, I show'd more
 craft than love; 160

And fell so roundly to a large confession,
 To angle for your thoughts: but you are wise;
 Or, if you love not; for to be wise and love
 Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods
 above.

Tro. O that I thought it could be in a woman—
 As, if it can, I will presume in you—
 To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
 To keep her constancy in plight and youth,
 Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
 That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
 Or, that persuasion could but thus convince
 me,— 171

That my integrity and truth to you
 Might be affronted with the match and weight
 Of such a winnow'd purity in love;
 How were I then uplifted! but, alas,
 I am as true as truth's simplicity,
 And simpler than the infancy of truth.

Cres. In that I'll war with you.

Tro. O virtuous fight,
 When right with right wars who shall be most
 right! 179

True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
 Approve their truths by Troilus: when their
 rhymes,

Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
 Want similes, truth tir'd² with iteration,—

[As true as steel, as plantage³ to the moon,
 As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
 As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—]

Yet, after all comparisons of truth,

[As truth's authentic author to be cited,]

"As true as Troilus" shall crown up the
 verse, 189

And sanctify the numbers.

Cres. Prophet may you be!

If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
 When time is old and hath forgot itself,
 When waterdrops have worn the stones of
 Troy,

And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
 [And mighty states characterless are grated
 To dusty nothing;] yet let memory,
 From false to false, among false maids in love,
 Upbraid my falsehood! when they've said
 "as false

As air, as water, wind, or sandy earth,
 [As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf, 200
 Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son,]"—
 "Yea," let them say, to stick⁴ the heart of
 falsehood,
 "As false as Cressid."

[*Pan.* Go to, a bargain made: seal it, seal it;
 I'll be the witness. Here I hold your hand;
 here my cousin's. If ever you prove false one
 to another, since I have taken such pains to
 bring you together, let all pitiful goers-between
 be called to the world's end after my name,
 call them all Pandars;⁵ let all inconstant men
 be Troiluses, all false women Cressids, and all
 brokers-between Pandars! say, amen.

Tro. Amen.

Cres. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will show you
 a chamber with a bed; which bed, because it

² *Tir'd*=being tired: an awkward construction.

³ See note 138.

⁴ *Stick*, stab, pierce.

⁵ *Pandars*, a correct piece of philology.

¹ *Leave*=cease.

shall not speak of your pretty encounters,
 press it to death: away! 218
 And Cupid grant all tongue-tied maidens here
 Bed, chamber, Pandar to provide this gear!]
 [Exeunt.

SCENE III. *The Grecian camp. Before the
 tent of Achilles.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, DIOMEDES, NES-
 TOR, AJAX, MENELAUS, and CALCHAS.

Cal. Now, princes, for the service I have
 done you,
 Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
 To call for recompense. [Appear it to your
 mind

That, through the sight I bear in things, to love]
 I have abandon'd Troy, left my possessions,
 Incurr'd a traitor's name; [expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,¹
 To doubtful fortunes; sequestering from me all
 That time, acquaintance, custom, and condition,
 Made tame and most familiar to my nature;]
 And here, to do you service, am become 11
 As new into² the world, strange, unacquainted:
 I do beseech you, as in way of taste,
 To give me now a little benefit,
 Out of those many register'd in promise,
 Which, you say, live to come in my behalf.

Agam. What wouldst thou of us, Trojan?
 make demand.

Cal. You have a Trojan prisoner, call'd
 Antenor,

Yesterday look: Troy holds him very dear.
 Oft have you—often have you thanks there-
 fore— 20

Desir'd my Cressid in right great exchange,
 Whom Troy hath still denied: but this Antenor,
 I know, is such a wrest³ in their affairs,
 That their negotiations all must slack,
 Wanting his manage; and they will almost
 Give us a prince of blood, a son of Priam,
 In change of him: let him be sent, great princes,
 And he shall buy my daughter; and her pre-
 sence 23

Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
 In most accepted pain.—

¹ Conveniences, comforts.

² Into=unto.

³ Wrest, an instrument for tightening the strings of a
 harp.

Agam. Let Diomedes bear him,
 And bring us Cressid hither: Calchas shall have
 What he requests of us.—Good Diomed, 32
 Furnish you fairly for this interchange:
 Withal, bring word if Hector will to-morrow
 Be answer'd in his challenge: Ajax is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake; and 'tis a burden
 Which I am proud to bear.

[Exeunt Diomedes and Calchas.

Enter ACHILLES and PATROCLUS, from their
 tent.

Ulyss. Achilles stands i' th' entrance of his
 tent:—

Please it our general to pass strangely by him,
 As if he were forgot; and, princes all, 40
 Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
 I will come last. 'Tis like he'll question me
 Why such unplausive⁴ eyes are bent on him:
 If so, I have derision med'cinable,
 To use between your strangeness and his pride,
 Which his own will shall have desire to drink:
 [It may do good: pride hath no other glass {
 To show itself but pride; for supple knees {
 Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.}]

Agam. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
 A form of strangeness as we pass along:— 51
 So do each lord; and either greet him not,
 Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him
 more

Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the general to speak
 with me?

You know my mind, I'll fight no more 'gainst
 Troy.

Agam. What says Achilles? would he aught
 with us?

Nest. Would you, my lord, aught with the
 general?

Achil. No.

Nest. Nothing, my lord. 60

Agam. The better.

[Exeunt Agamemnon and Nestor.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. [Jauntily] How do you? how do you?
 [Exit.

Achil. What, does the cuckold scorn me?

Ajax. How now, Patroclus!

⁴ Unplausive, i.e. giving no salutation.

Achil. Good morrow, Ajax.

Ajax. Ha!

Achil. Good morrow.

Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exit.*]

Achil. What mean these fellows? Know
they not Achilles? 70

Patr. They pass by strangely: they were us'd
to bend,

To send their smiles before them to Achilles;
To come as humbly as they use to creep 73
To holy altars.

Achil. What, am I poor of late?

'Tis certain, greatness, once fall'n out with
fortune,

Must fall out with men too: what the de-
clin'd¹ is,



Nest. Nothing, my lord.

Agam. The better.—(Act iii. 3. 60, 61.)

He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; [for men, like butter-
flies,

Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man, 80

Hath any honour, but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,²
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:

Which when they fall, as being slippery
standers,

The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,

Do one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall.] But 't is not so with me:
Fortune and I are friends: I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did possess,
Save these men's looks; who do, methinks,
find out 90

Something not worth in me such rich behold-
ing

As they have often given. Here is Ulysses:
I'll interrupt his reading.—

How now, Ulysses!

Ulyss. Now, great Thetis' son!

Achil. What are you reading?

Ulyss. A strange fellow here

¹ *Declin'd*, fallen.

² *Favour*, used passively = being in favour.

Writes me, "That man—how dearly ever parted,¹ 96

How much in having,² or without or in—
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes,³ but by reflection;
[As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver."]

Achil. This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes: nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye oppos'd
Salutes each other with each other's form:
For speculation turns not to itself, 109
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange
at all.

Ulyss. I do not strain at the position,—
It is familiar,—but at the author's drift;
Who, in his circumstance,⁴ expressly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
Though in and of him there be much con-
sisting,
Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in th' applause
Where they're extended; [who, like an arch,
reverberates 120
The voice again; or, like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat.] I was much rapt in
this;

And apprehended here immediately
The unknown Ajax.
Heavens, what a man is there! a very horse;
That has he knows not what. [Nature, what
things there are,
Most abject in regard, and dear in use!⁵
What things again most dear in the esteem,
And poor in worth:] Now shall we see to-
morrow— 130

An act that very chance doth throw upon him—
Ajax renown'd. O heavens, what some men do,
While some men leave to do!

[How some men creep in skittish Fortune's
hall, 134

While others play the idiots in her eyes!
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is fasting in his wantonness!]
To see these Grecian lords!—why, even already
They clap the lubber Ajax on the shoulder,
As if his foot were on brave Hector's breast,
And great Troy shrieking. 141

Achil. I do believe it; for they pass'd by me
As misers do by beggars,—neither gave to me
Good word nor look: what are my deeds forgot?

Ulyss. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his
back,

Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitude:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are
devour'd

As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As they are done: perséverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: [to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail 152
In monumental mockery.] Take th' instant
way;

For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the
path;

For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forth-right,⁶
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost; 160

[Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do
in present,

Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop
yours;]

For time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th'
hand,

And with his arms outstretch'd, as⁷ he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: [welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O,] let not
virtue seek

Remuneration for the thing it was; 170
For beauty, wit,

¹ *Parted*, having good parts or qualities.

² *Having*, substance, property. ³ *Owes*, owns.

⁴ *Circumstance*, i.e. details of his argument.

⁵ *Use*, utility, opposed to reputation.

⁶ *Forth-right* = the path that leads straight on.

⁷ *As*, as though.

High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all 173
To envious and calumniating time.

One touch of nature makes the whole world
kin,—

[That all, with one consent, praise new-born
gauds,

Though they are made and moulded of things
past,

And give to dust, that is a little gilt,

More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.] 179

The present eye praises the present object:

Then marvel not, thou great and complete¹
man,

That all the Greeks begin to worship Ajax;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye
Than what not stirs. The cry went once on
thee,

And still it might, and yet it may again,

If thou wouldst not entomb thyself alive,

And case thy reputation in thy tent;

Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of
late,

Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods
themselves, 189

And drave great Mars to faction.

Achil. Of this my privacy

I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. But 'gainst your privacy

The reasons are more potent and heroical:

'Tis known, Achilles, that you are in love

With one of Priam's daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?

The providence that's in a watchful state

[Knows almost every grain of Plutus' gold;

Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive² deeps;]

Keeps place with thought, and almost, like
the gods, 199

Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.

[There is a mystery—with whom relation³

Durst never meddle—in the soul of state;

Which hath an operation more divine

Than breath or pen can give expressure to:]

All the commerce⁴ that you have had with
Troy

As perfectly is ours as yours, my lord;

[And better would it fit Achilles much
To throw down Hector than Polyxena:]

But it must grieve young Pyrrhus now at
home,

When fame shall in our islands sound her
trump, 210

And all the Greekish girls shall tripping
sing,

"Great Hector's sister did Achilles win;

But our great Ajax bravely beat down him."

Farewell, my lord: I as your lover speak;

The fool slides o'er the ice that you should
break. [*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, Achilles, have I mov'd
you:

A woman impudent and mannish grown

Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man

In time of action. [I stand condemn'd for
this; 219

They think my little stomach to the war,

And your great love to me, restrains you thus:]

Sweet, rouse yourself; and the weak wanton

Cupid

Shall from your neck unloose his amorous
fold,

And, like a dewdrop from the lion's mane,

Be shook to air.

Achil. Shall Ajax fight with Hector?

Patr. Ay, and perhaps receive much honour
by him.

Achil. I see my reputation is at stake;

My fame is shrewdly gor'd.

Patr.

O, then, beware;

Those wounds heal ill that men do give them-
selves:

[Omission to do what is necessary 230]

Seals a commission to a blank of danger;

And danger, like an ague, subtly taints

Even then when we sit idly in the sun.]

Achil. Go call Thersites hither, sweet Pat-
roclus:

I'll send the fool to Ajax, and desire him

T' invite the Trojan lords after the combat

To see us here unarm'd: I have a woman's
longing,

An appetite that I am sick withal,

To see great Hector in his weeds⁵ of peace;

¹ Complete, usually accented so by Elizabethan writers.

² Uncomprehensive, unfathomable.

³ Relation, i.e. history.

⁴ Commerce, secret intercourse.

⁵ Weeds, used of dress in general.

To talk with him, and to behold his visage, 240
Even to my full of view.

Enter THERSITES.

A labour sav'd!

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. Ajax goes up and down the field, asking for himself.

Achil. How so?

Ther. He must fight singly to-morrow with Hector; and is so prophetically proud of an heroic eudgelling that he raves in saying nothing.

Achil. How can that be? 250

Ther. Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock,—a stride and a stand; ruminates like an hostess that hath no arithmetic but her brain to set down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politic¹ regard, as who should say "There were wit in this head, an't would out;" and so there is; but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not show without knocking. The man's undone for ever; for if Hector break not his neck i' the combat, he'll break't himself in vainglory. He knows not me: I said, "Good morrow, Ajax;" and he replies, "Thanks, Agamemnon." What think you of this man, that takes me for the general? [He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster. A plague of² opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.] 266

Achil. Thou must be my ambassador to him, Thersites.

Ther. Who, I? why, he'll answer nobody; he professes not answering: speaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his presence: let Patroclus make demands to me, you shall see the pageant of Ajax.

Achil. To him, Patroclus: tell him,—I humbly desire the valiant Ajax to invite the

most valorous Hector to come unarm'd to my tent; and to procure safe-conduct for his person of the magnanimous and most illustrious six-or-seven-times-honour'd captain-general of the Grecian army, Agamemnon. Do this.

Patr. Jove bless great Ajax! 281

Ther. Hum!

Patr. I come from the worthy Achilles,—

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who most humbly desires you to invite Hector to his tent,—

Ther. Hum!

Patr. And to procure safe-conduct from Agamemnon.

Ther. Agamemnon! 290

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What say you to't?

Ther. God b' wi' you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. If to-morrow be a fair day, by eleven o'clock it will go one way or other: howsoever, he shall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your answer, sir.

Ther. Fare you well, with all my heart. 300

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus. What music will be in him when Hector has knock'd out his brains, I know not; but, I am sure, none,—unless the fiddler Apollo get his sinews to make catlings³ on.

Achil. Come, thou shalt bear a letter to him straight.

Ther. Let me bear another to his horse; for that's the more capable⁴ creature. 310

Achil. My mind is troubled, like a fountain stirr'd;

And I myself see not the bottom of it.

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*]

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an ass at it! I had rather be a tick in a sheep than such a valiant ignorance. [Exit.]

¹ Politic, shrewd, sly.

² Of = upon.

³ Catlings, catgut.

⁴ Capable, intelligent.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Street in Troy.*

Enter, from one side, ÆNEAS, and Servant with a torch; from the other, PARIS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, DIOMEDES, and others, with torches.

Par. See, ho! who's that there?

Dei. 'Tis the Lord Æneas.

Æne. Is the prince there in person?—

Had I so good occasion to lie long
As you, Prince Paris, nothing but heavenly
business

Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Dio. That's my mind too.—Good morrow,
Lord Æneas.

Par. A valiant Greek, Æneas,—take his
hand,—

Witness the process of your speech, wherein
You told how Diomed, a whole week by days,¹
Did haunt you in the field.

Æne. Health to you, valiant sir,
During all question of the gentle truce; 11
[But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think or courage execute.

Dio. The one and other Diomed embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm; and, so long, healthy;
But when contention and occasion meet,
By Jove, I'll play the hunter for thy life
With all my force, pursuit, and policy.

Æne. And thou shalt hunt a lion, that will
fly
With his face backward.—In humane gentle-
ness,] 20

Welcome to Troy! [now, by Anchises' life,
Welcome, indeed!] By Venus' hand I swear,
No man alive can love in such a sort
The thing he means to kill more excellently.

Dio. We sympathize:—Jove, let Æneas live,
If to my sword his fate be not the glory,
A thousand complete courses of the sun!
But, in mine emulous honour, let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to-morrow!

Æne. We know each other well. 30

Dio. We do; and long to know each other
worse.

Par. This is the most spiteful gentle
greeting, 32

The noblest hateful love, that e'er I heard of.—
What business, lord, so early?

Æne. I was sent for to the king; but why,
I know not.

Par. His purpose meets you: 't was to
bring this Greek

To Calchas' house; and there to render him,
For the enfreed Antenor, the fair Cressid:
Let's have your company: or, if you please,
Haste there before us: I constantly do think—
Or, rather, call my thought a certain know-
ledge— 41

My brother Troilus lodges there to-night:
Rouse him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality² wherefore: I fear
We shall be much unwelcome.

Æne. That I assure you:
Troilus had rather Troy were borne to Greece
Than Cressid borne from Troy.

Par. There is no help;
The bitter disposition of the time

Will have it so. On, lord; we'll follow you.

Æne. Good morrow, all. [*Exit with servant.*

Par. And tell me, noble Diomed,—faith,
tell me true, 51

Even in the soul of sound good-fellowship,—
Who, in your thoughts, merits fair Helen best,
Myself or Menelaus?

Dio. Both alike:

He merits well to have her, that doth seek her,
Not making any scruple of her soileure,³
With such a hell of pain and world of charge;
And you as well to keep her, that defend her,
Not palating the taste of her dishonour, 59
With such a costly loss of wealth and friends:
[He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat⁴ tamed piece;
You, like a lecher, out of whorish loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs nor less nor
more;

But he as he, each heavier for a whore.]

¹ By days, i.e. seven days, but not consecutive.

² Quality = tenor of it.

³ Soileure, defilement.

⁴ Flat, metaphor from wine.

Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.

Dio. She's bitter to her country: [hear me, Paris:—

For every false drop in her bawdy veins 69

A Grecian's life hath sunk; for every scruple

Of her contaminated carrion weight

A Trojan hath been slain;] since she could speak,

She hath not given so many good words breath As for her Greeks and Trojans suffer'd death.

Par. Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do, Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy:

But we in silence hold this virtue well,—

We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

Here lies our way.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Court of Pandarus' house in Troy.*

Enter TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself: the morn is cold.

Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I'll call mine uncle down;

He shall unbolt the gates.

Tro. Trouble him not; To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes, And give as soft attachment¹ to thy senses As infants' empty of all thought!

Cres. Good morrow, then.

Tro. I prithee now, to bed.

Cres. Are you a-weary of me?

Tro. O Cressida! but that the busy day, Wak'd by the lark, hath rous'd the ribald² crows, And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer, 10

I would not from thee.

Cres. Night hath been too brief.

Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays

As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love With wings more momentary-swift than thought.

You will catch cold, and curse me.

Cres. Prithee, tarry;—

You men will never tarry.—

[O foolish Cressid!—I might have still held off,

And then you would have tarried.]—Hark! there's one up.

Pan. [Within] What, 's all the doors open here?

Tro. It is your uncle. 20

Cres. A pestilence on him! now will he be mocking:

I shall have such a life!³

Enter PANDARUS.

[*Pan.* How now, how now! how go maiden-heads?—Here, you maid! where's my cousin Cressid?

Cres. Go hang yourself, you naughty mocking uncle!

You bring me to do—and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what?—let her say what:—what have I brought you to do?

Cres. Come, come, beshrew your heart! you'll ne'er be good, 30

Nor suffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! Alas, poor wretch! a poor capocchio!⁴ hast not slept to-night? would he not—a naughty man—let it sleep? a bugbear take him!

Cres. Did I not tell you?—would he were knock'd i' th' head!—] [*Knocking within.* Who's that at door? good uncle, go and see.— My lord, come you again into my chamber:

[You smile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Tro. Ha, ha! 39

Cres. Come, you're deceiv'd, I think of no such thing.— [*Knocking within.*

How earnestly they knock!—Pray you, come in:]

I would not for half Troy have you seen here.

[*Exeunt Troilus and Cressida.*

Pan. [*Going to the door*] Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? How now! what's the matter?

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

Pan. Who's there? my Lord Æneas! By my troth,

I knew you not: what news with you so early?

¹ *Attachment*, arrest.

² *Ribald*, perhaps with the idea of "noisiness."

³ *Such a life*; in the modern cant phrase "such a time of it."

⁴ *Capocchio*, a fool; used coaxingly.

Æne. Is not Prince Troilus here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here? 50

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord; do not deny him:

It doth import¹ him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 't is more than I know, I'll be sworn:—for my own part, I came in late. What should he do here?

Æne. Who!—nay, then:—come, come, you'll do him wrong ere you're ware: you'll be so true to him to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither; go.

As Pandarus is going out, re-enter TROILUS.

Tro. How now! what's the matter? 60

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,

My matter is so rash: there is at hand Paris your brother, and Deiphobus, The Grecian Diomed, and our Antenor Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith, Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour, We must give up to Diomedes' hand The lady Cressida.

Tro. Is it so concluded?²

Æne. By Priam and the general state of Troy: They are at hand, and ready to effect it. 70

Tro. How my achievements mock me!— I will go meet them: and, my Lord Æneas, We met by chance; you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the secrets³ of nature

Have not more gift in taciturnity.

[Exeunt Troilus and Æneas.]

Pan. Is't possible? no sooner got but lost? The devil take Antenor! the young prince will go mad: a plague upon Antenor! I would they had broke's neck! 80

Enter CRESSIDA.

Cres. How now! what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cres. Why sigh you so profoundly? where's my lord? gone! Tell me, sweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would I were as deep under the earth as I am above!

Cres. O the gods!—what's the matter?

Pan. Prithce, get thee in: would thou hadst ne'er been born! I knew thou wouldst be his death:—O, poor gentleman!—A plague upon Antenor!

Cres. Good uncle, I beseech you, on my knees I beseech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou must be gone, wench, thou must be gone; thou art chang'd for Antenor: thou must to thy father, and be gone from Troilus: 't will be his death; 't will be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cres. O you immortal gods!—I will not go.

Pan. Thou must. 101

Cres. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father;

I know no touch of consanguinity; No kin, no love, no blood, no soul so near me As the sweet Troilus.—O you gods divine, Make Cressid's name the very crown of falsehood,

If ever she leave Troilus! Time, force, and death,

Do to this body what extremes you can; But the strong base and building of my love Is as the very centre of the earth, 110 Drawing all things to 't.—I'll go in and weep,—

Pan. Do, do.

Cres. Tear my bright hair, and scratch my praised cheeks; Crack my clear voice with sobs, and break my heart

With sounding "Troilus." I will not go from Troy. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *Street in Troy near Pandarus' house.*

Enter PARIS, TROILUS, ÆNEAS, DEIPHOBUS, ANTENOR, and DIOMEDES.

Par. It is great morning; and the hour prefix'd

Of her delivery to this valiant Greek Comes fast upon:—good my brother Troilus, Tell you the lady what she is to do, And haste her to the purpose.

Tro. Walk into her house; I'll bring her to the Grecian presently: And to his hand when I deliver her, Think it an altar, and thy brother Troilus

¹ *Doth import*, i.e. is of importance.

² *Concluded*, arranged. ³ *Secrets*, a trisyllable.

A priest, there offering to it his own heart.

[*Exit.*

Par. I know what 'tis to love; 10
And would, as I shall pity, I could help!—
Please you walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *A room in Pandarus' house.*

Enter PANDARUS and CRESSIDA.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Cres. Why tell you me of moderation?



Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?—(Act iv. 4. 32.)

The grief is fine, full, perfect, that I taste,
And violenteth in a sense as strong
As that which causeth it: how can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief:
My love admits no qualifying dross;
No more my grief, in such a precious¹ loss.

Pan. Here, here, here he comes. 11

Enter TROILUS.

Ah, sweet ducks!

Cres. O Troilus! Troilus! [*Embracing him.*

Pan. What a pair of spectacles is here!

Let me embrace too. "O heart," as the goodly saying is,

"—— O heart, O heavy heart,
Why sigh'st thou without breaking?"

where he answers again,

"Because thou canst not ease thy smart
By friendship nor by speaking." 21

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse: we see it, we see it.—How now, lambs?

Tro. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,

That the bless'd gods, as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which

¹ *Precious*, i.e. which touches me so closely.

Cold lips blow to their deities, take thee from me.

Cres. Have the gods envy? 30

Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.

Cres. And is it true that I must go from Troy?

Tro. A hateful truth.

Cres. What, and from Troilus too?

Tro. From Troy and Troilus.

Cres. Is it possible?

Tro. And suddenly; [where injury of chance¹

Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by

All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips

Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents 38

Our lock'd embrasures,² strangles our dear vows

Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:]

We two, that with so many thousand sighs

Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves

With the rude brevity and discharge of one.

Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,

Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:

As many farewells as be stars in heaven,

[With distinct breath and consign'd³ kisses to them,]

He fumbles up into a loose adieu;

And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,

Distasted with the salt of broken tears 50

Æne. [Within] My lord, is the lady ready?

Tro. Hark! you are call'd: some say the
Genius so

Cries "Come!" to him that instantly must die.—

Bid them have patience; she shall come anon.

Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this
wind, or my heart will be blown up by the
root. [Exit.

Cres. I must, then, to the Grecians?

Tro. No remedy.

Cres. A woful Cressid 'mongst the merry
Greeks!

When shall we see again?⁴

Tro. Hear me, my love: be thou but true
of heart,— 60

Cres. I true! how now! what wicked deem⁵
is this?

Tro. Nay, we must use expostulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:

[I speak not "be thou true," as fearing thee;

For I will throw my glove to Death himself,
That there's no maculation⁶ in thy heart:

But "be thou true," say I, to fashion in

My sequent protestation;] be thou true,

And I will see thee.

Cres. O, you shall be expos'd, my lord, to
dangers 70

As infinite as imminent! but I'll be true.

Tro. And I'll go friend with danger. Wear
this sleeve.

Cres. And you this glove. When shall I
see you?

Tro. I will corrupt the Grecian sentinels,

To give thee nightly visitation.

But yet, be true.

Cres. O heavens!—"be true" again!

Tro. Hear why I speak it, love:

The Grecian youths are full of quality;

They're loving, well compos'd with gifts of
nature,

And flowing o'er with arts and exercise: 80

How novelty may move, and parts with person,

Alas, a kind of godly jealousy—

Which, I beseech you, call a virtuous sin—

Makes me afraid.

Cres. O heavens! you love me not.

Tro. Die I a villain, then!

In this I do not call your faith in question

So mainly as my merit: I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt,⁷ nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

To which the Grecians are most prompt and
pregnant:⁸ 90

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb-discursive devil

That tempts most cunningly: but be not
tempted.

Cres. Do you think I will?

Tro. No.

But something may be done that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

[When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Presuming on their changeful potency.]

Æne. [Within] Nay, good my lord,—

Tro. Come, kiss; and let us part. 100

Par. [Within] Brother Troilus!

Tro. Good brother, come you hither;
And bring Æneas and the Grecian with you.

¹ Injury of chance, unkindness of fate.

² Embrasures, embraces. ³ Consign'd, sealed.

⁴ See again, i.e. see each other.

⁵ Deem, surmise; obsolete word.

⁶ Maculation, flaw, spot (macula).

⁷ Lavolt, a kind of dance.

⁸ Pregnant, ready.

Cres. My lord, will you be true? 103

Tro. Who, I? alas, it is my vice, my fault:

[Whiles others fish with craft for great opinion,
I with great truth catch mere simplicity;
Whilst some with cunning gild their copper
crowns,

With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.]

Fear not my truth: the moral¹ of my wit
Is "plain and true;" there's all the reach of it.

*Enter ÆNEAS, PARIS, ANTENOR, DEIPHOBUS,
and DIOMEDES.*

Welcome, Sir Diomed! here is the lady

Which for Antenor we deliver you: 112

[At the port, lord, I'll give her to thy hand;
And by the way possess² thee what she is.]

Entreat her fair; and, by my soul, fair Greek,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name Cressid, and thy life shall be as safe
As Priam's is in Ilion.

Dio. Fair Lady Cressid,

So please you, save the thanks this prince ex-
pects: 119

The lustre in your eye, heaven in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to Diomed

You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Tro. Grecian, thou dost not use me cour-
teously,

To shame the zeal of my petition to thee
In praising her: I tell thee, lord of Greece,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee use her well, even for my charge;
For, by the dreadful Pluto, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulk Achilles be thy guard,
I'll cut thy throat.

Dio. O, be not mov'd, Prince Troilus:
Let me be privileg'd by my place and message

{To be a speaker free; [when I am hence,
I'll answer to my lust:] and know you, lord,

I'll nothing do on charge: to her own worth
She shall be priz'd; but that you say, "Be't so,"

I'll speak it in my spirit and honour, "No."

Tro. Come, to the port.—I'll tell thee, Diomed,
This brave³ shall oft make thee to hide thy
head.—

Lady, give me your hand; and, as we walk,

¹ Moral = meaning (almost).

² Possess, inform.

³ Brave, boast, bravado.

To our own selves bend we our needful talk.

[*Exeunt Troilus, Cressida, and Diomedes.*

[*Trumpet within.*

Par. Hark! Hector's trumpet.

Æne. How have we spent this morning!
The prince must think me tardy and remiss,
That swore to ride before him to the field.

Par. 'Tis Troilus' fault: come, come, to field
with him.

Dei. Let us make ready straight.

Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freshalacrity,
Let us address⁴ to tend on Hector's heels:

The glory of our Troy doth this day lie
On his fair worth and single chivalry. 150

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A plain between Troy and the Grecian camp.*

*Enter AJAX, armed; AGAMEMNON, ACHILLES,
PATROCLUS, MENELAUS, ULYSSES, NESTOR,
and others.*

Agam. Here art thou in appointment⁵ fresh
and fair,

Anticipating time with starting courage.

Give with thy trumpet a loud note to Troy,

Thou dreadful Ajax; that th' appalled air

May pierce the head of the great combatant,
And hale him hither. .

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, there's my purse.
Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy spher'd bias⁶ cheek
Outswell the colic of puff'd Aquilon:

Come, stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout
blood; 10

Thou blow'st for Hector. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Ulyss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. 'Tis but early days.

Agam. Is not yond Diomed, with Calchas'
daughter?

Ulyss. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gait;
He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter DIOMEDES with CRESSIDA.

Agam. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Dio. Even she.

⁴ Address, make ready.

⁵ Appointment, equipment.

⁶ Bias, swollen, convex.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks,
sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*]

Nest. Our general doth salute you with a
kiss. 19

Ulyss. [Yet is the kindness but particular;¹
'T were better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel: I'll begin.—
[*Kisses her.*]

So much for Nestor.

Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips,
fair lady: [*Kisses her.*]

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patr. But that's no argument for kissing
now;

For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment,
And parted thus you and your argument.
[*Kisses her.*]

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our
scorns! 30

For which we lose our heads to gild his horns.
Patr. The first was Menelaus' kiss;—this,
mine: [*Kisses her again.*]

Patroclus kisses you.

Men. O, this is trim!

Patr. Paris and I kiss evermore for him.

Men. I'll have my kiss, sir.—Lady, by your
leave.

Cres. In kissing, do you render or receive?

Men. Both take and give.

Cres. I'll make my match to live,
The kiss you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiss.

Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three
for one. 40

Cres. You're an odd man; give even, or
give none.

Men. An odd man, lady! every man is odd.

Cres. No, Paris is not; for you know 'tis true
That you are odd, and he is even with you.

Men. You fillip² me o' the head.

Cres. No, I'll be sworn.

Ulyss. It were no match, your nail against
his horn.—]

May I, sweet lady, beg a kiss of you?

Cres. You may.

Ulyss. I do desire 't.

Cres. Why, beg then, do.

Ulyss. Why, then, for Venus' sake, give me
a kiss,
When Helen is a maid again, and his. 50

[*Pointing to Menelaus.*]

Cres. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis
due.

Ulyss. Never's my day, and then a kiss of
you.

Dio. Lady, a word:—I'll bring you to your
father. [*Exit with Cressida.*]

Nest. A woman of quick sense.

Ulyss. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,
Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton spirits look
out

At every joint and motive³ of her body.
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts
To every ticklish reader! set them down 61
For sluttish spoils of opportunity
And daughters of the game. [*Trumpet within.*]

All. The Trojans' trumpet.

Agam. Yonder comes the troop.

*Enter HECTOR, armed, with Attendants; and
ÆNEAS, TROILUS, and other Trojans, who
remain at back of scene.*

Æne. Hail, all you state of Greece! [what
shall be done

To him that victory commands? or do you
purpose

A victor shall be known?]⁴ will you, the knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity

Pursue each other; or shall they be divided⁵
By any voice or order of the field? 70

Hector bade ask.

Agam. Which way would Hector have it?

Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.

Achil. 'Tis done like Hector; but securely
done,

A little proudly, and great deal misprising⁵
The knight oppos'd.

Æne. If not Achilles, sir,

What is your name?

Achil. If not Achilles, nothing.

¹ Particular, individual, not shared by all.

² Fillip properly means to strike with the finger-nail;
another form of flip.

³ Motive, instrument or motive limb.

⁴ Divided, i.e. parted.

⁵ Misprising, undervaluing.

Æne. Therefore Achilles: but whate'er,
 know this:—
 In the extremity of great and little,
 Valour and pride excel themselves in Hector;
 The one almost as infinite as all, 80
 The other blank as nothing. Weigh him well,
 And that which looks like pride is courtesy.

This Ajax is half made of Hector's blood: so
 In love whereof half Hector stays at home;
 [Half heart, half hand, half Hector comes to seek
 This blended knight, half Trojan and half
 Greek.]

Achil. A maiden battle, then?—O, I perceive you.



Hect. Why, then will I no more:—
 Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.—(Act iv. 5. 119, 120.)

Re-enter DIOMEDES.

Agam. Here is Sir Diomed.—Go, gentle knight,
 Stand by our Ajax: as you and Lord Æneas
 Consent upon the order of their fight, 90
 So be it; either to the uttermost,
 Or else a breath: the combatants being kin
 Half stints their strife before their strokes
 begin. [*Ajax and Hector prepare to fight.*]

Ulyss. They are oppos'd already.

Agam. What Trojan is that same that looks
 so heavy?

Ulyss. The youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless: firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon
 calm'd: 99

His heart and hand both open and both free;
 For what he has he gives, what thinks he
 shows; 101

Yet gives not till judgment guide his bounty,
 Nor dignifies an impure thought with breath:
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector, in his blaze of wrath, subscribes
 To tender objects; but he, in heat of action,
 Is more vindictive¹ than jealous love:
 They call him Troilus; and on him erect
 A second hope, as fairly built as Hector.

[Thus says Æneas; one that knows the youth
 Even to his inches,² and with private soul
 Did in great Ilium thus translate him to me.]

[*Alarum. Hector and Ajax fight.*]

Agam. They are in action. 112

¹ *Vindictive*, original form of *vindictive*.

² *Even to his inches*, i.e. minutely, thoroughly.

Nest. Now, Ajax, hold thine own!

Tro. Hector, thou sleep'st;

Awake thee!

Agam. His blows are well dispos'd:—there,
Ajax!

Dio. You must no more. [*Trumpets cease.*]

Æne. Princes, enough, so please you.

Ajax. I am not warm yet; let us fight again.

Dio. As Hector pleases.

Hect. Why, then will I no more:—

Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son,

A cousin-german to great Priam's seed;

The obligation of our blood forbids 122

A gory emulation 'twixt us twain:

[*Were thy commixtion Greek and Trojan so*

That thou couldst say, "This hand is Grecian all,

And this is Trojan; the sinews of this leg

All Greek, and this all Troy; my mother's blood

Runs on the dexter¹ cheek, and this sinister²

Bounds in my father's;"] by Jove multipotent,

Thou shouldst not bear from me a Greekish

member 130

Wherein my sword had not impressure made

Of our rank feud: but the just gods gainsay

That any drop thou borrow'dst from thy mother,

My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword

Be drained!"] Let me embrace thee, Ajax:

By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;

Hector would have them fall upon him thus:

Cousin, all honour to thee!

Ajax. I thank thee, Hector:

Thou art too gentle and too free a man:

I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence

A great addition earned in thy death. 141

[*Hect.* Not Neoptolemus so mirable³—

On whose bright crest Fame with her loud'st

eyes

Cries "This is he"—could promise to himself

A thought of added honour torn from Hector.]

Æne. There is expectance here from both

the sides,

What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it;⁴

The issue is embracement:—Ajax, farewell.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success—

As sold⁵ I have the chance—I would desire

My famous cousin to our Grecian tents. 151

Dio. 'Tis Agamemnon's wish; and great

Achilles 152

Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant Hector.

Hect. Æneas, call my brother Troilus to me:

And signify this loving interview

To the expecters of our Trojan part;

Desire them home. [*Æneas goes to Troilus and*

other Trojans at back].—Give me thy hand,

my cousin [*to Ajax*];

I will go eat with thee, and see your knights.

Ajax. Great Agamemnon comes to meet us

here.

Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name

by name; 160

[*But for Achilles, mine own searching eyes*

Shall find him by his large and portly size.]

Agam. Worthy of arms! as welcome as to one

That would be rid of such an enemy;

[*But that's no welcome: understand more clear,*

What's past and what's to come is strew'd

with husks

And formless ruin of oblivion;

But in this extant⁶ moment, faith and troth,

Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,⁷

Bids thee, with most divine integrity,] 170

From heart of very heart, great Hector, wel-

come.

Hect. I thank thee, most imperious Aga-

memnon. [Æneas and Troilus advance.

Agam. [*To Troilus*] My well-fam'd lord of

Troy, no less to you.

[*Men.* Let me confirm my princely brother's

greeting;—

You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.

Hect. Who must we answer?

Æne. The noble Menelaus.

Hect. O, you, my lord? by Mars his gauntlet,

thanks!

Mock not, that I affect th' untraded⁸ oath;

Your quondam wife swears still by Venus'

glove:

She's well, but bade me not commend her to

you. 180

Men. Name her not now, sir; she's a deadly

theme.

Hect. O, pardon; I offend.]

Nest. [*To Hector*] I have, thou gallant Tro-

jan, seen thee oft,

¹ Dexter, right.

² Sinister, left.

³ Mirable, to be wondered at.

⁴ It, i.e. the expectance.

⁵ Sold, seldom.

⁶ Extant=present.

⁷ Bias-drawing, turning away.

⁸ Untraded, out of the beaten path, uncommon.

Labouring for destiny, make cruel way 184
Through ranks of Greekish youth; and I have
seen thee,

[As hot as Perseus, spur the Phrygian steed,
Despising¹ many forfeits² and subduements,³]
When thou hast hung thy advanced sword
i' th' air,

Not letting it decline on the declin'd;
That I have said to some my standers-by, 190
"Lo, Jupiter is yonder, dealing life!"

[And I have seen thee pause and take thy
breath,
When that a ring of Greeks have hemm'd
thee in,

Like an Olympian wrestling; this have I seen;
But this thy countenance, still⁴ lock'd in steel,
I never saw till now.] I knew thy grandsire,⁵
And once fought with him: he was a soldier
good;

But, by great Mars, the captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee;
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old Nestor. 201

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chron-
icle,

That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with
time:—

Most reverend Nestor, I am glad to clasp thee.
Nest. I would my arms could match thee in
contention,

As they contend with thee in courtesy.

Hect. I would they could.

Nest. Ha!

By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to-
morrow:—

Well, welcome, welcome!—I have seen the
time— 210

Ulyss. [Interrupting] I wonder now how
yonder city stands

When we have here her base and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, Lord Ulysses, well.
Ah, sir, there's many a Greek and Trojan dead,
Since first I saw yourself and Diomed
In Ilium, on your Greekish embassy.

Ulyss. Sir, I foretold you then what would
ensue:

My prophecy is but⁶ half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whose wanton tops do buss⁷ the
clouds, 220

Must kiss their own feet.

Hect. I must not believe you:
There they stand yet; and modestly I think,
The fall of every Phrygian stone will cost
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crowns all;
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.

Ulyss. So to him we leave it.
[Most gentle and most valiant Hector, wel-
come:

After the general, I beseech you next
To feast with me, and see me at my tent.

Achil. [I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses,
thou!—] 230

Now, Hector, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
[I have with exact view perus'd thee, Hector,]
And quoted⁸ joint by joint.

Hect. Is this Achilles?

Achil. I am Achilles.

Hect. Stand fair, I pray thee: let me look
on thee.

Achil. Behold thy fill.

Hect. Nay, I have done already.

Achil. Thou art too brief: I will the second time,
As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb.

Hect. [O, like a book of sport thou'lt read
me o'er;

But there's more in me than thou under-
stand'st.] 240

Why dost thou so oppress me with thine eye?

Achil. Tell me, you heavens, in which part
of his body

Shall I destroy him? whether there, [or there,]
or there?

[That I may give the local wound a name,
And make distinct the very breach whereout
Hector's great spirit flew:] answer me, heavens!

Hect. It would discredit the bless'd gods,
proud man,

To answer such a question: stand again:
Think'st thou to catch my life so pleasantly
As to prenominate⁹ in nice conjecture 250
Where thou wilt hit me dead?

¹ *Despising*=not availing yourself of.

² *Forfeits*, i.e. lives forfeited in battle.

³ *Subduements*, victories.

⁴ *Still*, always. ⁵ *Grandsire*, i.e. Laomedon

⁶ *Is but*, has travelled but.

⁷ *Buss*, kiss.

⁸ *Quoted*, observed.

⁹ *Prenominate*, say beforehand.

Achil.

I tell thee, yea.

Hect. Wert thou an oracle to tell me so,
I'd not believe thee. Henceforth guard thee
well; 253

For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor
there;

But, by the forge that stithied¹ Mars his helm,
I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.—
You wisest Grecians, pardon me this brag,
His insolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match these words,
Or may I never—

Ajax.

Do not chafe thee, cousin:—

And you, Achilles, let these threats alone,
Till accident or purpose bring you to't: 262
You may have every day enough of Hector,
If you have stomach; the general state, I fear,
Can scarce entreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us see you in the field:
We have had pelting² wars, since you refus'd
The Grecians' cause.

Achil.

Dost thou entreat me, Hector?

To-morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To-night all friends.

Hect.

Thy hand upon that match.

Agam. First, all you peers of Greece, go to
my tent; 271

There in the full³ convive⁴ we: afterwards,

As Hector's leisure and your bounties shall
Concur together, severally entreat⁵ him.—
Beat loud the tabourines, let the trumpets
blow,

That this great soldier may his welcome know.

[*Exeunt all except Troilus and Ulysses.*]

Tro. My Lord Ulysses, tell me, I beseech you,
In what place of the field doth Calchas keep?

Ulyss. At Menelaus' tent, most princely

Troilus: 279

There Diomed doth feast with him to-night;
Who neither looks upon the heaven nor earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the fair Cressid.

Tro. Shall I, sweet lord, be bound to you
so much,

After we part from Agamemnon's tent,
To bring me thither?

Ulyss.

You shall command me, sir.

As gentle⁶ tell me, of what honour was
This Cressida in Troy? Had she no lover there
That waits her absence?

Tro. O sir, to such as boasting show their
scars 290

A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was below'd, she lov'd; she is, and doth:
But still sweet love is food for fortune's tooth.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Grecian camp. Before Achilles'
tent.*

Enter ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

Achil. I'll heat his blood with Greekish
wine to-night,
Which with myscimitar I'll cool to-morrow.—
Patroclus, let us feast him to the height.

Patr. Here comes Thersites.

Enter THERSITES.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy!
Thou crusty batch⁷ of nature, what's the news?

Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou
seemest, and idol of idiot-worshippers, here's
a letter for thee. [*Gives letter.*]

Achil. From whence, fragment? 9

Ther. Why, thou full dish of fool, from Troy.

Patr. Who keeps the tent⁸ now?

Ther. The surgeon's box, or the patient's
wound.

Patr. Well said, adversity! and what need
these tricks?

Ther. Prithee, be silent, boy; I profit not
by thy talk: [thou art thought to be Achilles']
male varlet.

Patr. Male varlet, you rogue! what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now, the

¹ *Stithied*, forged.

² *Pelting*=paltry.

³ *In the full*, i.e. all together.

⁴ *Convive*, feast.

⁵ *Entreat*, entertain.

⁶ *As gentle*=as kindly tell me.

⁷ *Batch*=baked bread.

⁸ *Tent*: Thersites quibbles upon its surgical meaning.

rotten diseases of the south, the guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i' the back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of imposthume, sciaticas, humekils i' the palm, incurable bone-ache, and the rivelled¹ fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such preposterous discoveries!²

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meanest thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee? 30

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt; you whoreson indistinguishable cur, no.

Ther. No! why art thou, then, exasperate,] thou idle immaterial³ skein of sleeve-silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou tassel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such waterflies, — diminutives of nature!

Patr. Out, gall! 40

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet Patroclus, I am thwarted quite

From my great purpose in to-morrow's battle. Here is a letter from Queen Hecuba; A token from her daughter, my fair love; Both taxing⁴ me and gaging me to keep An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it: Fall Greeks; fail fame; honour or go or stay; My major vow lies here, this I'll obey. — Come, come, Thersites, help to trim my tent; This night in banqueting must all be spent. — Away, Patroclus! 52

[*Exeunt Achilles and Patroclus into tent.*]

Ther. With too much blood and too little brain, these two may run mad; but, if with too much brain and too little blood they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's Agamemnon, — an honest fellow enough, and one that loves quails; but he has not so much brain as ear-wax: and the goodly transformation of Jupiter there, his brother, the bull, [—the primitive statue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds; a thrifty shoeing-horn⁵ in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg,] — to what form, but that he is, should wit larded with malice, and malice

forced⁶ with wit, turn him to? To an ass, were nothing; he is both ass and ox: to an ox, were nothing; he is both ox and ass. To be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew,⁷ a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care;⁸ but to be Menelaus! — I would conspire against destiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not Thersites; for I care not to be the louse of a lazar,⁹ so I were not Menelaus. — Hoy-day! — spirits and fires!

Enter HECTOR, TROILUS, AJAX, AGAMEMNON, ULYSSES, NESTOR, MENELAUS, and DIOMEDES, with lights.

Agam. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; There, where we see the lights.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Ulyss. Here comes himself to guide you.

Re-enter ACHILLES from tent.

Achil. Welcome, brave Hector; welcome, princes all.

Agam. So now, fair prince of Troy, I bid good night.

Ajax commands the guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the Greeks' general. 80

[*Men.* Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, sweet Lord Menelaus.

Ther. Sweet draught: sweet, quoth a! sweet sink, sweet sewer.]

Achil. Good night and welcome, both at once, to those

That go or tarry.

Agam. Good night.

[*Exeunt Agamemnon and Menelaus.*]

Achil. Old Nestor tarries; and you too, Diomed,

Keep Hector company an hour or two.

Dio. I cannot, lord; I have important business,

The tide whereof is now. — Good night, great Hector. 90

Hect. Give me your hand.

¹ Rivelled, wrinkled. ² Discoveries, monstrosities.

³ Immaterial, slight, worthless. ⁴ Taxing, blaming.

⁵ Shoeing-horn, one subservient as a tool or instrument to another.

⁶ Forced, stuffed (Latin, *farcire*).

⁷ Fitchew, polecat.

⁸ Would not care, i.e. would not mind being.

⁹ Lazar, a leper, outcast.

Ulyss. [*Aside to Troilus*] Follow his torch;
he goes to Calchas' tent: 92
I'll keep you company.

Tro. [*Aside to Ulysses*] Sweet sir, you
honour me.

Hect. And so, good night.

[*Exit Diomedes; Ulysses and Troilus
following.*]

Achil. Come, come, enter my tent.
[*Exeunt Achilles, Hector, Ajax, and
Nestor into tent.*]

Ther. That same Diomed's a false-hearted
rogue, a most unjust knave; I will no more
trust him when he leers than I will a serpent
when he hisses: he will spend his mouth, and
promise, like Brabblers the hound; but when
he performs, astronomers foretell it; it is pro-
digious, there will come some change; the sun
borrows of the moon when Diomed keeps his
word. I will rather leave to see Hector than
not to dog him: they say he keeps a Trojan
drab, and uses the traitor Calchas' tent: I'll
after.—[Nothing but lechery! all incontinent
varlets!] [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Before Calchas' tent.*

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. What, are you up here, ho? speak.

Cal. [*Within*] Who calls?

Dio. Diomed.—Calchas, I think. Where's
your daughter?

Cal. [*Within*] She comes to you.

*Enter TROILUS and ULYSSES, at some distance;
after them THERSITES.*

Ulyss. Stand where the torch may not dis-
cover us.

Enter CRESSIDA from tent.

Tro. Cressid comes forth to him.

Dio. How now, my charge!

Cres. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark, 'a
word with you. [*Whispers.*]

Tro. Yea, so familiar!

Ulyss. She will sing any man at first sight.

[*Ther.* And any man may sing her, if he can
take her cliff;¹ she's noted.] 11

Dio. Will you remember? 12

Cres. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do, then;

And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Tro. What should she remember?

Ulyss. List.

Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more
to folly. 19

Ther. Roguery!

Dio. Nay, then,—

Cres. I'll tell you what,—

Dio. Foh, foh! come, tell a pin: you are
forsworn.

Cres. In faith, I cannot: what would you
have me do?

[*Ther.* A juggling trick,—to be secretly;
open.]

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow
on me?

Cres. I prithee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Tro. Hold, patience!

Ulyss. How now, Trojan!

Cres. Diomed,— 30

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool
no more.

Tro. Thy better² must.

Cres. Hark, one word in your ear.

Tro. O plague and madness!

Ulyss. You are mov'd, prince; let us depart,
I pray you,

Lest your displeasure should enlarge³ itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

[*Tro.* Behold, I pray you!

Ulyss. Nay, good my lord, go off: 40

You flow to great distraction; come, my lord.]

Tro. I pray thee, stay.

Ulyss. You have not patience; come.]

Tro. I pray you, stay; by hell and all hell's
torments,

I will not speak a word!

Dio. And so, good night.

Cres. Nay, but you part in anger.

Tro. Doth that grieve thee?

O wither'd truth!

Ulyss. Why, how now, lord!

¹ *Cliff*, i.e. clef; a term in music=key.

² *Thy better*, meaning himself. ³ *Enlarge*, vent itself.

Tro.
I will be patient.
Cres. Guardian!—why, Greek!
Dio. Foh, foh! adieu; you palter.¹
Cres. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyss. You shake, my lord, at something: will you go? 50
You will break out.
Tro. She strokes his cheek!

Ulyss. Come, come.
Tro. Nay, stay; by Jove, I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.
[*Ther.* How the devil luxury, with his fat
rump and potato-finger, tickles these together!
Fry, lechery, fry!]
Dio. But will you, then? 58
Cres. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.



Cres. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.—(Act v. 2. 19.)

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cres. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit into tent.*]
Ulyss. You have sworn patience.
Tro. Fear me not, sweet lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-enter CRESSIDA from tent.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now!
Cres. Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.
[*Giving him the sleeve given her by Troilus.*]
Tro. O beauty! where is thy faith?
Ulyss. My lord,—
Tro. I will be patient; outwardly I will.
Cres. You look upon that sleeve; behold it well.—
He lov'd me—O false wench!—Give't me again. 70

Dio. Whose was't? 71
Cres. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to-morrow night:
I prithee, Diomed, visit me no more.
Ther. Now she sharpens:—well said, whetstone!
Dio. I shall have it.
Cres. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that
Cres. O all you gods!—O pretty, pretty pledge!
Thy master now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me; and sighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kisses to it, 80
As I kiss thee. [*Kissing the sleeve; Diomed
snatches it from her*] Nay, do not snatch
it from me;
He that takes that doth take my heart withal.
Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.
Tro. I did swear patience.

¹ *Palter*, trifle.

Cres. You shall not have it, Diomed; faith,
you shall not;

I'll give you something else.

Dio. I will have this: whose was it?

Cres. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whose it was.

Cres. 'T was one's that lov'd me better than
you will. 89

But, now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whose was it?

Cres. By all Diana's waiting-women¹ yond,²
And by herself, I will not tell you whose.

Dio. To-morrow will I wear it on my helm;
And grieve his spirit that dares not challenge it.

Tro. Wert thou the devil, and wor'st it on
thy horn,

It should be challeng'd.

Cres. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis past;—and
yet it is not;

I will not keep my word.

Dio. Why, then, farewell;
Thou never shalt mock Diomed again.

Cres. You shall not go:—one cannot speak
a word, 100

But it straight starts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by Pluto: but that that likes
not you pleases me best.

Dio. What, shall I come? the hour?

Cres. Ay, come:—O Jove!—do come:—I
shall be plagu'd.

Dio. Farewell till then.

Cres. Good night: I prithee, come.

[*Exit Diomedes.*]

Troilus, farewell! one eye yet looks on thee;

But with my heart the other eye doth see.

Ah, poor our sex!³ this fault in us I find,

The error of our eye directs our mind: 110

[What error leads must err; O, then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.]

[*Exit.*]

[*Ther.* A proof of strength she could not
publish more,

Unless she said, "My mind is now turn'd
whore."]

Ulyss. All's done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss.

Why stay we, then?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul

Of every syllable that here was spoke.

But [if I tell how these two did co-act,

Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?

Sith] yet there is a credence in my heart, 120

[An esperance so obstinately strong,]

That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears;

[As if those organs had deceptive functions,

Created only to calumniate.]

[*Pauses, overcome by emotion.*]

Was Cressid here?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

[*Tro.* Why, my negation hath no taste⁴ of
madness.

Ulyss. Nor mine, my lord: Cressid was
here but now.] 128

Tro. Let it not be believ'd for womanhood!

Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage

To stubborn critics,—apt, without a theme,

For depravation,—to square the general sex

By Cressid's rule: rather think this not Cressid.

Ulyss. What hath she done, prince, that can
soil our mothers?

Tro. Nothing at all, unless that this were she.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on 's own
eyes?⁵

Tro. This she? no, this is Diomed's Cressida:

If beauty have a soul, this is not she;

If souls guide vows, if vows be sanctimonies,

If sanctimony be the gods' delight, 140

If there be rule in unity itself,

This is not she. [O madness of discourse,

That cause sets up with and against itself!

Bi-fold authority! where reason can revolt

Without perdition, and loss assume all reason

Without revolt:] this is, and is not, Cressid!

Within my soul there doth conduce a fight

Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate

Divides more wider than the sky and earth;

[And yet the spacious breadth of this division

Admits no orifex⁶ for a point, as subtle 151

As Ariachne's broken woof, to enter.]

Instance, O instance! strong as Pluto's gates;

Cressid is mine, tied with the bonds of heaven:

¹ Diana's waiting-women, i.e. the stars.

² Yond, yonder.

³ Poor our sex, i.e. our poor sex.

⁴ Taste, suggestion in it.

⁵ Swagger himself, &c.=persuade himself he never saw.

⁶ Orifex, orifice.



TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.
Act V. Scene III. line 16

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows.

Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;
The bonds of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and
loos'd; 156

And with another knot, five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts¹ of her love,
The fragments, scraps, the bits, and greasy relics
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to Diomed.

Ulyss. May worthy Troilus be but half
attach'd 161

With that which here his passion doth express?

Tro. Ay, Greek; and that shall bedivulged well
In characters as red as Mars his heart
Inflam'd with Venus: never did young man
fancy²

With so eternal and so fix'd a soul.

Hark, Greek:—as much as I do Cressid love,
So much by weight hate I her Diomed:

That sleeve is mine that he'll bear on his helm;
Were it a casque compos'd by Vulcan's skill,
My sword should bite it: not the dreadful
spout, 171

Which shipmen do the hurricano call,
Constring'd³ in mass by the almighty sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted sword
Falling on Diomed.

[*Ther.* He'll tickle it for his concupy.⁴]

Tro. O Cressid! O false Cressid! false, false,
false!

Let all untruths stand by⁵ thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain yourself;
Your passion draws ears hither. 181

Enter ÆNEAS.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour,
my lord:

Hector, by this, is arming him in Troy;
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Tro. Have with you, prince.—My courteous
lord, adieu.—

Farewell, revolted fair!—and, Diomed,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Tro. Accept distracted thanks. 189

[*Exeunt Troilus, Æneas, and Ulysses.*]

Ther. Would I could meet that rogue
Diomed! I would croak like a raven; I would
bode, I would bode. [Patroclus will give me
any thing for the intelligence of this whore:
the parrot will not do more for an almond
than he for a commodious drab.] Lechery,
lechery; still, wars and lechery; nothing else
holds fashion; a burning devil take them!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *Troy. Priam's palace.*

Enter HECTOR and ANDROMACHE.

And. When was my lord so much ungently
temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to-day.

Hect. You train⁶ me to offend you; get you in:
By all the everlasting gods, I'll go!

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous⁷
to the day.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter CASSANDRA.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?

And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in
intent.

Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of
slaughter. 12

Cas. O, it is true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet
brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the gods have heard
me swear.

Cas. The gods are deaf to hot and peevish
vows:

They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O, be persuaded! do not count it holy
To hurt by being just: it is as lawful, 20
For⁸ we would give much, to use⁹ violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong
the vow;

¹ Orts, leavings

² Fancy, love.

³ Constring'd = compressed; an obvious Latinism.

⁴ Concupy, concupiscence.

⁵ Stand by, be compared with.

⁶ Train, lead.

⁷ Ominous, fatal.

⁸ For = because.

⁹ Use, practise.

But vows to every purpose must not hold: 24
Unarm, sweet Hector.

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate:
Life every man holds dear; but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter TROILUS.

How now, young man! mean'st thou to fight
to-day? 29

And. Cassandra, call my father to persuade.
[*Exit Cassandra.*]

Hect. No, faith, young Troilus; doff thy
harness, youth;
I am to-day i' the vein of chivalry:

Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand to-day for thee, and me, and Troy.

Tro. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you,
Which better fits a lion than a man.

Hect. What vice is that, good Troilus? chide
me for it.

Tro. When many times the captive Grecians
fall, 40
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,
You bid them rise, and live.

Hect. O, 't is fair play.

Tro. Fool's play, by heaven, Hector.

Hect. How now! how now!

Tro. For the love of all the gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our swords,
Spur them to ruthless work, rein them from ruth.

Hect. Fie, savage, fie!

Tro. Hector, then 't is wars.

Hect. Troilus, I would not have you fight
to-day. 50

Tro. Who should withhold me?

Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of Mars
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my retire;
Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,
Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse¹ of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true sword
drawn,
Oppos'd to hinder me, should stop my way,
But by my ruin.

Re-enter CASSANDRA and PRIAM.

Cas. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him
fast: 59

He is thy crutch; now if thou lose thy stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,
Fall all together.

Pri. Come, Hector, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dream'd; thy mother hath
had visions;

Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,
To tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore, come back.

Hect. Æneas is a-field;
And I do stand engag'd² to many Greeks,
Even in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.

Pri. Ay, but thou shalt not go.

Hect. I must not break my faith. 71
You know me dutiful; therefore, dear sir,
Let me not shame respect; but give me leave
To take that course by your consent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam.

Cas. O Priam, yield not to him!

And. Do not, dear father.

Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you:
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.

[*Exit Andromache.*]

Tro. This foolish, dreaming, superstitious girl
Makes all these bodelements.

Cas. O, farewell, dear Hector!
Look, how thou diest! look, how thy eye turns
pale! 81

Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how Troy roars! how Hecuba cries out!
How poor Andromache shrills her dolours forth!
Behold, distraction, frenzy, and amazement,
Like witless antics, one another meet,
And all cry "Hector! Hector's dead!" O
Hector!

Tro. Away! away!

Cas. Farewell:—yet, soft!—Hector, I take
my leave:
Thou dost thyself and all our Troy deceive.

[*Exit.*]

Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her
exclaim: 91

¹ *Recourse*, i.e. that come and go.

² *Engag'd*, pledged.

Go in, and cheer the town: we'll forth and
fight; 92
Do deeds worth praise, and tell you them at
night.

Pri. Farewell: the gods with safety stand
about thee!

*[Exeunt severally Priam and Hector.
Alarums.]*

Tro. They're at it, hark!—proud Diomed,
believe, 95
I come to lose my arm, or win my sleeve.

*As TROILUS is going out, enter from the other
side PANDARUS.*

Pan. Do you hear, my lord? do you
hear?



Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.—(Act v. 3. 107, 108.)

Tro. What now?

Pan. Here's a letter come from yond poor
girl. *[Gives letter.]*

Tro. Let me read. 100

Pan. A whoreson tisick, a whoreson rascally
tisick so troubles me, and the foolish fortune
of this girl; and what one thing, what another,
that I shall leave you one o' th's days: and I
have a rheum in mine eyes too; and such an
ache in my bones, that, unless a man were

curs'd,¹ I cannot tell what to think on't.—
What says she there?

Tro. Words, words, mere words, no matter
from the heart;
Th' effect doth operate another way.—

[Tearing the letter.]
Go, wind, to wind, there turn and change
together.— 110

¹ *Curs'd*, by a witch, or some evil agency.

My love with words and errors still she feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE IV. *Plains between Troy and the
Grecian camp.*

Alarums: excursions. Enter THERSITES.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another; I'll go look on. That dissembling abominable varlet, Diomed, has got that same scurvy doting foolish young knave's sleeve of Troy there in his helm: I would fain see them meet; that that same young Trojan ass, [that loves the whore there,] might send that Greekish [whoremasterly] villain, with the sleeve, back to the dissembling luxurious drab, of a sleeveless errand. O' the t'other side, the policy of those crafty swearing rascals—that stale old mouse-eaten dry cheese, Nestor, and that same dog-fox, Ulysses—is not proved worth a blackberry:—they set me up, in policy, that mongrel cur, Ajax, against that dog of as bad a kind, Achilles: and now is the cur Ajax prouder than the cur Achilles, and will not arm to-day; whereupon the Grecians begin to proclaim barbarism,¹ and policy grows into an ill opinion.—Soft! here comes sleeve, and t'other.

Enter DIOMEDES, TROILUS following.

Tro. Fly not; for shouldst thou take the river Styx,
I would swim after.

Dio. Thou dost miscall retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude:
Have at thee!

[*Ther.* Hold thy whore, Grecian!—now for thy whore, Trojan!—now the sleeve, now the sleeve!]
[*Exeunt Troilus and Diomedes, fighting.*]

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. What art thou, Greek? art thou for Hector's match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no,—I am a rascal; a scurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue. 31

Hect. I do believe thee;—live. [*Exit.*]
Ther. God-a-mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frightening me!—What's become of the wenching rogues? I think they have swallowed one another: I would laugh at that miracle:—[yet, in a sort, lechery eats itself.] I'll seek them. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter DIOMEDES and a Servant.

Dio. Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse;
Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid:
Fellow, commend my service to her beauty;
Tell her I have chastis'd the amorous Trojan,
And am her knight by proof.

Serv. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. Renew, renew! The fierce Polydamas
Hath beat down Menon: [bastard Margarelon
Hath Doreus prisoner,
And stands colossus-wise, waving his beam,
Upon the pashed corpses of the kings 10
Epistrophus and Cediuz: Polyxenes is slain;
Amphimachus and Thoas deadly hurt;]
Patroclus ta'en or slain; and Palamedes
Sore hurt and bruised: the dreadful Sagittary²
Appals our numbers:—haste we, Diomed,
To reinforcement, or we perish all.

Enter NESTOR.

Nest. Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles;
And bid the snail-pac'd Ajax arm forshame.—
There is a thousand Hectors in the field:
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse, 20
And there lacks work; anon he's there afoot,
[And there they fly or die, like scaled sculls³
Before the belching whale; then is he yonder,]
And there the strawy Greeks, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's swath:⁴
Here, there, and every where, he leaves and
takes;
Dexterity so obeying appetite,
That what he will he does; and does so much,
That proof is call'd impossibility.

² *The dreadful Sagittary.* See note 330.

³ *Sculls* = shoals (of fish).

⁴ *Swath*, grass cut by the scythe.

¹ *Barbarism*, mere strength, force, opposed to policy.

Enter ULYSSES.

Ulyss. O, courage, courage, princes! great
 Achilles
 Isarming, weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance;
 Patroclus' wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood,
 Together with his mangled Myrmidons,
 That noseless, handless, hack'd and chipp'd,
 come to him,
 Crying on Hector. Ajax hath lost a friend,
 And foams at mouth, and he is arm'd and at it,
 Roaring for Troilus; who hath done to-day
 Mad and fantastic execution;
 Engaging and redeeming of himself,¹
 With such a careless force and forceless care,
 As if that luck, in very spite of cunning,
 Bade him win all.

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus! thou coward Troilus! [*Exit.*
Dio. Ay, there, there.
Nest. So, so, we draw together.

[*Enter* ACHILLES.

Achil. Where is this Hector?—
 Come, come, thou boy-queller, show thy face;
 Know what it is to meet Achilles angry:—
 Hector! where's Hector? I will none but
 Hector.] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AJAX.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward Troilus, show
 thy head!

Enter DIOMEDES.

Dio. Troilus, I say! where's Troilus?

Ajax. What wouldst thou?

Dio. I would correct him.

Ajax. Were I the general, thou shouldst
 have my office

Ere that correction.—Troilus, I say! what,
 Troilus!

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. O traitor Diomed!—turn thy false
 face, thou traitor,

And pay the life thou ow'st me for my horse!

Dio. Ha, art thou there?

Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: stand, Dio-
 med.

Dio. He is my prize; I will not look upon.

Tro. Come, both you cogging² Greeks; have
 at you both! [*Exeunt, fighting.*

[*Enter* HECTOR.

Hect. Yea, Troilus? O, well fought, my
 youngest brother!

Enter ACHILLES.

Achil. Now do I see thee, ha!—have at thee,
 Hector!

Hect. Pause, if thou wilt.

Achil. I do disdain thy courtesy, proud
 Trojan:

Be happy that my arms are out of use:
 My rest and negligence befriend thee now,
 But thou anon shalt hear of me again;
 Till when, go seek thy fortune. [*Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:—
 I would have been much more a fresher man,
 Had I expected thee.

Re-enter TROILUS.

How now, my brother! 21
Tro. Ajax hath ta'en Æneas: shall it be?
 No, by the flame of yonder glorious heaven,
 He shall not carry him; I'll be ta'en too,
 Or bring him off:—fate, hear me what I say!
 I reck not though I end my life to-day. [*Exit.*

Enter one in sumptuous armour.

Hect. Stand, stand, thou Greek; thou art a
 goodly mark:—
 No? wilt thou not?—I like thy armour well;
 I'll frush³ it, and unlock the rivets all,
 But I'll be master of it:—wilt thou not, beast,
 abide?
 Why, then fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ACHILLES with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my Myr-
 midons;
 Mark what I say. Attend me where I wheel:

¹ Redeeming, &c., i.e. rescuing himself from the foe.

² Cogging, cheating.

³ Frush, batter.

Strike not a stroke, but keep yourselves in breath:

And when I have the bloody Hector found,
Empale him with your weapons round about;
In fellest manner execute your aims.
Follow me, sirs, and my proceedings eye:—
It is decreed Hector the great must die. [*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter MENELAUS and PARIS, fighting; then THERSITES.*]

Ther. The cuckold and the cuckold-maker are at it.—Now, bull! now, dog! 'Loo, Paris, 'loo! now my double-henned sparrow! 'loo, Paris, 'loo!—The bull has the game:—ware horns, ho! [*Exeunt Paris and Menelaus.*]



Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the man I seek.—(Act v. 8. 10.)

Enter MARGARELON.

Mar. Turn, slave, and fight.

Ther. What art thou?

Mar. A bastard son of Priam's.

Ther. I am a bastard too; I love bastards: I am a bastard begot, bastard instructed, bastard in mind, bastard in valour, in every thing illegitimate. One bear will not bite another, and wherefore should one bastard? Take heed, the quarrel's most ominous to us: if the son of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment:¹ farewell, bastard. [*Exit.*]

¹ Judgment, i.e. of heaven.

Mar. The devil take thee, coward! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter HECTOR.

Hect. [Most putrefied core, so fair without,
Thy goodly armour thus hath cost thy life.]
Now is my day's work done; I'll take good breath:
Rest, sword; thou hast thy fill of blood and death.

[*Puts off his helmet, and hangs his shield behind him.*]

Enter ACHILLES *and* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set;

How ugly night comes breathing at his heels:
Even with the vail¹ and darkening of the sun,
To close the day up, Hector's life is done.

Hect. I am unarm'd; forego this vantage,
Greek.

Achil. Strike, fellows, strike; this is the
man I seek. [*Hector falls.*]

So, Ilion, fall thou next! now, Troy, sink
down! 11

Here lies thy heart, thy sinews, and thy bone.—
On, Myrmidons; and cry you all amain,
“Achilles hath the mighty Hector slain.”

[*A retreat sounded.*]

Hark! a retire² upon our Grecian part.

Myr. The Trojan trumpets sound the like,
my lord.

Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erspreads
the earth,

And, stickler-like,³ the armies separates.

[*My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly⁴ would
have fed,*

*Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to
bed.* [*Sheathes his sword.*]

Come, tie his body to my horse's tail; 21

Along the field I will the Trojan trail.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter AGAMEMNON, AJAX, MENELAUS, NESTOR,
DIOMEDES, *and others, marching. Shouts
within.*

Agam. Hark! hark! what shout is that?

Nest. Peace, drums!

[*Within*] Achilles! Achilles! Hector's slain!
Achilles!

Dio. The bruit is, Hector's slain, and by
Achilles.

Ajax. If it be so, yet bragless let it be;
Great Hector was a man as good as he.

Agam. March patiently along:—let one be
sent

To pray Achilles see us at our tent.—

¹ Vail, descent.

² A retire, i.e. the sound for retiring.

³ Stickler-like, umpire-like. ⁴ Frankly, to the full.

If in his death the gods have us befriended,
Great Troy is ours, and our sharp wars are
ended. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

SCENE X. *Another part of the plains.*

Enter ÆNEAS *and* Trojans.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we masters of the
field:

Never go home; here starve we out the night.

Enter TROILUS.

Tro. Hector is slain.

All. Hector!—the gods forbid!

Tro. He's dead; and at the murderer's
horse's tail,

In beastly sort, dragg'd through the shameful
field.—

Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with
speed!

Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at
Troy!

I say, at once let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger⁵ not our sure destructions on! 9

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the host.

Tro. You understand me not that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death;
But dare all imminence that gods and men
Address their dangers in. Hector is gone:
Who shall tell Priam so, or Hecuba?

Let him that will a screech-owl aye be call'd,
Go into Troy, and say there “Hector's dead:”

[*There is a word will Priam turn to stone; {
Make wells and Niobes of the maids and wives, {
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word, 20 {
Scare Troy out of itself. But, march away: {
Hector is dead; there is no more to say. {*

Stay yet.—] You vile abominable tents,
Thus proudly pight⁶ upon our Phrygian plains,
Let Titan rise as early as he dare,

I'll through and through you!—and, thou
great-siz'd coward,

No space of earth shall sunder our two hates:
I'll haunt thee like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth goblins swift as frenzy
thoughts.—

Strike a free march to Troy!—with comfort
go: 30

⁵ Linger on = protract.

⁶ Pight, pitched.

Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

[*Exeunt Æneas and Trojans.*

[*As Troilus is going out, enter, from the other side, PANDARUS.*

Pan. But hear you, hear you!

Tro. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame

Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

[*Exit.*

Pan. A goodly medicine for my aching bones!—

O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised! O traitors and bawds, how earnestly are you set a-work, and how ill requited! why should our endeavour be so loved, and the performance so loathed? what verse for it? what instance for it?—Let me see:—

41

Fully merrily the humble-bee doth sing,
Till he hath lost his honey and his sting;
And being once subdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and sweet notes together fail.—

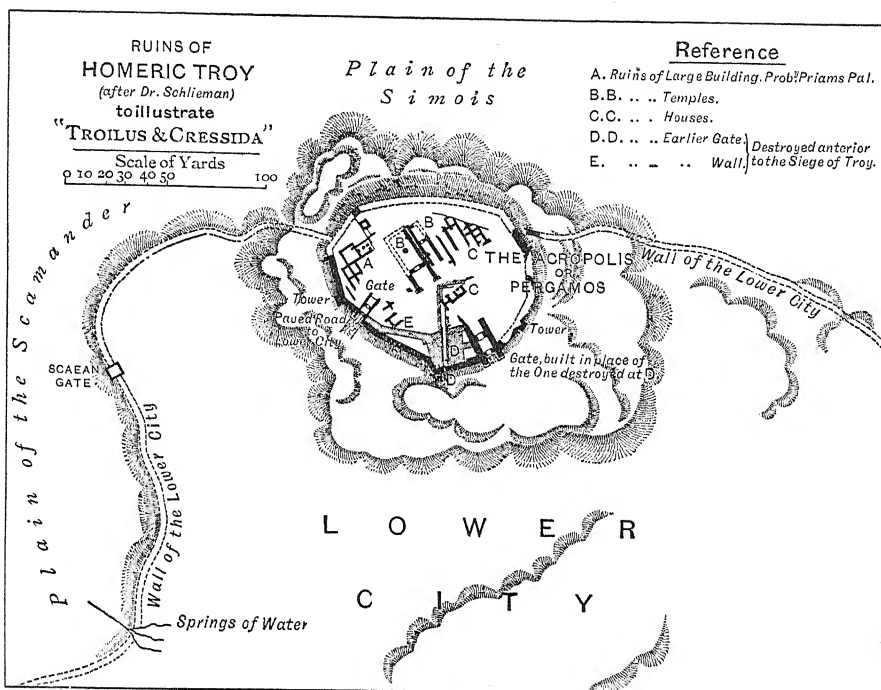
Good traders in the flesh, set this in your painted cloths.

As many as be here of pander's hall,
Your eyes, half out, weep out at Pandar's fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give some groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aching bones.
Brethren and sisters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will shall here be made:

It should be now, but that my fear is this,—
Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss:
Till then I'll sweat, and seek about for eases;
And at that time bequeath you my diseases.

[*Exit.*]





NOTES TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

1. Lines 1-31.—This prologue is not given in the Quarto; it is only found in the Folios. Ritson and Steevens condemn it as not genuine, and amongst modern critics Mr. Fleay finds in the lines "much work that is unlike Shakespeare's" (*Life and Work of Shakespeare*, p. 220). Grant White attributed the authorship to Chapman.

2. Line 1: *In Troy, there lies the SCENE*.—Not an unusual beginning; so the prologue to the *Broken Heart* (Ford) commences, "Our scene is Sparta."

3. Line 8: *whose strong IMMURES*.—We have the verb several times in Shakespeare; e.g. *Venus and Adonis*, 1194: Means to *immure* herself and not be seen;

Richard III. iv. 1. 100; Sonnet lxxxiv. 3. *Mure*, substantive, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 119; *circum-mure* in *Measure for Measure*, iv. 1. 28.

4. Line 15: *Priam's SIX-GATED city*.—So the Folios. Theobald, to suit the plural verb, *sperr up*, below (line 19), needlessly changed to "*six gates i' the city*," and was followed by Hamner.

5. Line 17: *ANTENORIDES*.—Ff. have *Antenonidus*; the

change (Theobald's), adopted by most editors, appears necessary. Shakespeare is obviously following the account in Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*, where, in the third book, a description of Troy is given: "In this city were six gates; the one was named *Dardane*, the second *Timbria*, the third *Helias*, the fourth *Chetas*, the fifth *Troyen*, and the sixth *Antenorides*" (*Destruction*, bk. 3, p. 4, ed. 1708). Dyce, too, quotes Lydgate, *The historye, Sege and dystruceyon of Troye*:

The fourthe gate hyghte also Cethas;
The fyfte Troiana, the syxth Anthonydes,

where the edition of 1555 alters *Anthonydes* to the nearly right reading *Antinorydes*.

6. Line 18: *FULFILLING bolts*; i.e. which fill the aperture so closely that no room is left; for this, the etymological sense of the word, we may compare *Lucrece*, 1258.

7. Line 19: *SPERR up the sons of Troy*.—F. 1 has *stirre*, out of which no meaning can be got. Theobald made the admirable suggestion *sperr*; Collier's MS. Corrector had *sparr* in the same sense. The use of the word is well supported. Thus Spenser, in the *Faerie Queene*, writes:

The other which was entered laboured fast
To *sperr* the gate. —Bk. v. c. x. st. xxxvii.

And again in The Shepherd's Calendar (May):

And if he chance come when I am abroad,
Sperr the gate fast, for fear of fraud.

Steevens, too, quotes from Warner's Albion's England (1602), bk. ii. ch. 12: "When chased home into his holdes, there *sparr'd* up in gates." The word is identical with German *sperrn*. As to the plural verb I see no difficulty; coming after the list of names it is far more natural to the ear than the singular would have been, though grammatically, perhaps, less correct. Capell, however, prints *sperrs*.

8. Lines 22, 23:

and hither am I come

A PROLOGUE ARM'D.

The reference, as Johnson explains, is to the actor who spoke the *prologue*, and who usually wore a black cloak. An exact parallel may be found in the *Prælium* to Thomas Randolph's amusing skit, *Aristippus*:

Be not deceived, I have no bended knees,
No supple tongue, no speeches steeped in oil;
No candied flattery, no honied words.
I come an *armed Prologue*; arm'd with arts.

—Randolph's Works, ed. Carew Hazlitt, p. 3.

So in the stage-directions to the introduction to Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, we are told that the *Prologue* enters hastily in *armour*, and in the following speech the expression *armed Prologue* occurs (Works, vol. ii. p. 394, with Gifford's note). [Surely the superfluous *and* in line 22 might be omitted. In F. 1 there is a full stop after *hazard*.—F. A. M.]

9. Line 27: *Leaps o'er the VAUNT*.—In conformity with the Horatian maxim:

Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo;
Semper ad eventum festinat et in medias res
Non secus ac notas auditorem rapit.

—Ars Poetica, 147-149.

For *vaunt* (= *avant*) we may compare Lear, iii. 2. 5:

Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts.

So *vanguard*.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

[In Mr. John Kemble's arrangement of this play, Act i. commences with Scene 3, and Scenes 1 and 2 become Scenes 2 and 3 respectively. This is certainly a better arrangement from a dramatic point of view, as it places a comparatively dull Scene at the beginning instead of the end of the Act, which by that means is made to conclude with a Scene in which the hero and heroine, Troilus and Cressida, are both concerned, and which marks a distinct step in the progress of the story.—F. A. M.]

10. Line 1: *Call here my VARLET*.—In Minshew *varlet* is translated by *famulus*, and Steevens quotes from Holinshed's account of the battle of Agincourt: "divers were releved by their *varlets*, and conveyed out of the field." The word, in fact, meant then what *valet* (of which it is simply an earlier form) does now. So Cotgrave gives "a groom, a stripling" for the O.F. *varlet*, upon which Ménage remarks, Dictionnaire, 1750: "des escuyers trenchans estoient appellés *valets*. C'estoit aussi un Gentil-homme qui n'estoit pas chevalier?" In this way the word came to be applied to the *knave* in a pack of cards.

11. Line 7: *and skilful To their strength*.—For Shakespeare's use of "to" = "in addition to," see Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, pp. 121, 122. Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 51-53:

'tis much he dares;
And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom;

and same play, i. 6. 19.

12. Line 14: *I'll not MEDDLER nor MAKE*.—Evidently a proverbial phrase, equivalent to "I will keep clear of it." Cf. line 85. So in Much Ado, iii. 3. 56: "and, for such kind of men, the less you *meddle* or *make* with them, why, the more is for your honesty."

13. Lines 30, 31:

*And when fair Cressid comes into my thoughts,—
So, traitor!—"when she comes!"—When is she thence?*

We have here an excellent correction of the text. Qq. and F. 1 and F. 2 gave:

then she comes, when she is thence.

The change is unimpeachable; the credit is due to Rowe, second edn.

14. Line 41: *An her hair were not somewhat DARKER*.—This is one of the many allusions that might be quoted to the distaste felt by our ancestors for *dark* hair and eyes. Walker (A Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare, vol. iii. p. 190) aptly refers to Massinger's Parliament of Love, where, in act ii. scene 3, Beaupré says:

Like me, sir!
One of my *dark* complexion?

—Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 172.

Still more to the point, however, is Sonnet cxxvii., the first of the second great series of sonnets:

In the old age *black* was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is *black* beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame.

Therefore my mistress' brows are raven *black*,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem.

Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 198, 199, and the note (197) on Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 257. Red hair was regarded by the Puritans as a decided blemish; cf. Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, iii. 2 (Dyce's ed.), vol. iv. p. 47.

15. Line 55: *HANDLEST in thy discourse, O, that her HAND*.—For a similar word-play compare Titus Andronicus, iii. 2. 29. Malone well remarks upon the curious reverence which Shakespeare seems to have felt for the beauty of a woman's hand. Note, for instance, the delicacy and suggestiveness of the epithets and imagery in the following passages: Romeo and Juliet, iii. 3. 35, 36, where we have the splendid lines:

they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's *hand*;

Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 373-376:

this *hand*,

As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow, that's bolted
By the northern blasts thrice o'er;

and Lucrece, 393-395, a perfect picture:

Without the bed her other fair *hand* was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass.

[In the Q. the punctuation is thus:

Handlest in thy discourse: O that her hand.

The Ff. have:

Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand.

Some editors, having regard to the punctuation of the old copies, make the verb *handlest* govern some of the nouns in the line above. Capell, for instance, puts a semicolon after *gait* in line 54, making *her voice* governed by *handlest*. Malone was the first to punctuate line 55 as it is in our text. Other conjectures have been made by various editors in order to make the passage intelligible. With regard to the punctuation of the old copies, certainly *O that her hand* seems more like an exclamation than the object of the sentence; but if we take *that her hand* to be the accusative case, and explain it as we have in our foot-note, then we must suppose *O* to be strictly a mere interjection, a parenthetical expression of rapture. For *that her hand*—"that hand of hers" compare the following passages:—Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 3. 19: "Thy demon *that thy spirit*;" and in the same play, iv. 14. 79: "Draw *that thy honest sword*;" and also Macbeth, i. 7. 53: "*that their fitness*."—F. A. M.]

16. Line 57: *to whose soft SEIZURE*.—*Seizure* is used passively; *touch* would be more natural.

17. Lines 58, 59:

*The cygnet's down is harsh, and SPIRIT OF SENSE
Hard as the palm of ploughman.*

These lines are not easy. What are we to make of *spirit of sense*? Warburton, of course, emended, proposing *spite of sense*; upon which Johnson bluntly remarked: "it is not proper to make a lover profess to praise his mistress in *spite of sense*; for though he often does it in spite of the sense of others, his own senses are subdued to his desires." I see no necessity for any alteration. I think the sense is: "*sense*, i.e. sensitiveness personified, is not so delicate, so impalpable, as Cressida's hand." I believe the words can bear this interpretation, and it seems to me to carry on the line of thought. To make *spirit of sense* a mere variant on *whose soft seizure* is surely wrong; the lines contain two distinct conceptions. Also we must not press *hard as the palm*, etc. too closely; the poet merely wishes to suggest something rough and coarse in contrast to that which, next to Cressida's hand, is the most ethereal thing we can conceive, viz. sensitiveness itself. Compare iii. 3. 106, and Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 74.

18. Line 68: *she has the MENDS in her own hands*.—This, as Steevens satisfactorily shows, was a cant phrase meaning "to make the best of a bad bargain; do the best one can." In this sense it is used by Field in his *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: "I shall stay here and have my head broke, and then *I have the mends in my own hands*" (Dodsley, Old Plays, ed. Carew Hazlitt (1875), vol. xi. p. 25). Johnson's interpretation of the passage is characteristic: "She may mend her complexion with the

assistance of cosmetics," on the principle apparently advocated in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers*, iv. 3:

Paint, ladies, while you live, and plaister fair,
But when the house is fallen, 't is past repair.

—Works (Hazlitt's ed.), vol. i. p. 147.

19. Lines 78, 79: *as fair on FRIDAY as Helen is on SUNDAY*.—Friday being a fast day when the "suit of humiliation" would be worn, while Sunday is a signal for donning smart attire. It is hardly necessary to point out the glaring anachronism; the play is full of such errors.

20. Line 99: *And he's as TETCHY to be woo'd*; i.e. "fretful," a corruption, perhaps, of "touchy." So Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 32:

To see it tetchy, and fall out.

21. Line 105: *Let it be call'd the WILD and WANDERING flood*.—A finely alliterative effect that comes in the last verse of the introductory stanzas to In Memoriam. Later on in the same poem Tennyson beautifully applies the epithet *wandering* to the sea:

O Mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor—while thy head is bow'd,
His heavy-shotted hammock shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave. —Canto vi.

22. Line 108: *How now, Prince TROILUS! wherefore not a-field?*—*Troilus* is always a dissyllable in Shakespeare; so Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, pp. 164-166. Thus in Lucrece, 1486, we have:

Here manly Hector faints, here *Troilus* swoonds.

Again in the Merchant of Venice, in the almost incomparable first scene of the fifth act, lines 3, 4:

in such a night

Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls.

The only possible exception occurs in the present play, v. 2. 161, where the common reading is:

May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd?

Probably Shakespeare thought the name was derived from Troy. Peele, we may note, treats the word rightly as a trisyllable; e.g. Tale of Troy:

So hardy was the true knight *Troilus*.

—Peele's Works, p. 555.

23. Line 100: *this WOMAN'S ANSWER sorts*.—*Troilus* means that the logic of his reply—"not there *because* not there"—is the logic, or rather no-logic, in which women indulge; and then he proceeds to play upon *woman*, *womanish*.

24. Line 115: *Paris is gor'd with Menelaus' HORN*.—Alluding to the idea of which our old dramatists make perpetual mention, that the husband of an unfaithful wife was a cuckold, or as Mirabel says in The Wild Goose Chase, i. 3: "a gentleman of antler." Perhaps the most elaborate treatment of the subject comes in Middleton's A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, where we hardly know whether most to ridicule or to despise the complacent Allwit. Similar references occur later on in this play.

ACT I. SCENE 2.

25. Line 8: *he was harness'd LIGHT*.—*Light* may refer to the weight of their armour; more probably, however, it means "nimble," "quickly." Theobald needlessly

altered to "harness-dight," a reading, he remarked, which "gives us the poet's meaning in the properest terms imaginable." He was followed by Hamner.

26. Lines 9, 10:

*where EVERY FLOWER
Did, as a prophet, WEEP.*

So in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, iii. 1. 204:

And when she weeps, *weeps every little flower.*

Dew on the ground naturally suggests tears.

27. Line 15: *a very man* PER SE.—Grey refers to the Testament of Cresseide:

Of faire Cresseide, the floure and a *per se*
Of Troi and Gresce.

28. Line 20: *their particular* ADDITIONS.—Here, as often, in the sense of "titles," "denominations." Malone says it was a law term, and in Cowell's Interpreter (ed. 1637) *Addition* is thus explained, "a title given to a man over and above his Christian and surname, shewing his estate, degree, occupation, trade, age, place of dwelling, &c." Compare Coriolanus, i. 9. 66; and for an instance outside Shakespeare, Bussy D'Ambois, iv. 1:

Man is a name of honour for a king:
Additions take away from each thing.

—Chapman's Works, p. 163.

29. Line 28: *merry* AGAINST THE HAIR.—Compare *à contre-poil*: as we should say, "against the grain." The idea came from stroking the fur of animals the reverse way. Justice Shallow uses the expression in *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 41:

if you should fight, you go *against the hair* of your professions.

30. Line 46: *When were you at ILIUM?*—Shakespeare, as Hamner and the other editors point out, applies the name *Ilium* only to Priam's palace, and not to the city at large. In this he was following Caxton's *Destruction of Troy*, where the palace is thus described: "In this open space of the city, upon a rock, King Priamus did build his rich palace named *Iliou*, that was one of the richest and strongest in all the world. It was of height five hundred paces, besides the height of the towers, whereof there was great plenty, so high, as it seemed to them that saw from far, they reacht Heaven. And in this palace King Priamus did make the richest Hall that was at that time in all the world: within which was his throne; and the table whereupon he did eat, and held his estate among his nobles, princes, lords, and barons, was of gold and silver, precious stones, and of ivory" (bk. iii. p. 5, ed. 1708).

31. Line 58: *he'll LAY ABOUT him to-day*.—We have a similar expression in Henry V. v. 2. 147: "I could *lay on* like a butcher;" and compare Macbeth's, "*Lay on, Macduff*," v. 8. 33.

32. Line 80: *gone barefoot to India*.—A like exploit is suggested in Othello, iv. 3. 38, 39: "I know a lady in Venice would have *walked barefoot to Palestine* for a touch of his nether lip." We are reminded somewhat of the veracious Chronicles of Sir John Maundeville.

33. Line 92: *Hector shall not have his wit; i.e. Troilus' wit*. For *wit* Q. and Ff. read *will*. Rowe made the change.

34. Line 118: *Then she's a MERRY GREEK*.—Compare iv. 4. 58. It is a classical touch. See Horace, *Satires*, ii. 2. 2, where the hard life of a Roman soldier is contrasted with the easier, somewhat effeminate ways of the Greek:

Si Romana fatigat

Militia assuetum *Græcum*.

So in Plautus, *Mostellaria*, i. 1. 21, *pergræcari*=per totam noctem potare (Orelli). The idea passed into classical English; e.g. Ben Jonson, *Volpone*, iii. 5:

Let's die like Romans

Since we have lived like *Greeks*.

—Works, iii. p. 261, and Gifford's note.

Minshew (1617) gives (under *Greeke*) "a *merie Greeke*, *hilaris Græcus*, a Jester;" and in Roister Doister one of the dramatis personæ is Matthew *Merrygreeke* who throughout acts up to his name; cf. i. 1, Arber's Reprint, p. 13. Nares (Halliwell's ed.) has a vague generalism: "the *Greeks* were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as fond of good living and free potations."

35. Line 120: *into the COMPASS'D window*.—For *compassed*= "rounded," compare Venus and Adonis, 272: "*compass'd crest*;" also "*compass'd cape*" (*Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 140). "*Bow window*" would be more intelligible to us. *Compassed*, according to Malone, was also applied to a particular kind of ceiling.

36. Line 129: *so old a LIFTER*.—A word that has only survived in the special phrases, *shoplifter* and *cattle-lifter*. Though not found elsewhere in Shakespeare it occurs with tolerable frequency in the Elizabethan dramatists. So in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, i. 1, we have "one other peculiar virtue you possess, is *lifting*" (Works, vol. ii. 231). In Middleton's *Roaring Girl*, "cheaters, *lifters* and foists" are mentioned in the same sentence (Works, vol. ii. 546). Etymologically the word is best seen in the Gothic *hlifan*=to steal; cognate with Latin *clepere* (Skeat).

37. Line 153: *With mill-stones*.—A proverbial phrase=not to weep at all, to be hard-hearted. Cf. Richard III. i. 3. 354:

Your eyes drop *mill-stones*, when fools' eyes fall tears;

and see notes 160 and 204 of that play.

38. Line 171: *Here's but ONE and fifty hairs*.—Curiously enough Q. and Ff. unanimously give "two and fifty." The correction (Theobald's) ought, I think, to be adopted, though the Cambridge editors keep to the copies. *Fifty* was the traditional number of Priam's sons. Shakespeare, however, may have made the mistake.

39. Line 178: "*The FORKED one*."—See note 24; and compare Othello, iii. 3. 276:

Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us.

So, too, *Winter's Tale*, i. 2. 186, spoken appropriately enough by Leontes.

40. Line 182: *that it PASSED*.—The meaning is clear: "it was excessive, beggared description." So in *Merry Wives of Windsor* we have (i. 1. 310) "the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, *that it pass'd*;" and later in the same play the verb occurs twice in the present tense, with the same meaning: "Why, this *passes*! Master Ford," iv. 2. 127, and line 143. See *Timon of Athens*, i. 1. 12, and com-

pare the ordinary adjectival use of the participle, *passing*. For instances outside Shakespeare note Greene, Works, p. 100, and Peele, Works, p. 510.

41. Line 206: *That's ANTEGOR: he has a shrewd wit.*—Shakespeare, as Steevens points out, is thinking of Lydgate's description of *Antenor*:

Copious in words, and one that much time spent
To jest, whenas he was in companie,
So driely, that no man could it espie:
And therewith held his countenance so well,
That every man received great content
To heare him speake, and pretty jests to tell,
When he was pleasant and in merriment:
For tho' that he most commonly was sad,
Yet in his speech some jest he always had.

Antenor was one of the Trojan leaders who escaped; see Virgil's *Æneid*, i. 242–249.

42. Line 212: *Will he GIVE you THE NOD?*—Steevens says that to *give the nod* was a card term. There certainly was a game called *noddy*, to which references are not infrequent. Compare, for instance, Westward Ho, iv. 1:

Bird. Come, shall's go to *noddy*?
Honey. Ay, an thou wilt, for half an hour.

—Webster's Works, p. 229.

In any case, *Cressida* is simply playing on the slang meaning of *noddy*, which then, as now, signified "a simpleton;" hence she hints that if *Pandarus* gets another *nod* he will be more of a *noddy* than ever. I find very much the same sort of quibble in *Northward Ho*, ii. 1:

'Sfoot, what *tricks at noddy* are these? —Webster, p. 258.

Minshew, I may add, has a very characteristic explanation of the word: "*A Noddie*; because he *nods* when he should speake—*A foole*" (Dictionary, 1617).

43. Line 228: *by God's lid.*—A curious oath, which seems, however, to have been proverbial. So in *Field's A Woman* is a *Weathercock*, v. 2, we have:

Why then, *by God's lid*, thou art a base rogue. I knew I should live to tell thee so. —Dodsley, ed. 1875, vol. xi. p. 81.

For *lid*=eyelid, cf. *Hamlet*, i. 2. 70, 71:

Do not for ever with thy valled *lids*
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.

44. Line 245: *HELENUS is a priest.*—So in *Caxton's Destruction of Troy*, bk. iii. p. 3, he is "a man that knew all the arts liberal." After the fall of *Troy Helenus* reappears in the third book of the *Æneid*, lines 295–505.

45. Line 280: *baked with no DATE in the pie.*—Pies with *dates* in them appear to have been almost as inevitable in Elizabethan cookery as the "green sauce" with which the dramatists garnished their dishes, or as those plates of prunes to which continual reference is made. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iv. 4. 2:

They call for *dates* and quinces in the pastry.

So, too, *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 1. 172.

46. Line 283: *at what WARD you LIE.*—The poet has borrowed a term from fencing. So in *I. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 215, 216:

Thou knowest my old *ward*; here I *lay*, and thus I bore my point.

47. Lines 304–306:

Pan. I'll be with you, *niece*, by and by.
Cres. TO BRING, *uncle*?
Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus*.

This very obscure and doubtful expression to *bring* occurs in *Peele's Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamides*:

And I'll close with Bryan till I have gotten the thing
That he hath promised me, and then I'll be with him to *bring*.
—Peele's Works, p. 503.

Commenting on the passage just quoted, *Dyce* gives several other places where the phrase is found: *Kyd's Spanish Tragedy*, i. 2; *Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*, v. 4; and *Harington's Orlando Furioso*, bk. xxxix. 48. In addition to these *Grant White* quotes from *Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*:

For carman and collier harps both on a string,
In winter they cast to be with thee to *bring*.

See also *Dyce's Middleton*, ii. 147, with his glossary to Shakespeare, p. 52. The meaning of the phrase cannot be determined; it was a piece of contemporary slang, the key to which has been lost. To *bring, uncle?* should certainly be printed as a query.

48. Lines 313: *Things won are done; JOY'S SOUL lies in the doing.*—That is to say, "the essence of the pleasure lies in the doing;" a fine expression. F. 2 and F. 3 have *the soule's joy*, a correction as obvious as it is tame and ineffective. *Hammer* preferred it. The best commentary on the thought developed in the passage is the great sonnet cxxix.:

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action.

For the converse idea we may compare the *Friar's* speech in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 220–225.

49. Lines 319–321:

*Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.*

If line 319 is to be altered, we should, I think, adopt (with *Singer*) *Mr. Harness's* very ingenious suggestion—"Achieved, men us command." Collier's "*Achieved men still command*," seems to me far less satisfactory. I believe, however, that the text of the copies should be retained. The difficulty comes from the poet's characteristic compression of thought, and in such maxims the sense generally gains in concentration at the expense of the clearness of expression. Summarized, the lines mean: "When men have won us they are our rulers; before they win us they are our suppliants." For *achievement* compare *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 268:

Achieve the elder, set the younger free.

In the next line (320) *Warburton* took *heart's content* to signify "heart's capacity." Perhaps, however, *Cressida* simply means that love is the basis of her happiness.

ACT I. SCENE 3.

50. Lines 14, 15:

trial did draw

BIAS and thwart, not answering the aim.

These are bowling terms, best illustrated perhaps by a passage in *King John*, ii. 574–579:

Commodity, the *bias* of the world,
The world, who of itself is peised well,
Made to run even upon even ground,
Till this advantage, this vile-drawing *bias*,

This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head . . .

The original meaning of *bias* is seen in its derivation:
F. *biais*, a slant, slope; hence, an inclination to one side.

51. Lines 17-19:

Why, then, you princes,
Do you with cheeks abash'd behold our WORKS,
And call THEM shames . . .

Them must clearly refer back to *works*, which Walker condemns as "palpably wrong" (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 192). *Works*, though not impossible, is certainly weak. We want a more definite word, implying "disgrace," "defeat," and it is tempting to adopt (as does Dyce) the correction of Collier's MS. Corrector *wrecks*. Singer less happily proposed *mucks*.

52. Line 32: *Nestor shall APPLY*.—Perhaps in the sense of "attend to."

53. Line 45: *Or made a TOAST for Neptune*.—Referring to the custom of soaking *toast* in wine. So in the Merry Wives, iii. 5. 3, Falstaff, adjuring Bardolph to fetch a quart of sack, adds: "put a *toast* in't." In the passage before us the "saucy boat" is to be the dainty morsel for Neptune to swallow.

54. Line 48: *The herd hath more annoyance by the BREEZE*.—F. 1 has *brieze* here, and in the passage from Antony and Cleopatra, quoted below, *breeze*. The word is also written *brize*, and in Minshew *brie*; a species of stinging gaddy, often used metaphorically to signify something "stinging," "annoying." Cf. Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 10. 14:

The *breeze* upon her, like a cow in June.

So in Ben Jonson's The Poetaster, iii. 1.:

I can hold no longer,
This *brieze* has prick'd my patience.

—Works, vol. ii. p. 44r.

It is, as Grey in his notes points out, the word used by Dryden in translating Georgics, iii. 235:

This flying plague, to mark its quality,
Æstros the Grecians call, *Asylus* we;
A fierce, loud sounding *breeze*, their stings draw blood,
And drive the cattle gadding through the wood.

55. Line 51: *And flies FLED under shade*.—That is to say, "are fled." Theobald and Hamner needlessly changed to "get under shade." Walker's "*flee* under" is preferable.

56. Line 54: *RETORTS to chiding fortune*.—F. 1 and F. 2 have *retyres*; F. 3 and F. 4, and Quarto, *retires*. Some change is necessary. Hamner and Collier's MS. Corrector proposed *replies*; Pope, *returns*; Staunton, *rechides*; Dyce—and this is certainly the best—*retorts*. So the Cambridge editors and Globe Edn.

57. Line 64: *Should hold up high in BRASS*.—The editors are doubtless right in tracing here an allusion to the custom of engraving laws and public records on *brass*, and hanging them up on the walls of temples and other buildings of general resort. It is the reference, perhaps, in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 11, 12.

58. Line 65: *As venerable Nestor, HATCH'D in silver*.—A technical engraver's term. The word has survived in

hatchment and "cross *hatching*," a process, I believe, of *shading* familiar to all artists. Cotgrave has "*hache royalle*;" also "*hache d'armes*." The verb *hacher* he translates "to hacke, shread, slice; also, to *hatch* a *hilt*." Similarly *hachi* = "*hatched* as the hilt of a sword." Perhaps the allusion is to enamel work or carving of some sort on the handle. In any case, it enables us to explain satisfactorily the rather curious phrase "*hatched* in blood," which Beaumont and Fletcher occasionally use (e.g. in the Humorous Lieutenant, i. 1), the fact simply being that the blood dripping from the blade was regarded as a kind of ornament. In Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 257, Sir Andrew is described as a "knight, dubb'd with *unhatch'd* rapier and on carpet consideration," though some editors there read *unhacked*. Taking the present passage we must refer *silver*, not, as did Johnson, to Nestor's voice, but to his white hair. Compare line 296, and iv. 5. 209. Tyrwhitt conjectured *thatched*; but he must have forgotten, or did not know of, Shirley's exact reproduction of Shakespeare's line:

Thy hair is fine as gold, thy chin is *hatch'd* with silver.

—Love in a Maze, ii. 2, Shirley's Works, Gifford's ed. ii. p. 30r.

The following lines (96-98) need no explanation, much less correction: *bowl of air* is thoroughly Shakespearian. The whole passage is evidently a reminiscence of a stanza in Lucrece, 1401-1407:

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguiled attention, charm'd the sight:
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all *silver white*,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips did fly
Thin *winding breath*, which pur'd up to the sky.

The suggested comparison is not, I think, without point.

59. Line 73: *When RANK Thersites opes his MASTIC jaws*.—Apparently *mastic* is a corrupt form of *mastigia*, which in Terence means "a rascal," literally "one that always wants whipping." In late Latin the word came to signify "a whip," "scourge," and that must be the sense here. Many editors, however, read *mastiff*. This line, it should be noted, is considered by Mr. Fleay to lend very strong support to his theory that the character of Thersites is a satirical portrait of Dekker. Why? Because Dekker in the Poetaster is called *rank*, an astonishing coincidence with the first half of our verse, while *mastic* is the clearest of allusions to Dekker's Satiromastix. It is ingenious, *mais ce n'est pas la critique*.

60. Line 81. *When that the general is not like the hive*.—The *general* should be to an army what the *hive* is to the bees, viz. the central rallying point to which each member may resort. The sense is excellent. Yet the frenzy of emendation has not spared the line. *Not likes; is not liked o'?*, *is not the life of*, have all been suggested.

61. Line 85: *the planets, and this CENTRE*.—Referring obviously to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, in which the earth was the centre. So Hamlet, ii. 2. 157-159:

I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the *centre*.

"Fix like the *centre*" was not an unusual expression. Cf. Bussy D'Ambois, ii. 1, Chapman's Works, p. 152.

32. Line 87: *INSISTURE*, *course*, *proportion*, &c.—*Insisture* seems to = constancy, persistency. According to Nares the word does not occur elsewhere. We may note here that this fine speech, where the perfect clearness of thought and expression leaves little scope for the annotator, has been mercilessly mangled in Dryden's version. Indeed the whole of the scene (with which Dryden opens his play) has been unsparingly retrenched.

63. Line 100: *MARRIED calm of states*.—*Married* here simply means "closely united," as in Milton's:

Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse.

Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, note 43.

64. Line 113: *And make a sop of all this solid globe*.—So in *Lear*, ii. 2. 35: "Draw, you rogue, . . . I'll make a *sop* o' the moonshine of you." Compare, too, *Richard III.* i. 4. 162; see also note 53.

65. Line 127: *And this NEGLIGENCE of degree it is*.—*Neglection* occurs again in *Pericles*, iii. 3. 20, where, however, Ff. read *neglect*. The general idea brought out in the passage is, that each man desires to aggrandize himself, and, in order to do so, slights his immediate superior.

66. Line 137: *Troy in our weakness STANDS*.—*Stands* (Q.) is more graphic than *lives* (Ff.); at least it seems to remind us of Virgil's "*Troiaque nunc staret*."

67. Line 153: *And, like a STRUTTING PLAYER*.—It is curious to note with what almost invariable contempt Shakespeare speaks of the stage and of the actor's calling, which, for a time at least, was his own. Compare the famous lines in *Macbeth*, v. 5. 24-26:

Life's but a walking shadow, a *poor player*
That *sims* and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more.

Above all, in the *Sonnets*, where alone we can trace the personality of the poet, where—to adopt Matthew Arnold's line—Shakespeare "abides our question"—he gives full vent to his loathing of the actor's life:

Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new. . . .

This (ex.) and the following sonnet are purely autobiographical; they let us know how Shakespeare estimated the art of the actor.

* For he who struts his hour upon the stage
Can scarce protract his fame thro' half an age;
Nor pen nor pencil can the actor save—
Both art and artist have one common grave.

The lines were written by Garrick. [I cannot agree with the views here expressed by Mr. Verity, although they are doubtless shared by many. In this passage, and in the one taken from *Macbeth*, Shakespeare is merely putting into the mouths of his characters the conventional estimate of the actor's profession which was held by Society in his time. The dignified and nobly-worded defence of acting and actors by Hamlet is worth a hundred such commonplace sneers; and as for Sonnet cxi. (not cx.), which latter has little to do with his profession of actor), the less said about that the better. Its unhealthy and morbid tone

does Shakespeare little credit. If once we lose sight of the intense *artificiality* of the greater portion of the *Sonnets*, we must be driven to very awkward conclusions as to Shakespeare's character.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 157: *O'ER-WRESTED seeming*.—Q. and Ff. read "*ore-rested*"; the correction (made by Pope) seems certain. For the metaphor compare iii. 3. 23, and note 194. *Dellius' o'er-justed* is ingenious.

69. Line 171: *Arming to answer in a night-alarm*.—So in *Henry V.* ii. 4. 2, 3:

And more than carefully it us concerns
To *answer* royally in our defences.

In each case the idea is "repelling an attack."

70. Line 180: *Severals and generals of GRACE EXACT*.—This seems to mean "our individual and collective qualities of perfection," or as Johnson phrases it, of "excellence irreprehensible;" but I cannot help suspecting some corruption in the line. Staunton's suggestion "*of grace and act*" would make fair sense. Collier's MS. Corrector gave "*all grace extract*," i.e. deprived of all the grace which really belonged to them.

71. Line 184: *As stiff for these two to make PARADOXES*.—The force of *paradox* is not very clear. Johnson wished that the copies had given *parodies*.

72. Line 195: *To weaken and discredit our exposure*: i.e. he minimizes the dangers to which we are exposed. In the following speech Ulysses develops the idea that in war policy and forethought should count for more than brute strength and bravery.

73. Line 205: *They call this bed-work, mappery, closet-war*.—Theobald punctuated "bed-work mapp'ry, closet war," i.e. treating *bed-work* as an adjective.

74. Lines 211, 212:

Achilles' horse
Makes many Thetis' sons;

i.e. at this rate *Achilles' horse* is as good as *Achilles* himself. It is superfluous to say that *Achilles* was the son of "sea-born" Thetis.

75. Line 224: *A STRANGER to those most imperial looks*.—And yet this was the seventh year of the war. Perhaps, as Stevens explains, Shakespeare thought that the leaders on either side fought with beavers to their helmets after the manner of the mediæval knights. So in act iv. 5. 195, 196, Nestor says to Hector:

this thy countenance, *still lock'd in steel*,
I never saw till now.

76. Line 235: *Courtiers as free, as DEBONAIR*.—The word *debonair* only occurs in this passage in Shakespeare. Milton's line in *L'Allegro* (24) it would be superfluous to quote, but it may be worth while to note that Milton was plagiarizing from Thomas Randolph, in whose *Aristippus* we have:

A bowl of wine is wondrous good cheer,
To make one blithe, buxom and *debonair*.

Perhaps Randolph in turn had remembered *Pericles*, i. Prol. 23.

77. Lines 238, 239:

JOVE'S ACCORD,
Nothing so full of heart,

I think we must take this (with Theobald) as an ablative absolute=*Jove probante*. The interpretation, of course, is awkward, if not impossible, but the corrections have little to say for themselves. Steevens proposed "*Jove's a Lord*," Malone, most confidently, "*Jove's a God*;" Mason, most grotesquely, "*Jove's own bird*."

78. Line 244: *that praise*, SOLE PURE, *transcends*.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave *soul-pure*, an expression, said Collier, "of great force and beauty;" but to Dyce it conveyed "no meaning at all."

79. Line 262: *this dull and LONG-contin'd TRUCE*.—This is inconsistent with what has preceded; cf. for instance, the second scene, line 34. It is one of the contradictions that point to the composite nature of the play.

80. Lines 269, 270:

CONFESSION,

With truant vows to her own lips he loves.

i.e. confession (or profession, which Hamner reads) made with idle vows to the lips of her whom he loves.

81. Line 272: *to him this CHALLENGE*.—The single combat between Hector and Ajax occurs in the seventh Iliad, 215-300. Such incidents abound in the old romances.

82. Line 282: *The Grecian dames are SUNBURNT*.—Compare Beatrice's complaint: "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am *sunburn'd*; I may sit in a corner, and cry Heigh-ho for a husband!" (Much Ado, ii. 1. 331-333; and see note 132 of that play). In the Tempest, iv. 1. 134 the word does not bear any uncomplimentary associations.

83. Line 296: *I'll hide my silver beard in a gold BEAVER*.—Properly *beaver* signified the visor of the helmet, its sense in the present passage; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 230, with Mr. Aldis Wright's note. Often used for the helmet itself; so I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 104. Skeat derives from *bavîre*, a bib; another derivation is *boire*, because the beaver had to be raised if the wearer wanted to drink. Compare III. Henry VI. note 39.

84. Line 297: *And in my VANTBRACE*.—Q. has *vambrace*; a species of armour for the arm=*avant bras*. Compare "*Vantbrace* and greaves and gauntlet" (Samson Agonistes, 1121).

85. Line 313: *Be you my TIME*; *i.e.* "Time brings all schemes to maturity; in the present case do you fulfil the office of Time."

86. Lines 324, 325:

*The purpose is perspicuous even as SUBSTANCE,
Whose GROSSNESS little CHARACTERS sum up.*

Warburton has a recondite note on these lines, the meaning of which seems to me fairly simple. *Substance*=estate, property; *grossness*=gross sum, value; *characters*=numerals; and the whole idea is parallel to the thought expressed in Henry V. prologue to act i. 15, 16:

a crooked figure may

Attest in little place a million.

Compare, too, the Winter's Tale, i. 2. 6, 7:

like a cipher,

Yet standing in rich place.

87. Line 341: *shall give a SCANTLING, &c.*—*Scantling* here

signifies, not so much "a sample" (Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon), as "a measure," "proportion." Properly it means "a cut piece of timber;" then, apparently, "a small piece of anything." So Malone quotes from Florio's translation (1603) of Montaigne's Essays: "When the lion's skin will not suffice, we must add a *scantling* of the fox's." For derivation, cf. French *eschantillon*. The *general*=the community, as in Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 12, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "t'was caviare to the *general*."

88. Line 343, 344:

*And in such INDEXES, although small PRICKS
To their subsequent volumes.*

Several passages illustrate Shakespeare's use of the word *index*; e.g. Hamlet, iii. 4. 51, 52:

Ay me, what act

That roars so loud, and thunders in the *index*!

Compare, too, Othello, ii. 1. 263: "an *index* and obscure prologue," and Richard III. ii. 2. 148: "as *index* to the story we late talk'd of." It is not enough in explaining these lines to say that the *index* was usually prefixed to a volume; it should be remembered that the word did not bear quite its modern sense, but signified what we should now call the "table of contents." So Minshew defines it: "Table in a book." *Prick* was used for a small mark or point; so in expression "*prick of noon*."

89. Lines 361, 362:

*The lustre of the better yet to show,
Shall show the better.*

So the Folio, a great improvement on the reading of Q.:

*The lustre of the better shall exceed,
By shewing the worse first.*

Grant White's

Shall show the better *thus*. Do not consent
gives an easier rhythm.

90. Lines 375, 376:

*let BLOCKISH AJAX draw
The sort.*

As applied to Telamonian Ajax the epithet *blockish* (and in line 381, *dull brainless*) is not very appropriate. In the Iliad he is the type of strength, but not of dullness; and *blockish* could scarcely be said of the subject of Sophocles' drama. Probably, as the editors explain, Shakespeare has confounded the *Telamonian Ajax* with *Ajax Oileus*.

91. Line 392: *Must TARRE the mastiffs on*.—This was a sportsman's term—to urge on dogs to fight; cf. King John, iv. 1. 117, and Hamlet, ii. 2. 370: "and the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to controversy."

ACT II. SCENE I.

92. Line 6: *a botchy CORE*.—Grant White has an interesting note on this disputed expression. "The old copies," he says, "have 'a botchy core,' which reading has been hitherto retained, although its meaning is past conjecture. But *core* is a mere phonographic spelling of *corps*. See Bacon's Life of Henry VII. p. 17: 'For he was in a *core* of people whose affections he suspected.' Thersites makes a pun, and uses *general* to refer to Agamemnon and to

the *general* body or corps of soldiers as in act iv. scene 5 of this play." Grant White prints *corps*; Collier's MS. Corrector had the obvious *sore*. Throughout this first part of the scene we have persistent quibbling and word-play.

[It has always been a source of wonder to me how commentators could have missed the obvious meaning of the word *core* here, and have wanted to make utterly unnecessary emendations. Even Staunton, who is generally so careful to abstain from tampering with the text, suggests "botchy *car*." If we read the whole speech—it is not a delicate or pleasant one—we shall at once see the meaning of the word *core*. *Core*, from the Latin *cor*, means, as is well known, "a kernel" or "seed-vessel of any fruit," and it also means in medicine "The slough which forms at the central part of *boils*" (see Hoblyn's Dict. of Medical Terms, *sub voce*); and Johnson (ed. 1756) defines the word as "The matter contained in a *boil* or *sore*," and appends a quotation from Dryden:

Lanuce the sore,
And cut the head; for, 'till the *core* be found,
The secret vice is fed, and gathers ground.

There very probably is a pun intended on *core* and *corps* (= "body of men," or simply "body"); but there can be little doubt that the meaning of the word *core* in this passage is the one given above.—F. A. M.]

93. Lines 13, 14: *The PLAGUE of Greece upon thee, thou MONGREL BEEF-witted lord!*—Referring, probably, to the *plague* sent by Apollo upon the army of the Greeks, mentioned in the first book of the Iliad. *Mongrel*, because Ajax's father, Telamon, was a Greek, his mother, Hesione, a Trojan; cf. iv. 5. 120. For *beef-witted* Grey (Notes) very badly conjectured *half-witted*; he must have forgotten Sir Andrew's memorable "I am a great eater of *beef*, and I believe that does harm to my wit" (Twelfth Night, i. 3. 80-91). Shakespeare suggests a similar antagonism in Henry V. iii. 7. 161, and in Marlowe's Edward II. ii. 2, the brilliant court favourite, Gaveston, scornfully bids the English nobles "go sit at home and eat their tenants' *beef*" (Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. ii. 156).

94. Line 15: *thou VINEWEDST leaven*.—Q. has *unsalted*; Ff. *whinedst*; the latter is probably a corruption of *vinewedst*. Why should the reading of Q. have been changed? "Because," says Johnson, "want of salt was no fault in leaven;" to which Malone replies that "leaven without the addition of salt does not make good bread." This is specializing too deeply; the poet was not a baker, and only a professional instinct could appreciate these editorial subtleties. The fact, I imagine, is, that of the two epithets *vinewedst* was far the more graphic, the more offensive and therefore the more appropriate; hence its substitution. As to the proposed alternatives, Hamner suggested *whinnidst*, which he explained to mean "crooked;" Theobald, *unwinnoudst*; Warburton, *windyest*. Collier's MS. Corrector agreed with the Folio. For *vinew*, or *finew* = "mouldy," L. *mucidus*, Nares quotes from the Mirror for Magistrates, p. 417:

A souldier's hands must oft be died with goare,
Lest, starke with rest, they *finew'd* wax or hoare.

Compare, too, Beaumont's Letter prefixed to Speght's edition of Chaucer, 1602, and subsequently reprinted: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were *vinewed*

and hoarie with over long lying." The substantive is given, and rightly explained, by Minshew. As to etymology, Skeat connects with A.S. *finegian*=to become mouldy, the same root being seen in A.S. *fenn*=mire, whence modern *fen*.

95. Lines 39-43:

Ajax. MISTRESS Thersites!

Ther. Thou shouldst strike him.

Ajax. COBLOAF!

Ther. He would PUN thee into shivers with his fist, as a sailor breaks a biscuit.

There are one or two points here. "Why Mistress Thersites?" says Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 193); and Nares echoed the query. Surely the application of the word to Thersites is not so inappropriate or strange. He is a scold, quick of tongue and coward of heart, and in Hamlet's phrase, "must fall a cursing, like a very drab." He stings and buzzes about the unwieldy Ajax, and the latter expresses his contempt for mere cleverness, by retorting, You are not a man at all, you are only a shrill-tongued shrew. More formidable is the *Cobloaf* crux, chiefly because of the disagreement of Q. and F. 1. F. 1 gives the text printed above; Q. assigns the speeches as follows:

Ajax. Mistress Thersites.

Ther. Thou should'st strike him. Ajax, Cobloaf,

Hee would punne thee into shivers with his fist.

Obviously the question resolves itself into this: to whom is *Cobloaf* as a term of contempt most applicable? To Ajax, as spoken by Thersites, or *vice versa*? The accounts of the word vary. Nares gives the following: "*Cobloaf*. A large loaf. *Cob* is used in composition to express large, as *cob-nut*, *cob-swain*." Similarly Gifford in a note on Every Man in his Humour, i. 3, says: "our old writers used the word as a distinctive mark of bulk" (Ben Jonson's Works, vol. i. p. 28). From this it would seem that the Quarto is right. But Minshew in his Dictionary speaks of a *cob* as "a bunne. It is a little loaf made with a round head, such as *cob-irons* which support the fire." He translates it by the French *briquet*, and *briquet* again in Cotgrave="little round loaves or lumps, made of fine meal, . . . *bunnes*, *lenten loaves*." Minshew, therefore, and Cotgrave favour the Folio; "little round lumps" would nicely fit one's conception of Thersites. But the point cannot be definitely settled; the meanings of *cob* are too various; the Imperial Dictionary enumerates no less than eleven. Of these a very curious one occurs in Nashe's The Unfortunate Traveller, where he speaks of a "lord high regent of rashers of the coles and red herring *cobs*" (Nashe's Prose Works, ed. Grosart, in Huth Library, vol. v. p. 14); cf. too, his tract, A Prognostication, vol. ii. p. 163, and Greene's Looking Glass for London and England, p. 144. Doron's eclogue in Menaphon begins: "Sit down Carmela, here are *cobs* for kings," where, however, the reference may be to apples (Greene's Works, p. 291). I have known the expression *cob* applied by Lancashire people to small buns; perhaps its survival is a mere localism. Etymologically *pun*=pound, the *d* in the latter being excrement; from A.S. *punian*.

96. Line 46: *Thou stool for a witch!*—Alluding, as Grey points out, to one of the many kinds of witch-torture.

There is a reference to the custom in Brand's chapter on "Witches" (Popular Antiquities, Bohn's ed. iii. p. 23).

97. Line 48: *an ASSINEGO may tutor thee*.—Q. and Ff. have *asinico*, from which Singer conjectured that the true reading was *assinico*, from Spanish *asinico*=a young or little ass. Pope proposed *Assinego*, a Portuguese word for ass; probably this is right, the word being found in Beaumont and Fletcher (see Dyce's ed. iii. 107) and elsewhere.

98. Line 75: *his EVASIONS have ears thus long*; i.e. donkey's ears.—By *evasions* he means the artifices which a man employs in an argument. The whole expression is an admirably humorous way of representing the clumsiness of Ajax in discussion.

99. Line 77: *and his PIA MATER is not worth*.—Properly the *pia mater* is one of the membranous coverings of the brain; often, however, used as here to signify the brain itself. So in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 123, the clown is afraid that Sir Toby "has a most weak *pia mater*;" compare, too, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 71. In Randolph's Aristippus the quack physician, Signor Medico de Campo, opines that the philosopher after his beating is in a parlous case: "By my troth, sir, he is wonderfully hurt. His *pia mater*, I perceive, is clean out of joint; of the twenty bones of the cranium there is but one left" (Randolph's Works, p. 32). The converse, *dura mater*, Shakespeare does not use.

100. Line 95.—*Will you SET your wit to a fool's? i.e.* match your wit against.—The term is taken from tennis, to which allusions are frequent. Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 1. 137. So in the Witch of Edmonton, ii. 1:

A ball well banded, now the *set's* half won.

—Ford's work, vol. ii. p. 48x.

101. Line 107: *and you as under an IMPRESS*.—Enforced service. So in Hamlet, i. 1. 75:

Why such *impress* of shipwrights.

102. Line 120: *to Achilles! to*.—Thersites keeps up the previous metaphor of yoking, imitating what he supposes Nestor to say to Achilles.

103. Line 126.—*Achilles' BRACH*.—Q. and Ff. read *brooch*. The almost certain emendation was made by Rowe. Johnson, with forensic subtlety, suggested that a *brooch* being "an appendant ornament," the phrase might here signify "one of Achilles' hangers on!" Malone hazarded *brock*=fox; compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 114: "Marry, hang thee, *brock*!" The objection to *brooch* is that Shakespeare uses the word at least once in a complimentary sense:

the *brooch*, indeed,
And gem of all the nation;

—Hamlet, iv. 7. 94.

compare, too, Richard II. v. 5. 66. *Brach* is explained by v. 1. 18, 19.

ACT II. SCENE 2.

104. Lines 14, 15:

the wound of peace is surety,
Surety SECURE.

An obvious Latinism. Compare Henry V. iv. ProL 17:

Proud of their numbers, and *secure* in soul.

So in the present play, iv. 5. 73. We may remember too the couplet in L'Allegro:

Sometime with *secure* delight
The upland hamlets will invite.

—91. 92.

105. Line 19: *'mongst many thousand DISEMES*.—Minsheu has a long account of the word: "made," he says, "of the French *Decimes* and signifieth tenth, or the tenth part of all the fruits, either of the earth, or beasts, or our labour due unto God, and so consequently to him that is of the Lord's lot, and hath his share, viz. our Pastor. It signifieth also the tenths of all spiritual livings, yeerely given to the Prince—which in ancient times were paid to the Popes, until Pope Urbane gave them to Richard the Second, to aid him against Charles, the French King. Lastly it signifieth a tribute levied of the Temporaltie" (Dictionary, p. 234). In the present passage, of course, the word merely means "tenths of the army."

106. Line 29.—*The PAST-proportion of his infinite?*—"That greatness," says Johnson, "to which no measure bears any proportion," a fine expression needlessly changed by some last-century editors to "*vast* proportion." "*Part* proportion" is a curiously infelicitous proposal. The words should, I think, be hyphenated.

107. Line 33: *you bite so sharp at REASONS*.—Perhaps, as Malone thinks, a quibble is intended such as Dogberry is guilty of in Much Ado, v. 1. 212.

108. Lines 49, 50:

reason and RESPECT

Make *livers pale*.

So in Lucrece, 274, 275:

Then, childish fear, avaunt! debating, die!
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age.

In each case *respect* means caution, fear of consequences. Falstaff, it will be remembered, branded a *pale liver* as "the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice" (II. Henry IV. iv. 3. 113).

109. Line 52: *What is aught, but as 'tis valid*.—Grey quotes Butler's couplet:

For what 's the worth of anything
But so much money as 't will bring?

110. Lines 58-60:

And the will dotes, that is attributive
To what infectiously itself affects,
Without some image of th' affected merit.

The meaning is fairly simple: "the man is foolish who invests an object with excellence, and excessively admires that excellence, when all the time it has no foundation in fact, but is simply the creation of his fancy."

111. Line 64.—*Two TRADED pilots*; i.e. professional, experienced. See note 272, and compare King John, iv. 3. 109.

112. Line 71: *in unrespective SIEVE*.—Q. has *sive*, F. 1, same, F. 2, F. 3, F. 4, *place*. *Sieve*, the reading in effect of Q., makes excellent sense, the limitation of the word to utensils with which to strain or riddle things being comparatively modern: indeed in some country districts it is still applied to a certain kind of fruit-basket. So Browning in his poem, A Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister, has:

When he gathers his greengages,
Ope a sieve and slip it in.

Probably the *sieves* in which witches were floated to sea were wicker vessels of some kind. Originally they may have been made of rushes, which would explain the origin of the word, *seave*, and the cognate forms in Icelandic and Swedish, signifying a *rush*.

113. Line 79: *and makes STALE the morning*.—This, the Folio reading, has perhaps more force than the *pale* of the Quarto, which Malone retains. Shakespeare is fond of *stale* both adjective and verb; compare Winter's Tale, iv. 1. 12-14:

so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make *stale*
The glistening of this present.

But the word occurs too frequently to need illustration.

114. Line 82.—*Whose price hath LAUNGH'D above A THOUSAND SHIPS*.—Shakespeare is reproducing the opening lines of the great passage in Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, scene xiv. lines 83, 84:

Was this the face that *laungh'd* a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
—Marlowe's Works, Bullen ed., vol. i. p. 275.

It may be worth while to note that Christopher Marlowe is the only contemporary dramatist to whom Shakespeare definitely alludes in terms of admiration; it is pleasant to think that it should be so. Modern criticism abundantly recognizes the fact that Marlowe rendered English literature the most signal and sovereign services, at once by freeing blank verse from the fetters imposed upon it by the authors of the dreary Gorboduc, by elevating, and to a certain extent fixing the form and style of the romantic drama, and by driving off the stage the "jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits" that are satirized in the prologue to Tamburlaine. Shakespeare's debt to Marlowe was great, and passages in his plays show that he was familiar with the works of his brother poet. Thus in *As You Like It* we have (iii. 5. 82) the direct apostrophe to the "Dead shepherd," followed by the quotation of the line from Hero and Leander, which soon became a proverb:

Who ever lov'd that lov'd not at first sight?
—Hero and Leander, First Sestiad, line 176.

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii. 1. 17-20, a stanza is introduced from the immortal lyric, "Come live with me and be my love." For similar Marlowe touches compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 20-27 (a less complimentary allusion), *All's Well that Ends Well*, i. 3. 74, 75, and *Romeo and Juliet*, v. 1. 8, where Romeo's "breath'd such life with kisses in my lips" is an obvious reminiscence of Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, line 3.

115. Lines 87, 88:

for you, all clapp'd your hands,
And cried, "Inestimable!"

The account in Caxton's *Troybook* of the carrying-off of Helen is very quaint and picturesque; this is the description of Paris' return: "There came forth of the Town King Priamus with a great company of noblemen, and received his children and his friends with great joy, who came to Helen, and bowed courteously to her, and welcomed her honourably. And when they came nigh the city, they found great store of people glad of their coming,

with instruments of musick: and in such joy came into the palace of King Priamus: he himself lighted down and helped Helen from her palfrey, and led her by the hand into the hall, and made great joy all the night, throughout all the city for these tydings. And the next morning, Paris by consent of his father, wedded Helen in the temple of Pallas, and the feasts were lengthened throughout all the city, for space of eight days" (Destruction of Troy, book iii. p. 19).

116. Line 90: *And do a deed that FORTUNE never did*.—I think the meaning is: "you are more fickle than fortune herself. One day you rate Helen above all price; the next, when you have won her, she is of no account in your eyes. Fortune's wheel is not so variable."

117. Line 100.—*It is CASSANDRA*.—In Caxton's *Troybook Cassandra*, "a noble virgin; learned with sciences, and knew things that were to come," foretells, as here, the destruction of Troy, until "King Priamus hearing it intreated her to cease, but she would not. And then he commanded her to be cast into prison, where she was kept many days" (book iii. p. 19). It is a point to be noticed that Shakespeare does not make more out of *Cassandra*. In *Troilus and Cressida* she is only, to echo Heine's criticism, "an ordinary prophetess of evil," whereas it would have been an easy task to invest her figure with a mysterious impressive awe.

118. Line 104: *mid-age and wrinkled ELD*.—Q. has *elders*; Ff. *old*. Perhaps with Walker we should emend still further to "*mid age and wrinkled eld*;" the gain in symmetry is obvious.

119. Lines 110, 111:

Our FIREBRAND brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! A HELEN AND A WOE!

The language and the allusions here are quite classical. "*Firebrand* brother" refers to Hecuba's dream, in which she supposed herself to be pregnant of a burning torch. It is a detail unknown to Homer: compare, however, *Æneid*, vii. 320:

nec face tantum
Cisseis *pragrans* ignes enixa jugales.

So also in *Æneid*, x. 704, 705:

et face *pragrans*
Cisseis regina Parim creat.

Parallel references might be quoted from English classics. Thus Peele, in the *Tale of Troy*, has:

behold, at length,
She dreams, and gives her lord to understand
That she should soon bring forth a fire-brand.

—Works, p. 55r.

A Helen and a woe reminds us of the famous line in the *Agamemnon* (639), which Browning vividly reproduced in:
Ship's hell, Man's hell, City's hell.

120. Line 116: *no DISCOURSE OF REASON*.—The same phrase occurs in *Hamlet*, i. 2. 150:

O God! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason*.

Compare same play, iv. 4. 36:

Sure, he that made us with such large *discourse*;

and *Othello*, iv. 2. 153:

Either in *discourse of thought* or actual deed.

In each case *discourse* bears the once common, but now obsolete, sense of reasoning; it points to the working of the mind, to the logical processes through which the latter must pass in arguing.

121. Line 133: *my PROPENSION*; i.e. inclination. Cf. line 190: "I *propend* to you."

122. Line 141: *Paris should ne'er retract*.—Compare Iliad, vii. 362.

123. Line 150: *the RANSACK'D queen*.—*Ransack'd* here = the Latin *rapta*; it means simply "taken away by force," that force being employed not against the person taken away, but against the persons from whom she was taken. Schmidt explains the word as=*ravished* in this play; but this might be misleading, unless it were explained that *ravishment*, in legal phraseology, meant, originally, what we now call "abduction;" and therefore *ravished* would mean simply "abducted," and not, as it would imply generally nowadays, the crime of rape. It will be noticed that just above, in line 148, Paris uses *rape* in the sense in which it was used in Shakespeare's time, for mere "abduction." According to Cowell *rape* was used only in this sense in civil law, never in criminal. Spenser uses the word *ransacked* in the sense of "violat" (bk. i. c. i. st. 5) in the well-known passage where Archimago tries to ravish Una:

And win rich spoils of *ransack't* chastitee.

Of course the queen is Helen, not, as Hunter says, Hesione.

124. Line 162: *The world's large spaces cannot PARALLEL*; i.e. cannot produce her equal.

125. Line 165: *Have GLOZ'D*.—A *gloze* or a *gloss* is a commentary; the word generally bears the idea of "deceit;" cf. Milton's "well plac'd words of *glozing* courtesy" (Comus, 161). It is not hard to see how the meaning arose. The *gloss* (= *γλῶσσα*) was the word which needed explanation; then it came to signify the explanation itself; and finally, by an easy transition, a false explanation. A good instance of its use occurs in Ford's Perkin Warbeck, i. 2:

You construe my griefs to so hard a sense,
That where *the text* is argument of pity,
Matter of earnest love, *your gloss* corrupts it.
—Ford's Works, ii. 17.

126. Line 166: *whom ARISTOTLE thought*.—To avoid the rather absurd anachronism Rowe and Pope read (with splendid courage) "whom *graver sages think*!" For the sentiment we are referred to Bacon, Advancement of Learning, bk. ii. xxii.

127. Line 172: *Have ears more DEAF than ADDERS*.—An old superstition, often alluded to; thus, in Randolph's The Muse's Looking Glass the Anchorite remarks:

How happy are the moles that have no eyes!
How blessed the *adders* that they *have* no ears.

—Works, vol. i. p. 207.

Compare II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 76:

What! art thou, like the *adder*, waxen *deaf*!

and see note 188 of that play.

128. Line 189: *in way of truth*; i.e. "judging the matter

solely on the ground of what is just and right." This speech is a fine piece of characterization.

129. Line 202: *CANONIZE us*.—This is Shakespeare's in variable accentuation of the word. Compare Hamlet, i. 4. 47:

Why thy *candiz'd* bones, hearsed in death;

and King John, iii. 1. 177:

Canoniz'd, and worshipp'd as a saint.

See, too, II. Henry VI. i. 3. 63. Similarly in Marlowe's Faustus, i. 1. 118, we find:

Shall make all nations to *canonize* us.

Whereas Chapman, in Byron's Conspiracy, ii. 1, writes:

Should make your highness *canoniz'd* a saint.

(Works, edn. 1874, p. 220).

ACT II. SCENE 3.

130. Line 7: *a rare ENGINEER*.—All such words as *engineer*, "sonneteer," "mutineer," &c., were formerly spelt with a final *er* instead of *eer*. So in Chapman's Monsieur D'Olive, iii. 1, we have: "by the brains of some great *engineer*" (Works, edn. 1874, p. 129). For an exhaustive discussion of the question see Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, pp. 217–227.

131. Line 10: *lose all the SERPENTINE craft of thy caduceus*.—A classical touch, as Steevens notes; cf. Martial, Epigrams, bk. vii. 74:

Cyllenes colique decus, facunde minister,
Aurea cui *torso* virga *dracone* viret.

132. Line 27: *a gilt COUNTERFEIT*.—Hanmer, following Rowe, read *counter*. In a note on As You Like It, ii. 7. 63 ("What, for a *counter*, would I do but good?"), Knight says that these counters or *jettons* were made of various metals, for the most part at Nürnberg. They were used to count with, and are alluded to in Julius Cæsar, iv. 3. 80 (where see Clarendon Press note), and Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 38; also in this play, ii. 2. 28. In the present passage *slipp'd* is used quibblingly in allusion to the spurious coins known as *slips*—a word-play of which the dramatists were very fond. So in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 50, 51, when Romeo asks "What counterfeit did I give you?" Mercutio replies, "The *slip*, sir, the *slip*;" so also Venus and Adonis, 515. Ben Jonson, too, in Every Man in His Humour, ii. 3, has: "Let the world think me a *bad counterfeit* if I cannot give him the *slip* at an instant."

133. Line 37: *never shrouded any but LAZARS*.—Generally applied to people afflicted with leprosy; cf. "most *lazar-like*," Hamlet, i. 5. 72. It is perhaps superfluous to note the derivation; from *Lazarus*, Luke xvi. 20.

134. Line 55: *I'll DECLINE the whole question*.—Thersites borrows a term from the grammar-book, and then proceeds to quibble upon it. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 97.

135. Line 56: *He SHENT our messengers*.—Q. has *sate*; Ff. *sent*. The absolutely certain emendation in the text is due to Theobald. Hanmer printed "*he sent* us messengers" (very poor); while Collier followed his MS. Corrector in reading "*we sent* our messengers," objecting to Theobald's conjecture on the ground that the fact of

Achilles rebuking the messenger had not been stated in the play. *Shent*, it may be noted, entirely agrees with scene iii. of the first act, where Achilles is said to have taken pleasure in seeing Patroclus' *pageant* (i.e. mimic and burlesque) Agamemnon and the other leaders; also, if, as Dyce ingeniously suggests, the *sate* of the Quarto is a corruption of *rates*, we have a fresh argument in favour of *shent*, a word which Shakespeare uses several times, e.g. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 4. 38; *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 112; *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 416.

136. Line 103: *if he have lost his ARGUMENT*.—Here in the sense of theme, subject; cf. *argumentum*. The word is of too frequent occurrence in Shakespeare to require illustration. We may remember, however, Milton's famous invocation:

what in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support,
That to the highth of this great *argument*
I may assert Eternal Providence
And justify the ways of God to men.

—Paradise Lost, i. 22-26.

137. Line 113: *The elephant hath joints, but none for courtesy*.—Cf. iii. 3. 48, 49. That the elephant's legs had no joints was a current superstition.

138. Line 121: *An after-dinner's BREATH*.—So in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 182: "'t is the *breathing* time of day with me." In each case the idea suggested is "light exercise," "relaxation."

139. Line 134: *Than in the note of JUDGMENT*.—*Note of judgment* seems to be equivalent to *judgment* simply; so we now speak of a person as "having no *judgment*;" but possibly "*judged* by other people" may be the idea. The text of this passage has been needlessly emended in various details.

140. Line 138: *His humorous PREDOMINANCE*.—Shakespeare is referring to the astrological term; it occurs in *Lear*, i. 2. 134: "knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance."

141. Line 139: *His pettish LUNES, his ebbs, his flows*.—*Ff.* have "pettish *lines*;" Q. "*his course and time, his ebbs and flowes*;" Pope read *his course and times*. The emendation in the text is due to Hamner. A similar confusion, *lines* for *lunes*, occurs in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 2. 22, where the correction was made by Theobald. For *lunes* (=whims, freaks), cf. *Winter's Tale*, ii. 2. 30.

142. Line 149: *In second voice we'll not be satisfied; i.e.* "a substitute will not be sufficient, he must come himself."

143. Line 169: *I do hate a proud man, &c.*—For the thought cf. i. 3. 241, 242.

144. Line 187: *the DEATH-TOKENS of 't*.—A reference to the small dark spots which appeared on the skins of people infected with the plague; they were supposed to portend certain death. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii. 10. 9, 10:

like the *tokens* of pestilence,
Where death is sure.

145. Line 195: *with his own SRAM*.—*Seam*=tallow, fat; cf. *enseamed*, *Hamlet*, iii. 4. 92.

146. Line 213: *I'll PASH him*.—In Shakespeare only occurs here (where, however, Q. has *push*) and in act v. 5. 10. It is found in Greene (*Works*, p. 94) and Marlowe (*Bullen's ed.* vol. i. p. 59); also in Massinger (*Works*, p. 10), *Virgin Martyr*, ii. 2; and in *The White Devil* of Webster (*Works*, ed. Dyce, vol. i. p. 8). The word is of Scandinavian origin (*Skeat*). Browning has it in "*Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*," stanza xii.

147. Line 215: *I'll PHEEZE his pride*.—We have *Pheeze* in *Merry Wives*, i. 3. 9; while the Taming of the Shrew begins: "*I'll pheeze you, in faith*" (see note 1 of that play). The etymology of the word is not clear, nor its exact meaning. I take, however, the following from the *Imperial Dictionary*, sub voce *Feeze*. "[Perhaps connected with Swiss *fitzen*, *fausen*, D. *veselen*, Fr. *fesser*, to whip.] To whip with rods; to tease; to worry. Written also *Feeze*, *Feize*, and *Pheeze*." The same authority gives a substantive *Feeze* = "State of being anxious or excited; worry; vexation." The eighteenth-century commentators seem to have misunderstood the word. Hamner, for instance, explains it: "to separate a twist into single threads. In the figurative sense it may well enough be taken like *tease*;" and this is the account offered by Steevens, Johnson, and others. But *feaze* in this sense looks like a derivative from the A.S. *faes*=thread; cf. G. *fasern*. According to Gifford it was in his days still in common use in the west of England, and meant "to beat," "to chastise;" this is obviously its sense in the present passage, and as a localism the word may still survive. Wedgwood has a long article on the subject, discriminating between the two meanings.

148. Line 221: *The raven chides blackness*.—Obviously another version of the proverb, "the kettle calls the pot black." See *Bohn's Proverbs*, p. 103.

149. Line 222: *I'll let his humours blood*.—Malone points out that a collection of epigrams, satires, &c., was printed in 1600 with the title, *The Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*.

150. Line 227: *should eat swords first*.—It is not necessary to change the reading; but Grey's ingenious proposal deserves mention: "a should eat's words first." In the next two lines there is an obvious word-play.

151. Line 233: *his ambition is DRY*.—*Dry* often = thirsty. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 59:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood.

152. Line 244: *A whoreson dog, that shall PALTER thus with us!*—Here *palter* is used in the sense of *trifle*; in *Macbeth*, v. 8. 20, and *Julius Cæsar*, ii. 1. 126 = "equivocating." *Skeat* derives it from *palter*, rags, and says that it originally meant "to deal in rags," and so "to haggle about paltry things."

153. Line 252: *Praise HIM that got thee, SHE that gave thee suck; i.e. Telamon and Eriboea* though later in this play (iv. 5. 83) *Hesione* is represented as having been the mother of *Ajax*.

154. Line 258: *Bull-bearing Milo*.—The legendary athlete of *Crotona*.

155. Line 260: *like a BOURN, a pale, a shore*.—For

bourn = boundary (its etymological meaning) cf. Winter's Tale, i. 2. 134:

No bourn 'twixt his and mine.

156. Line 263: *He must, he is, he cannot but be wise.*—Such brachylogy is characteristic. Compare i. 3. 289.

ACT III. SCENE 1.

157. Line 14: *You are in the state of grace.*—Referring obviously to the previous quibble, “know your honour better,” i.e. a better man. Throughout this scene the servant persistently plays on words and misunderstands his interlocutor. Q. and Ff. print the line as a query.

158. Lines 33, 34: *the MORTAL VENUS, . . . love's INVISIBLE soul.*—That is to say, Helen, the representative of *Venus* on earth. *Invisible* has been changed by some editors to *visible*, and I think there is a good deal to be said for the correction.

159. Line 52: *good BROKEN MUSIC.*—This was the name technically applied to the *music* of stringed instruments. Its use here is one more instance of Shakespeare's perfect familiarity with the terminology of arts other than his own. For *music* in particular the poet seems to have felt a special sympathy. So *Cæsar*, in describing *Cassius*, says:

he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no *music*.

—Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 203, 204.

And still more decisive is a passage in *The Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 83-85:

The man that hath no *music* in himself,

Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Goethe had exactly the same feeling. He speaks of himself as having been inspired during the composition of his *Iphigenia* by listening to Gluck's cantata; and apropos of the same play, we find him writing to the Frau Von Stein: “My soul by the delicious tones is gradually freed from the shackles of deeds and protocols. A quartette in the green room. I am sitting here, calling the distant forms gently to me. One scene must be floated off to-day.”—Feb. 22nd, 1779. Reverting to Shakespeare, we must remember that “unmusical” was not always an appropriate epithet to apply to the English. The mass of ballads and songs scattered throughout the plays and lyrical miscellanies of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods points to a widely-diffused and, using the word in its best sense, popular love of music; and modern research has established the fact that, next to the Italian composers, English musicians enjoyed the highest continental renown. Probably the death of Purcell and the advent of Handel decided the eclipse of national music.

160. Line 61: *you say so in FITS.*—A *fit* was a division in a poem, or a measure in dancing, or a verse of a song. Thus in the ballad of King Estmere we have:

What wold ye doe with my harpe, he sayd,

If I did sell itt yee?

To play my wife and me a *fit*,

When abed together wee bee.

—Percy's Reliques, King Estmere, lines 247-244.

So in Ralph Roister Doister, ii. 3, Truepeny says: “Shall we sing a *fitte* to welcome our friende, Arnot?” (Arber's

Reprint, p. 36). Not elsewhere in Shakespeare: the word is familiar to Chaucer students, being the A.S. *fit* = a song. In the present passage there appears to be some quibble, though one does not quite see how.

161. Line 74: *You shall not BOB us out of our melody.*—Properly *bob* = to jerk, but by some undefined means the word gradually got the idea of cheating, obtaining by fraud. Compare *Othello*, v. 1. 16:

gold and jewels that I *bob'd* from him.

Again, in the *Witch of Edmonton*, iii. 2, a father looking upon the dead body of his child says:

I'll not own her now. She's none of mine:

Bob me off with a dumb show!

Here the sense obviously is “to trick me with a show!” I find a curious phrase in Glapthorne's *The Lady Mother*, printed in Bullen's *Old Plays*, ii. p. 149, where a man remarks that another character is “like a *bobbed* hawk,” i.e. like a hawk which has *missed* its prey, has struck, that is, at some small bird, and struck unsuccessfully. Very possibly it is from some such metaphor that the word came eventually to signify any cheating, tricking operation. The *Imperial Dictionary* has an excellent account *sub voce*.

162. Line 95: *with my DISPOSER Cressida.*—A well-known crux. Indeed the whole passage from *What says my sweet queen,—my very very sweet queen?* down to *Cressida* (95), is difficult, the arrangement of the lines, in which I have followed Dyce and the Cambridge editors, being somewhat confused. There are two points to be noticed, points upon which many editors have gone hopelessly wrong. Q. and Ff. assign the words, *You must not know where he supps*, to Helen: they certainly should form part of Pandarus' speech; the change was made by Hammer, and simplifies the dialogue very considerably. That is the first point: the other is “my *disposer* Cressida.” How can Paris speak of Cressida as his *disposer*? The editors could not answer the question, and took refuge in rearrangements of the lines, in emendations of *disposer*, and other expedients which it could serve no purpose to enumerate at length. Enough to say that Collier (still assigning the speech to Paris) would read *dispraiser*, i.e. as not allowing the merits of Paris; while many editors substituted Helen for Paris and changed to *deposer* (Steevens, Ritson) or *disposer* (Warburton), the meaning in either case being that Cressida had supplanted Helen in the affections of Paris. See the very elaborate notes in Malone's Var. Ed. vol. viii. pp. 318-320. *Disposer* will be equivalent to “She who *disposes* or inclines me to mirth by her pleasant (and rather free) talk.” So Dyce.

163. Line 102: *I spy.*—Probably alluding to the well-known game.

164. Line 118: *Ay, you may, you may.*—Evidently a current piece of slang. So *Coriolanus*, ii. 3. 39. In the present case it is a humorous way of saying “I see you are flattering and fooling me.”

165. Line 119: *this love will undo us all.*—That this remark should be placed in the mouth of Helen—that she—*causa mali tanti*—should instinctively feel how fatal

her *amour* was bound to prove, is a fine touch, and is noted by Heine in his Shakespeare's Frauen und Mädchen. The editors have not remarked what is, I believe, the case, viz., that the expression is some catch from a song; compare Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, iii. 3 (Dodsley, xi. 54).

166. Line 131:—*the wound to kill; i.e. the killing wound.* This, like the other ballad-snatches in the play, seems to be untraceable.

167. Line 140: *He eats nothing but DOVES.*—In The Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 144, Gobbo has a "dish of doves" that he would fain bestow on Launcelot. In Italy they are a very common article of food.

168. Line 144: *Why, they are VIPERS.*—Referring, as Hunter says, to Acts xxviii. 3: "there came a viper out of the heat."

169. Line 167: *Than all the ISLAND KINGS.*—The leaders that is, who came from "the isles of Greece, the isles of Greece."

ACT III. SCENE 2.

170. Line 1: Pandarus' ORCHARD.—Here, as often, *orchard* is synonymous with *garden*. So in Hamlet, i. 5. 59: "Sleeping within my orchard;" and in many other passages. See Much Ado, note 62. Compare Chapman's Widow's Tears, ii. 2:

Tha. What news, Lycus? Where's the lady?

Lyc. Retired into her orchard. —Works, p. 317.

We repeatedly come across the expression "orchard of the Hesperides," e.g. in Marlowe's Hero and Leander, Sestiad ii. line 286; Middleton's The Changeling, iii. 3 (Works, vol. iv. p. 250); and Massinger's Emperor of the East, iv. 1, and Virgin Martyr, iv. 3 (Works, pp. 340 and 27). There is no reason why the word should be limited to places where fruit is grown; etymologically it simply means *herb yard*, coming from A. S. *wyrt*=a root.

171. Line 23: *Love's thrice-REPURED nectar.*—Ff. have *reputed*; so too (according to Dyce) some copies of the Quarto; but see Cambridge Shakespeare, vi. p. 265. Collier's MS. Corrector read *reputed*; there can be no question which is preferable. For an instance of the verb *repute* see Shirley's Lady of Pleasure, act v. sc. 1:

The winds shall play soft descendant to our feet
And breathe rich odours to *re-pure* the air.

—Works, Gifford's Edn. vol. iv. p. 95.

172. Line 29: *As doth a BATTLE, when they charge.*—*Battle* often signifies a *battalion*. So in Caxton's Destruction of Troy we read: "In the night passed, Hector having the charge of them in the city, ordered early his *battles* in a plain that was in the city, and put in the first *battle* two thousand knights" (bk. iii. p. 40). Milton, too, has:

So under fiery cope together rushed

Both *battles* main. —Paradise Lost, vi. 215-216.

173. Line 34: *as if she were FRAY'D with a sprite.*—*Fray* is short for *affray*, which comes from a low Latin word *exfreniare*=to break the king's peace. The same root is clearly seen in G. Friede. For use of *fray* Steevens quotes from Chapman's twenty-first Iliad:

all the massacres

Left for the Greeks, could put on looks of no more overthrow
Than now *fray'd* life.

174. Line 45: *you must be WATCH'D ere you be made TAME?*—Referring obviously to the custom of taming hawks by keeping them from sleep. So in Othello, iii. 3. 23, "I'll watch him tame;" and Taming of the Shrew, iv. 1. 196-198:

Another way I have to man my haggard,

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites.

For Shakespeare's use of such technical terms see note 178.

175. Line 48: *we'll put you i' the FILLS.*—Q. has *fills*; F. 1, *fil*; and F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4, *files*. Hammer reads *files*, and in a note remarks, "alluding to the custom of putting the men suspected of cowardice in the middle place." There can be no doubt, however, that *fills* is the right reading, and that the editors of the Second Folio made the correction from not understanding the word. *Fill*, or *thill*, is simply the shaft of a cart; the word is cognate with the German *diele*=plank. *Fill-horse* occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 2. 101; see note 139 of that play.

176. Line 52: *rub on, and kiss the mistress.*—All these terms are taken from the game of bowls. The *mistress* was the "small ball . . . now called the jack, at which the players aim" (Nares). A bowl that *kissed the mistress* (i.e. remained touching the jack) was in the most favourable position; cf. Cymbeline, ii. 1. 2. *Rub on* is not so easily explained. Mr. Aldis Wright in his note on Richard II. iii. 4. 4, quotes from Fuller's Holy State, book I. chap. ii.: "But as a *rubbe* to an overthrown bowl proves an helpe by hindering it; so afflictions bring the souls of God's Saints to the mark." [Johnson gives as one of the special meanings of *rub*: "Inequality of ground, that hinders the motion of a bowl;" a definition which the Imperial Dict. follows, quoting the passage from Fuller, given above. But in British Rural Sports, by Stonehenge (J. H. Walsh), 1881 (15th edn.), *rub* is thus defined: "*Rub* or *Set*.—When a jack or a bowl, in its transit, strikes or touches any object or thing on the green which alters or impedes its motion;" and afterwards in Rule 17: "If a running bowl before it has reached the parallel of the jack do *rub* or set on any person (not of the playing party), or on a bowl or jack belonging to another party, it can be played again;" and in the next rule 18: "if the jack do *rub* or set on a bowl or person not belonging to the party," &c. From these extracts it would appear that to *rub* (in the game of bowls) meant "to come into contact with" any obstacle animate or "inanimate."—F. A. M.] For *rub* (subst.)=obstacle, see King John, iii. 4. 128. The origin of the expression "there's the *rub*" is clear.

177. Line 54: *a kiss in FEE-FARM*—*Fee*, from A. S. *feoh*, properly meant *cattle*, as the natural form of property in an early civilization; then property in general, but more especially land. Compare, in part, the use of *pecus*, *pecunia*. *Fee-farm* signifies, I suppose, *fee-simple*, the most advantageous and lasting system of tenure. We have a "fee grief" in Macbeth, iv. 3. 196, and "sold in *fee*," Hamlet, iv. 4. 22.

178. Lines 55, 56: *The falcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i' the river.*—The *falcon* was the female hawk; the *tercel*, the male; the former was the larger and stronger. So Cotgrave, sub voce *Tiercelet*, has "The *tassell*, or male of any kind of hawk; so termed because he is commonly

a third part lesse than the female." See Skeat upon *tercel*. Pandarus means that he will match his niece against Troilus. Rowe misunderstood the passage and read "the falcon *has* the tercel;" so Pope. Tyrwhitt ingeniously conjectured "*at* the tercel." In the second half of the quotation we have an allusion to what appears to have been a favourite amusement, *i.e.* hawking along river banks. So in Ben Jonson's *The Forest* (III.) one of the country pursuits mentioned is:

Or hawking at the river.

So, too, Chaucer's Sir Thopas:

Couthe hunt at wild deer,
And ride on hawkyng for ryver,
With gray goshawk on honde.

—Chaucer, Works, Bohn's ed. ii. p. 118.

Cunningham, in his edition of Gifford's Massinger, p. 640, remarks upon the close familiarity with country customs that our old dramatists display: they seem, he says, "to have been, in the language of the present day, keen sportsmen." This is perfectly true: the works of Massinger, Ben Jonson, and others, abound with terms drawn from the technicalities of hunting, hawking, and kindred pursuits. In the case of Shakespeare, however, it was only one aspect of the poet's immense range of knowledge. *Nihil non tetigit*: he draws his metaphors and similes from every possible subject; and he invariably writes with a minute accuracy which at one moment convinces us that he must have been a painter, at another that he must have been a musician, at a third a lawyer, and so on through a dozen other professions.

179. Line 62: "*In witness whereof*," &c.—Alluding, says Grey, to the usual conclusion of indentures: "to which the parties to these presents have interchangeably set their hands and seals." Shakespeare was fond of this metaphor of sealing a compact. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1, the boy's song; Venus and Adonis, 511 and 516.

180. Line 80: *in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no MONSTER*.—"From this passage," says Steevens, "*a Fear* appears to have been a personage in other pageants; or perhaps in our ancient moralities." To this circumstance Aspatia alludes in *The Maids Tragedy*:

And then a *Fear*:
Do that *Fear* bravely, wench.

Perhaps in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 196–218, in the great passage describing the first meeting of the Queen and Antony, Shakespeare had in his mind's eye the details of some such Pageant of Love as is here hinted at.

181. Line 104: *shall be a mock for his truth*.—Malone explains this, "Even malice (for such is the meaning of the word *envy*) shall not be able to impeach his truth, or attack him in any other way, except by ridiculing him for his constancy." This may be right; I should have thought, however, that the meaning was rather, "the worst that malice can say against him will be but a mock, a trifle which his constancy can afford to despise, *i.e.* his loyalty will be raised above and superior to the assaults of jealousy."

182. Line 119: *they are BURS, I can tell you*.—Properly "*burs* mean the unopened flowers of the Burdock (*Arc-tium Lappa*)" (Ellacombe, p. 32); a plant common on

waste places by roadsides. The bracts of the involucre which inclose the young flowers are furnished with hooked tips, which cling persistently to one's clothes or to a dog's coat, or to any other object. Several British wild plants are called *Burs*; *e.g.* the *Bur-marigold*, the *Bur-parsley*, the *Bur-reed*; but none deserve the name better than the *Burdock*. It is cognate, no doubt, with the French *bourre*, applied to the hair of animals or the fluffy pollen shed by some plants. Milton speaks of "*rude burs and thistles*" (Comus, 353), and Shakespeare has the word several times. "Nay, friar, I am a kind of *bur*; I shall stick" (Measure for Measure, iv. 3. 189).

183. Line 140. CUNNING in *dumbness*.—Pope's correction of the coming of Q. and FF. The change seems entirely necessary. In the next line *soul of counsel*=the very essence of my design. *Soul* was used in this sense in act i. 2. 313.

184. Line 155: *KIND OF SELF resides with you*.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave *a kind self*; at the best an unnecessary change. The idea is the same as in Sonnet cxxxiii. 13, 14:

for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

185. Lines 163, 164:

*Or else you love not; FOR to be wise and love
Exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods above.*

First, as to the origin of the expression *to be wise and love*; it is a literal reproduction of the maxim of Publius Syrus: "*amare et sapere vix deo conceditur*." Curiously enough, the proverb is to be frequently found in Elizabethan and Jacobean writers. Bacon, for instance, in his Essay on Love, has: "for there was never proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved; and therefore it was well said that it is impossible to love and to be wise" (Works, ed. Spedding, vol. vi. p. 398). The occurrence, by the way, of the saying in the Essays and in Troilus and Cressida must be as meat and drink to the supporters of the "Bacon wrote Shakespeare" theory. Still Shakespeare is not the only poet who used it. Tyrwhitt quotes from *The Shepherd's Calendar*, March:

To be wise, and eke to love,
Is granted scarce to gods above.

For a partial application of the idea we may compare Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, i. 2 (early). But the real difficulty, the rock over which the editorial barques of Hamner and others have hopelessly been shattered, is the unlucky *for* in line 163. "Why *for*," said Malone, finding the unfortunate *for* "inconsequential." No doubt Cressida's reasoning is a trifle irregular. Such arguments would not pass muster in Mill's Logic; but the editors might have remembered that, in the first place, the speaker is a woman; and, in the second place, being in love, she cannot, according to her own showing, "be wise." Really it is perfectly easy to trace the line of thought. "I angled," she says, "for your thoughts, but got nothing out of you, either because you are not in love, or because you are too wise;" and then the words *wise and love* remind her of the proverb, and she whimsically rounds off her sentence with, "for you know, you can't both love *and* be wise." It is an admirable *non*

sequitur, a triumph of feminine reasoning power, and ten times as true to life as the logical proprieties suggested by the commentators, amongst whom Hammer barbarously printed, "*a sign you love not*" (163).

186. Line 169: *Outliving beauty's* OUTWARD.—The substantial use of adjectives is very common in Elizabethan English. Thus in Shakespeare we have *pale*=paleness, Venus and Adonis, 589; Lucrece, 1512; *fair*=fairness, Sonnet lxxviii. 3; *vast*=vastness, Hamlet, i. 2. 198; and many others. See Abbott, A Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 20, 21.

187. Line 178: *Might be* AFFRONTED . . . —For *affront*=confront cf. Hamlet, iii. 1. 31. So in the well-known line from Paradise Lost, i. 391:

And with their darkness durst *affront* this light.

188. Line 184: *as plantage to the moon*.—This line is best illustrated by a passage which Farmer quotes from Reginald Scott's Discoverie of Witchcraft: "The poore husbandman perceiveth that the increase of the moone maketh plants fruitful: so as in the full moone they are in the best strength; decaying in the wane; and in the conjunction do utterlie wither and fade." Pope misunderstood the allusion and altered to *planets*. So Theobald.

189. Line 186: *As iron* to ADAMANT.—*Adamant* here, as often, signifies the magnet, or loadstone. So, to take an instance outside Shakespeare, in the Return from Parnassus, ii. 1 we have:

I am her needle: she is my *Adamant*.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 24.

Compare Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 195, note 115.

190. Line 193: *When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy*.—We may remember the familiar line:

Gutta cavit lapidem, non vi sed sæpe cadendo.

So Lucretius, bk. iv. 1280, 1281:

Nonne vides etiam guttas in saxa cadentes
Humoris longo in spatio pertundere saxa.

So also Shakespeare himself in Lucrece, 959. Grey, too, in his notes refers to Spenser, sonnet xviii.

191. Line 201: *or* STEPDAME to her son.—Quite a classical touch. The Latin poets delight to lavish abuse on the "*injusta noverca*" (Virgil, Eclogues, iii. 33). On the English stage she is not such a familiar figure. In the next line (202) *stieck*=stab; cf. Two Gentlemen of Verona, i. 1. 108. This speech is a finely-developed piece of character-drawing. Cressida's florid asseverations of loyalty are a fit prelude to her final faithlessness.

192. Line 217: *press it to death*.—See Much Ado, note 178. A description of the punishment will be found in the successive editions of Chamberlaynes' Angliæ Notitia.

ACT III. SCENE 3.

193. Lines 3-5.

*Appear it to your mind
That, through the sight I bear in things, to LOVE
I have abandon'd Troy.*

This is a passage of considerable difficulty. According to the Cambridge editors *things to love* is the reading of the Quarto and the first three Folios. Johnson, however,

says "the word is so printed that nothing but the sense can determine whether it be *love* or *Jove*." He himself printed *Jove*, which, combined with the next line, certainly gives a possible sense. Myself I think that we ought to retain what is almost conclusively the reading of the old copies, viz. *to love*; placing, then, the comma after *things*, and taking *to love* with what follows, we may interpret the passage with Steevens: "I have left Troy to the dominion of love, to the consequences of the *amour* of Paris and Helen." Obviously this is not a little fine-drawn and suggestive of special pleading; but, unless we adopt one of the sweeping emendations proposed, I do not see what else can be made of the lines. Grant White's explanation, "Through my peculiar knowledge as to where it is well to place affection or regard I have abandon'd Troy," seems to me—and I am glad to observe that Dyce was of the same opinion—extraordinarily weak. Rowe, and after him Theobald, followed F. 4 in reading "*in things to come*." Collier's MS. Corrector gave "*things above*;" and in the previous line quite needlessly altered *appear* to *appeal*. Dyce prints to *Jove*, and puts the comma at the end of the line. In Caxton's Destruction of Troy a dialogue takes place between Cressida and Calchas on the arrival of the former in the Greek camp. She reproaches her father with having been a traitor to his country, to which he replies: "Ha ha, my daughter, thinkest thou it is a fit thing to despise the answer of the gods, and especially in that which touches my health. I know certainly by their answers this war shall not endure long, this city shall be destroyed, and the nobles also, and the burghesses, and therefore it is better for us to be here safe, than to be slain with them" (book iii. pp. 55, 56). Similarly Lydgate represents Calchas as warned by his "sight in things to come," (?) to desert the cause of the Trojans. The seer enters Apollo's temple and consults the god, and suddenly comes the answer:

Be right well ware thou ne tounne agayne
To Troy towne, for that were but in vayne,
For finally lerne this thyng of me,
In shorte time it shall destroyed be.

194. Lines 22-24:

*this Antenor,
I know, is such a WREST in their affairs,
That their negotiations all must SLACK.*

Theobald conjectured *rest*, which Hammer printed. Malone, too, was inclined to adopt the same reading. "Antenor," he says (Var. Ed. vol. viii. p. 341), "is such a *stay* or support of their affairs. All the ancient English muskets had *rests* by which they were supported. The subsequent words, 'Wanting his manage,' appear to me to confirm the emendation." If we are to read *rest* we may remember that then, as now, it was applied to a part of the violin, from which in the present passage the metaphor might possibly be drawn. Compare Return from Parnassus, Arber's Reprint, p. 65:

How can he play whose heartstrings broken are?
How can he keep his *rest* that ne'er found rest?

Really, however, there is not the slightest necessity for meddling with the text. *Wrest* makes excellent sense. We have already had the same idea in "o'er-wrested," i. 3.

157. The *wrest* was an instrument for tightening or drawing up the strings of a harp; hence the appropriateness here of the word *wrest* that immediately follows. For similar metaphor compare Macbeth, i. 7. 60. In a very curious letter: "wherein, part of the entertainment unto the queenz Mailesty, at Killingworth Castl, in Warwick Sheer, in this Soomerz Progress, 1575, is signified," written by Robert Laneham, and quoted in part in the introductory essay to Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, we have a minute account of the equipment of an ancient minstrel, and amongst his accoutrements were: "About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His *wrest* tyed to a green lace and hanging by." So again in *A treatise between truth and information*, printed among Skelton's Works, and referred to by Douce (Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 61), we find:

A harpe geveth sounde as it is sette,
The harper may *wrest* it untunablye;
A harper with his *wrest* may tune the harpe wrong,
Mystynnyng of an instrument shal hurt a true songe.

Equally to the point is his reference to King James's edict against combats: "this small instrument the tongue being kept in tune by the *wrest* of awe." In Minshew's Dictionary, ed. 1627, p. 757, the verb *wrest* is explained: "to winde, to wring, to straine," and translated by the Latin *torquere, contorquere*. Johnson seems to have misunderstood the word. "It is used," he says, speaking of the substantive, "in Spenser and Shakespeare for an active or moving power: I suppose from the force of a tilter acting with his lance in his *rest*," and then he quotes the lines given above.

195. Line 26: *a prince OF BLOOD*.—Perhaps we should read with F. 4 "prince o' the blood," a suggestion independently made by Walker, A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 195. Compare, however, "Art thou of blood and honour?" (v. 4. 28).

196. Line 30: *In most accepted PAIN*.—Pay (Hanmer, Warburton, and Dyce), *payment* (Keightley), and *poise*, are suggested alterations of the well-supported, and to my mind entirely satisfactory, *pain* of the text. Calchas says: "Give me Cressida and I will cry quits for all the labours I have undergone in your behalf, labours indeed which I was glad to undertake." It is precisely the line of argument that he adopts in Chaucer:

Having unto my tresour, ne my rent,
Right no regard in respect of your ese;
Thus al my good I lost, and to yow went,
Wenyng in this, my lordis, yow to plesse;
But al my losse ne doth me no dissee—
I vouchesaaf al so wisely have I joy
For yow to lese al that I had in Troy.

—Chaucer's Works, Bolin's ed. vol. iii. p. 183.

197. Line 43: *Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him*.—Q. and Ff. read "are bent? *Why turn'd* on him." There can be no doubt that the latter is a variant which has crept into the text.

198. Line 81: *Hath any honour, BUT HONOUR for*.—So Q. F. I has "but honour'd," which naturally passed into "*but* is honour'd" (Pope), and "*but's* honour'd" (Capell). The reading of the Quarto is quite satisfactory.

199. Line 96: *how dearly ever PARTED*.—That is to say, *gifted, endowed*. So in Ben Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, Macilente is described in the Character of the Persons as "a man well *parted*, a sufficient scholar and travelled." Compare also Cure for a Cuckold, act v. sc. 1:

for as you
Are every way *well-parted*.

—Webster's Works (ed. Dyce), vol. iv. p. 35t.

200. Lines 105, 106:

nor doth the eye itself,

That most pure SPIRIT OF SENSE, behold itself.

For the idea expressed in this passage compare Julius Caesar, i. 2. 52, 53. *Spirit of sense* we have already had, with a somewhat different meaning, i. 1. 58. These lines (105, 106) are omitted in all the Follios.

201. Line 109: *speculation*.—Not merely "vision," "power of sight;" but "intelligence," operating through the medium of the eye. So in Macbeth, iii. 4. 95:

Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with!

202. Line 110: *mirror'd*.—Q. and Ff. have *married*, which the Cambridge editors retain, though the Globe ed. prints *mirror'd*. The latter is the almost certain (at least I think so) emendation of Collier's MS. Corrector. It has been adopted by Singer and Dyce. Dr. Ingleby condemned the conjecture as "just one of those emendations which beguile the judgment, lull criticism, and enlist our love of the surprising and ingenious. But it is not sound." To which I think we may reply with Dyce, Why? Malone gives *married* without any note. If we retain this reading the word must bear much the meaning as in i. 3. 100, *i.e.* closely united, allied. *Mirror* as a verb does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. For the thought compare King John, ii. 496-503.

203. Line 120: *WHO, like an arch, REVERBERATES*.—Q. and F. I read *reverberate*; *i.e.*, says Boswell (Malone, Var. Ed. vol. viii. 348), "they who applaud *reverberate*." This elliptic mode of expression is in our author's manner." But lower down we have *receives and renders*, and at least the verbs must be uniform—all singular or plural. It is best therefore to read *reverberates* with F. 2, F. 3, and F. 4; so the Cambridge editors, Globe edn., Dyce, and most texts. *Who* will then = *which*, *i.e.* "applause which." For a full discussion of Shakespeare's use of the relative pronouns (*who*, *which*, and *that*) see Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 175-187.

204. Lines 123-128: *I was much rapt in this, &c.*—These lines have passed in the hands of the editors through the strangest metamorphoses. The text here printed is that given by the First Folio. It is retained by the Cambridge editors, and makes excellent verse. The reading of the Quarto is as follows:

I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately,
The unknowne Ajax, heavens what a man is there!
A very horse, that has he knows not what
Nature what things there are.
Most object in regard, and deere in use.

Now it may be worth while to pause for a moment and observe how Pope and Hanmer treated the passage. Their respective texts throw some light on the spirit in which

they approached Shakespeare; not assuredly that "spirit of reverence" which Coleridge described as the first essential of an editor. Pope, then, followed the Folio down to *Ajax*; afterwards he read:

Heavens what a man is there? A very horse,
He knows not his own nature: what things are
 Most object in regard, and dear in use.

Hanmer, who in his preface declared that his guiding principle had been never "to give a loose to fancy, or indulge a licentious spirit of criticism," printed the following rearrangement of the lines:

I was much apt
 In this *I read*, and apprehended here
 Immediately the unknown *Ajax*: heavens!
 What a man's there? A very horse, that has
 He knows not what; *in nature* what things there are
 Most object in regard, and dear in use.

The third line is surely a rhythmical curiosity. *Unknown* seems to mean, as Johnson explains it, "who has abilities which are not brought into use."

205. Line 141: *And great Troy* SHRIEKING.—So the Quarto. F. I has the far less graphic *shrinking*.

206. Line 145: *Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back*.—Shakespeare may have been thinking of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, bk. vi. c. viii. stanza xxiv.:

"Here in this bottle" said the sorry maid,
 "I put the tears of my contrition,
 Till to the brim I have it full defray'd;
 And *in this bag which I behind me don*,
 I put repentance for things past and gone.
 Yet is the bottle leak, and bag so torn
 That all which I put in falls out anon,
 And is behind me trodden down of scorn,
 Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I mourn."

207. Line 150: *PERSEVERANCE, dear my lord*.—*Perseverance* only occurs in one other passage in Shakespeare, where it has the same accent as here, viz. in *Macbeth*, iv. 3. 93:

Bounty, *perseverance*, mercy, lowliness.

Shakespeare never uses our modern verb *persevere* at all, but always *perséver*. In one passage in *Lear* (iii. 5. 23) the Qq. read *persevere*, but Ff. rightly print *perséver*.

208. Line 162: *to the ABJECT REAR*.—Hanmer's excellent correction of the Folio reading, "abject, *neere*." This simile does not occur in the Quarto. Throughout this speech (which a recent critic, Mr. W. S. Lilly, has singled out as one of the very finest in all literature) the readings are in small points confused and, so to speak, fluctuating.

209. Line 168: *Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles*.—I have ventured here to adopt (with Dyce) Pope's correction. Q. and Ff. read "the welcome;" but omitting the *we* gain a far more pointed antithesis. Hanmer's suggestion, "grasps the *incomer*," deserves to be mentioned.

210. Lines 178, 179:

And GIVE to dust, that is a little GILT,
 More laud than GILT e'er-dusted.

Give: the old copies have *go*; the correction (due to Thirlby) was first adopted by Theobald. For *gilt* (= "to gilt") in the second line Theobald and others, e.g. Staunton, would substitute *gold*; needlessly, however, because *gilt* may well bear the sense of *gold*. Cf. *Richard II.* ii. 1. 298-295:

Redeem from broking pawn the blemish'd crown,
 Wipe off the dust that hides *our sceptre's gilt*,
 And make high majesty look like itself.

The thought embodied is quite clear. "That which is solid and good, but a little antiquated, will always be put on one side in favour of that which is new and attractive, though sham and unlasting."

211. Line 189: *Made emulous missions 'mongst the gods themselves*.—Referring obviously to the fact that the deities of Olympus took part in the struggle, some fighting for the Greeks, some for the Trojans. Shakespeare may have borrowed the idea from Chapman's translation.

212. Line 197: *Knows almost every grain of PLUTUS' gold*.—The Folio has "every graine of *Plutoes* gold;" so again in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 3. 101: "deerer than *Pluto's* mine." It seems best to alter to *Plutus*, although the confusion of the two deities is a very common occurrence in Elizabethan literature. Thus in *Hero and Leander*, second sestiad, we find:

Whence his admiring eyes more pleasure took
 Than *Dis*, on heaps of gold fixing his look. —325, 326.

A still clearer instance comes in the *Duchess of Malfi*, iii. 2:

Pluto, the god of riches,
 When he's sent by Jupiter to any man,
 He goes limping. —Webster's Works, p. 79.

Compare, too, the following from *Hannibal and Scipio*, reprinted among Bullen's *Old Plays*, New Series, vol. i. p. 187:

Borrow of *Pluto*; he will not deny it
 Upon your bond. Stay: here's a great mistaking;
 His state and riches were of poet's making.

In *Timon of Athens*, i. 1. 287, the Folio gives *Plutus*, which inclines us to attribute the error in the present line and in the *Julius Cæsar* passage to the copyist rather than to Shakespeare himself. For the classical side of the question see *Aristophanes*, *Plutus*, 727.

213. Line 199: *Keeps PLACE with thought; i.e.* "there is," says the sonorous Warburton, "in the providence of a state, as in the providence of the universe, a kind of ubiquity." He rightly condemns the obvious and prosaic suggestion, "Keeps pace." In the next line a syllable is wanting, which has led to various proposals, amongst which Collier's "dumb crudities," i.e. before they become thoughts, seems to me best. But to my ear *dumb cradles* in its emphatic position, forming the *cadenza* of the verses, is equivalent to two feet.

214. Lines 222, 223:

SWEET, rouse yourself; and the weak WANTON Cupid
 Shall from your neck unloose.

Collier adopted the *Swift* of his MS. Corrector. Perhaps *wanton* should be treated as a substantive, and line 222 pointed, *the weak wanton, Cupid*. So Walker.

215. Line 225: *Be shook to AIR*.—Q. has *air* simply; F 1 and F. 2 *ayrie ayre*. Collier read with his MS. Corrector *very air*.

216 Line 228: *My fame is shrewdly GOR'D*.—Metaphor from bull-baiting. So in *Hamlet*, v. 2. 260, 261:

I have a voice and precedent of peace,
 To keep my name *unwor'd*.

The editors compare *Sonnet cx.*

217. Line 231: *Seals a COMMISSION to a BLANK of danger.*—Schmidt (Shakespeare Lexicon) quotes this amongst the passages, e.g. Hamlet, iv. 1. 42; Othello, iii. 4. 128, in which a *blank* signifies "the white mark in the centre of a target." How he applies the metaphor here I cannot see. The word surely bears the same sense as in Richard II. ii. 1. 249, 250:

And daily new exactions are devis'd,
As *blanks*, benevolences,—I wot not what.

Compare, too, in the same play, i. 4. 48, and note 101, in the Clarendon Press ed. of Richard II. Mr. Aldis Wright gives two interesting quotations from Holinshed that perfectly illustrate the use of the word: "many *blanke charters* were devised . . . when they were so sealed the king's officers wrote in the same what liked them." Holinshed p. 1102, col. 1; and again: "moreover they were compelled to put their hands and seales to certaine *blankes* . . . in the whiche, when it pleased hym hee might write, what hee thought good" (p. 1103, col. 1). So in the Revenger's Tragedy we have:

Yet words are but great men's *blanks*.

—Cyril Tourneur's Works, ed. Churton Collins, vol. ii. p. 24.

Briefly, it is our idea of "a blank cheque," as explained in note 101, Richard II.; and the metaphor exactly suits the present passage. Hunter repeats Schmidt's mistake.

218. Lines 252, 253: *like an hostess that hath no arithmetic.*—Compare the scornful reference in i. 2. 123 to a *tapster's arithmetic*.

219. Line 294: *God B' WI' you.*—Q. and Ff. gave "God buy you." Rowe corrected.

220. Line 306: *to make CATTLINGS on;* i.e. catgut. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 5. 132, one of the musicians bears the expressive name "Simon *Catling*."

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

221. Line 8: *Witness the PROCESS of your speech.*—*Process* here has almost the legal official sense seen in the French *procès verbal*.

222. Line 11: *During all QUESTION of the gentle truce.*—Apparently *question* is equivalent, in some rather vague undefined way, to *intercourse*; but Johnson was inclined to read *quiet*.

223. Line 20: *In HUMANE gentleness.*—Pope, absurdly enough, retained the old pointing of the lines, which made exquisite nonsense:

And thou shalt hunt a lion that will fly
With his face backward in humane gentleness.

Theobald naturally seized upon such an opening for laboured sarcasm at the expense of his arch foe. Walker, comparing *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2. 57–60, would read "in *human* gentleness" (A Critical Examination, iii. 196); a needless change.

224. Line 36: *His purpose meets you;* i.e. "I bring you his orders;" "I am his messenger."

225. Line 48: *The bitter DISPOSITION of the time.*—*Disposition*=circumstances of, i.e. the way affairs are *disposed*, arranged; not a very common meaning.

226. Line 66: *But he as he, EACH heavier for a whore.*—Q. has "the heavier;" F. "*which* heavier;" the latter certainly looks like an *intended* correction of *each*, a correction, however, frustrated by a compositor's blunder. The reading in our text is Johnson's conjecture, adopted by Dyce.

227. Line 75: *you do as CHAPMEN do.*—Properly *chapman* meant the man who sold; it was used, however, indifferently of buyer and seller: compare the legal phrase "dealer and *chapman*." The forms of the word vary: we have *cheapman*, *chapman*, and *copeman*. The etymology is obvious: modern *cheap*, A. S. *céap*, and German *kauf*, *kaufen*, are all from the root seen in Latin *caupo*, Greek *κατηλέω*. The slang word *chap* is merely short for *chapman*. Evidently these *chapmen* were not held in the highest repute. In the statute 14 Elizabeth, 1571, against "common players," and "for the punishment of vacabondes," "juglars, pedlars, tynkers, and *petty chapmen*" are to be treated as "rogues, vacabondes and sturdy beggers," unless they can show a formal license to trade. See English Drama, Documents and Treatises, pp. 21–23, Roxburgh Library.

228. Line 78: *We'll not commend what we intend to sell.*—This is the reading of the Quarto and of the Folios; it is doubtful whether any satisfactory meaning can be got out of the passage as it stands. Johnson, however, explains it thus: "though you practise the buyer's art, we will not practise the seller's. We intend to sell Helen dear, yet will not commend her;" i.e. if ever the Greeks win Helen—which we do not intend that they shall do—they will pay very dearly for her; hence it would be superfluous for us to praise her in advance. This is certainly poor, but I can offer no better suggestion. If we are to admit any alteration into the text, we ought, I think, to adopt Warburton's "What we intend *not* sell;" Collier's MS. Corrector had the same proposal. It is very harsh, perhaps, as Walker says (A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 197), too harsh, though the rhyme would be some excuse, and it fails to give a proper antithesis to line 76; on the other hand, it is favoured somewhat by a curiously similar couplet in Sonnet xxi. 13, 14:

Let them say more that like of hearsay well;
I will not praise that purpose *not* to sell.

Other readings are "*not* to sell" (Hanmer); "*that* not intend to sell" (Walker); "*not condemn* what we intend to sell" (very bad); and "*but* commend what we intend to sell;" the last has been accepted by Dyce and the Globe Edn. The Cambridge Shakespeare keeps to the reading of the copies. For a parallel idea compare Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 16:

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of *chapmen's* tongues.

[I wish that many passages in this play were as easy to understand as this one which has appeared, to so many of the commentators, to present insuperable difficulties. It is necessary to give the whole speech of Paris in order to understand it:

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy;
But we in silence hold this virtue well,—
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.

It seems to me that the key to the meaning of the whole passage lies in line 77:

But we *in silence* hold this virtue well.—

Paris here answers, with the courtesy and dignity of a gentleman, the vulgar abuse which Diomedes, with such execrably bad taste, heaps upon Helen in the presence of the man who might have wronged her husband, but was all the more bound to defend *her*. He has already rebuked Diomedes above in line 67:

You are too bitter to your countrywoman;

but Diomedes, far from taking any notice of this rebuke, merely becomes more abusive. The reply of Paris may be awkwardly worded, but the meaning is quite clear; and the dignified sarcasm of it could hardly fail to have penetrated even Diomedes's panoply of self-conceit. "You," Paris says, "practise the common trick of a petty dealer;"—*chapman* is evidently used here in a contemptuous sense (see the last note)—"you run down the article you want to buy, but we decline to compete with you on your own ground; we despise such tricks, and *in silence* hold fast to this virtue, not to 'puff'" (as we should say) "what we have to sell, but to let its value speak for itself." Of course he means that they will part with Helen only as the prize of victory, and not for money; but the great point is that he excuses himself for not defending her from Diomedes's vulgar abuse by pointing out that, in such a case, a noble nature thinks *silence* the best answer. The fancied necessity of having a rhyming couplet at the end of the scene may, perhaps, account for the somewhat obscure wording of the passage in the last two lines.—F. A. M.]

ACT IV. SCENE 2.

229. Lines 4-6:

*sleep KILL those pretty eyes,
And give as soft ATTACHMENT to thy senses
As infants' empty of all thought.*

Kill, a very strong and effective word, was changed by Pope to *seal*. *Attachment*=arrestment, a sense that the verb very frequently bears; e.g. II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 109:

Of capital treason I *attach* you both.

With line 6 compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 56:

Sleep she as sound as *careless infancy*

230. Line 12: *VENOMOUS wights*; i.e., says Steevens, "*Venefici*, those who practise nocturnal sorcery;" the explanation does not seem to me entirely satisfactory.

231. Line 13: *As TEDIIOUSLY as hell*.—The Folios have a curious variant: *hideously*.

232. Line 33: *A poor CAPOCCHIO*.—The word was too many for the printers; it appears in Q. and Ff. as *chipochia*. Theobald suggested *capocchio*=the thick head of a club, and then, by a natural transition, "a thick-headed man," i.e. a simpleton. A=Ah, very probably; and Dyce prints the latter.

233. Line 58: *you'll be so true to him, to be false to him*; i.e. "in pretending that he is not here, and thus (as you think) serving his interest, you are really doing him harm."

234. Line 62: *My matter is so RASH*; i.e. requiring such

haste. For a somewhat similar, though not precisely parallel use, compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 118:

It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden.

235. Line 73: *We met by chance*.—Troilus means to enjoin secrecy upon Æneas.

236. Line 74: *the secrets of nature*.—So the Folios; Q. has "secrets of neighbour Pandar." The editors have displayed considerable ingenuity in correcting what needs no correction. *Secrets* is here a trisyllable: scanned so the line runs with perfect smoothness. Walker (Shakespeare's versification, p. 10) quotes several verses where *secret* has a trisyllabic force; e.g. Edward I., v. 4. 28:

Well do it bravely, and be *secret*;

and same play, v. 6. 5:

Whether thou wilt be *secret* in this.

—Marlow's Works, Bullen's Ed. ii. pp. 221, 230.

Ritson was alone, I believe, among the last-century critics in retaining the Folio reading. The proposed emendations would cover a page.

237. Line 103: *I know no TOUCH of consanguinity*.—For *touch*=feeling, compare Macbeth, iv. 2. 9.

238. Line 106: *the very CROWN of falsehood*.—Compare Cymbeline, i. 6. 4:

My supreme *crown* of grief.

A natural metaphor to signify the culminating point in anything. So Tennyson's "sorrow's *crown* of sorrow." In the next line (107) Hamner greatly weakened the vigour of the verse by omitting (with F. 2 and F. 3) *force*.

ACT IV. SCENE 3.

239. Line 1: *It is GREAT MORNING*.—Rather an awkward Gallicism, *grand-jour*; repeated in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 61.

ACT IV. SCENE 4.

240. Line 4: *And VIOLENTETH in a sense as strong*.—So Q.; the Folios give:

And no lesse in a sense as strong;

which Pope changed to:

And in its sense is no less strong.

Q., no doubt, is right. Ben Jonson in *The Devil is an Ass*, ii. 2, has:

Nor nature *violenceeth* in both these.

—Works, vol. v. p. 66.

Farmer also refers (rather vaguely) to a passage in Fuller's *Worthies*: "his former adversaries *violented*—against him;" it will be found in Nuttall's ed. of the *Worthies*, vol. iii. p. 510.

241. Line 15: *as the goodly saying is*.—I have not been able to trace this song; it is not given in Chappell, from which, perhaps, we may conclude that its origin is not known.

242. Line 21: *By FRIENDSHIP nor by speaking*.—This is not very far short of being sheer nonsense; perhaps we should read with Collier's MS. Corrector "by *silence*."

243. Line 26: *in so STRAIN'D a purity*.—An obvious and effective metaphor. Ff. are far less graphic: "*strange a purity*."

244. Line 36: *JUSTLES roughly by*.—It is worth while to notice that Shakespeare always uses the now obsolete form *justle*. So in Byron's *Conspiracy* (1808), i. 1, Chapman has:

And *justle* with the ocean for a room.

Milton translates the *concurrentia saxa* of Juvenal (*Satire* xv. 19) by "*justling rocks*" (*Paradise Lost*, ii. 1017). When, or why, *justle* drove out its brother form I do not know.

245. Lines 52, 53:

some say the Genius so
Cries "Come!"

The editors naturally refer to Pope's lines in *The Dying Christian* to his Soul:

Hark! they whisper; angels say
"Sister spirit, come away."

Pope, we may remember, repeats the thought in *Eloisa* to *Abelard*:

"Come, sister, come," it said, or seemed to say,
"Thy place is here, sad sister come away."

246. Line 55: *rain, to lay this wind*.—Referring to the current idea that *rain* falling stopped a *wind*. Compare *Lucrece*, 1790:

At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er.

So *Macbeth*, i. 7. 25.

247. Line 58: the MERRY GREEKS.—See note (34) on i. 2. 118.

248. Lines 78–80.—A full discussion of the difficulties of this passage is not possible in the space at our disposal. It must be sufficient if I say that line 79 is omitted in the Quarto; that line 80 reads as follows in the Folio:

Flawing and swelling o'er with Arts and exercise;

and that in my text I have followed the Cambridge editors. Line 80, as given by the Folio, is surely wrong: *flawing* (=flowing—a misprint) and *swelling* cannot very well be anything but *variae lectiones*; it is a question, therefore, which epithet we should adopt, and *flawing* seems to be the most likely to be correct. It was probably a marginal correction of *swelling*, the latter being added by the printer through some misunderstanding.

249. Line 98: *Presuming on their changeful potency*.—Why this line should be emended I know not, except indeed that there will always be some one ready to alter a verse of Shakespeare. *Presuming* simply means "testing," "trying;" in other words, "seeing how far we can go;" and taken in this way the words admirably round off the preceding thought. Collier adopted *chainful*, the proposal of his MS. Corrector, and found it excellent, whereas to Dyce's thinking starker nonsense was never put on paper. *Quot homines, etc.*

250. Line 106: *catch mere simplicity*.—Not a very lucid phrase. Apparently Troilus means that while others win high praise he has to be content with "a plain simple approbation:" so Johnson.

251. Line 124: *To shame the ZEAL of my petition*.—Q. and Ff. all read *seal*, which Delius retains, with what sense it is hard to see. The emendation, due to Warburton, gives fair sense. According to Walker the converse error, *zeal for seal*, occurs in II. Henry IV. iv. 2. 27.

252. Line 134: *I'll answer to my LUST*.—Not an easy line. *Lust* is difficult, and the editors have been very ingenious in emending it away. Of the proposed corrections Walker's "to my list" is decidedly good, the sense being "answer to my name; when I am elsewhere I will be Diomedes; here I am the Greek ambassador." Myself I would suggest—and I observe the idea has occurred to Mr. Lettsom—"thy lust," i.e. will answer you in any way you please. The change is slight and the sense given fairly adequate. Perhaps, however, we should keep to the copies and explain, "When I am hence I shall be ready to answer for what I have done here=been pleased to do." *Lust* repeatedly=pleasure, its original meaning in O.E.

253. Line 138: *Come, to the port*.—The parallel scene in Chaucer—*Troilus and Chryseyde*, bk. v.—should be compared with Shakespeare's work. I do not think Chaucer suffers in the comparison. Dryden in his "respectful perversion" of the play abridges and entirely transforms the episode.

254. Lines 146–150: *Let us make ready . . . and single chivalry*.—Five lines omitted in Q. Malone thinks they were added by the actors for the sake of concluding with a rhymed couplet. But without them the scene would end very abruptly, for which reason we may fairly attribute them to Shakespeare. The Folios give the speech "Let us make ready" to Diomedes—an obvious mistake noted by Ritson and others; Diomedes has made his exit with Troilus and Cressida.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

[In the old copies we have, at the beginning of this scene, the stage-direction, *Lists set out*. This is absurd, and introduces unnecessarily the customs of medieval chivalry in the Grecian camp.—F. A. M.]

255. Line 8: *till thy SPHERED BIAS cheek*.—We have repeated allusions in the dramatists to bowls, a game at which churchwardens seem to have been peculiarly proficient. An exact parallel to the present line occurs in Webster's *Vittoria Corombona*, i.:

That nobleman Corib! faith his cheek hath a most excellent bias;
it would fain jump with my mistress. —Works, p. 7.

Steevens says, with what authority I know not, "the idea is taken from the puffy cheeks of the winds as represented in old prints and maps." The *bias* of a bowl is the weight of lead inserted in one side of it, causing the bowl to twist in its course towards that side. If the bowl is held with the bias on the outer side, it will run with an outward curve; if on the inside, it will "twist in." Cf. note on iii. 2. 52, and King John, ii. 1. 574–581.

256. Lines 20–23.—These lines are given as prose in Q. and Ff.; first arranged in verse-form by Pope.

257. Line 23: *that WINTER from your lips; i.e. Nestor*. A natural metaphor. So in Randolph's *Hey for Honesty*:

Can any man endure to spend his youth
In kissing *Winter's frozen lips*!

—Works, p. 467.

258. Line 37: *I'll make my match to live; i.e. "I will make such bargains as I may live by,"* says Johnson, and

his explanation is probably right; but the phrase is very clumsy.

259. Line 55: *There's LANGUAGE in her EYE.*—Steevens quotes a curiously parallel thought from St. Chrysostom: "non locuta es lingua, sed locuta es gressu; non locuta es voce, sed oculis locuta es clarius quam voce."

260. Line 56: *Nay, her foot speaks; her wanton SPIRITS look out.*—For "spirit" pronounced as a monosyllable, cf. Tempest, i. 2. 486; Julius Caesar, i. 2. 29. A scansion very common in Milton; e.g. A Vacation Exercise:

Which deepest *spirits* and choicest wits desire. —22.

261. Line 59: *That give ACCOSTING welcome.*—Q. and Ff. have "a *coasting* welcome," which Steevens interprets "a sidelong glance of invitation;" but what point there is in saying that a welcome is *sidelong* before it comes, or *how* it can be sidelong, Steevens does not make clear. Mason's *accosting* seems to me certain: it has been adopted by Grant White, Dyce, and other editors; cf. Walker, A Critical Examination, vol. iii. p. 199. For the exact force of the word see Sir Toby Belch's commentary, Twelfth Night, i. 3. 60. The only passage that at all makes in favour of the reading of the copies is Venus and Adonis, 870:

And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.

Collier's MS. Corrector gave *occasion*.

262. Line 60: *And wide unclasp the TABLES of their thoughts.*—So "our heart's *table*" (=tablet), All's Well That Ends Well, i. 1. 106. Hamlet speaks of "the *table* of my memory" (i. 5. 98).

263. Lines 73-75.—This speech is given to Agamemnon in Q. and Ff. Theobald restored it to Achilles, and rightly; Æneas' reply sufficiently shows who the last speaker must have been.

264. Line 91: *either to the uttermost.*—We have just had the phrase *to the edge of all extremity* (88). Cotgrave translates *combatre à outrance* by "to fight at sharpe, to fight it out, or to the uttermost." Shakespeare uses *the utterance* in Macbeth, iii. 1. 71.

265. Line 103: *Nor dignifies an IMPURE thought with breath.*—Q. has *impure*, Ff. *impaire*. If retained, this would mean "a thought unworthy of his character," i.e. "not equal to him;" but for the use of the adjective no authority is given; in the passage (quoted by Steevens) in the Preface to Chapman's Shield of Achilles (1595) the word, as Dyce has conclusively shown, is a substantive. I think, therefore, that we should adopt the correction *impure*—it only differs from the Quarto by a single letter—suggested by Johnson, and accepted amongst modern editors by Dyce and Grant White. See, however, the note (xii.) in Cambridge Shakespeare, vol. vi. p. 268.

266. Line 112: *TRANSLATE him to me; i.e. "explain his character."* For *translate*=interpret, cf. Hamlet, iv. 1. 2.

267. Line 120: *my father's sister's son.*—See ii. 1. 14, with note.

268. Line 142: *Not NEOPTOLEMUS so mirable.*—Of course Achilles himself is meant. Shakespeare had no *Lem-prière* to consult, and may have thought that Neoptolemus

was the *nomen gentilitium*. Warburton's "Neoptolemus' *sire irascible*" was amazing, even for Warburton.

269. Line 143: *Fame with her loud'st OYES.*—This was (and is) the regular proclamation of a crier, a summons in fact to people to be silent and lend attention. So in The Sun's Darling we have (ii. 1): "No more of this; awake the music! *Oyez!* music!" (Ford's Works, vol. ii. p. 389). Cf. also Dekker: "And, like a Dutch crier, make proclamation with thy drum; the effect of thy *O-yes* being, That if any man, woman, or child . . ." (Prose Works, ed. Grosart, vol. ii. p. 204). Though, obviously enough, the French imperative (from an obsolete word *ouïr*, upon which see Littré), it seems by some process of popular abbreviation to have been pronounced monosyllabically, the last syllable almost disappearing. Compare Merry Wives, v. 5. 45:

Mistress Quickly. Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy *Oyes*.

Pistol. Elves, list your names; silence, you airy toys.

There is a still more curious form-variant in Gabriel Harvey's Four Letters: "As they will needs notoriously proclaim themselves: as it were with a public *oh-is*" (Harvey's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. i. p. 234). I have noticed a strange seventeenth-century use of the word which seems to show that from meaning the call of the crier, it came eventually to signify the crier himself; the instance occurs in the prologue to Lee's Theodosius:

Your lawyer too, that like an *O yes* bawls,
That drowns the market higher in the stalls.

Perhaps, however, this was merely a fragment of contemporary slang. We must not forget the legal phrase *oyer et terminer*, on which see the Imperial Dictionary, s.v.

270. Lines 165-170.—Six lines wanting in the Quarto.

271. Line 172: *most IMPERIOUS Agamemnon.*—For *im-perious*=imperial, cf. Venus and Adonis, 995, 996:

She clepes him king of graves and grave for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

272. Line 178: *th' untraded oath.*—That is to say, the unfamiliar, unusual oath. Etymologically *trade* and *tread* are the same word. Hence the old meaning of *trade* was a *path*; from which it came to signify "a beaten track," and then, by a natural metaphor, "a business." Its original sense is seen in Richard II. iii. 3. 155-157:

Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
Some way of common *trade*, where subjects' feet
May hourly tramp;

where Theobald needlessly substituted *tread*. "*Trade* wind" is simply "the wind that keeps a beaten track," i.e. blows always in the same direction. Compare use of *traded* in act ii. 2. 64. For *oath* Q. has the not unnatural variant *earth*; for "that I" it gives "thy."

273. Line 202: *good old CHRONICLE.*—So Hamlet speaks of the players as "the abstract and brief *chronicles* of the time" (ii. 2. 548).

274. Line 220: *Yond towers, whose wanton tops do BUSS THE CLOUDS.*—Compare Pericles, i. 4. 24:

Whose towers bore heads so high they *kiss'd* the clouds.

275. Line 224: *the end crowns all.*—We have the same proverb (*finis coronat opus*) in All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 4. 35.

276. Line 230: *I shall forestall thee, Lord Ulysses, THOU!*—Why *thou*? The repetition, says Steevens, was intended as an insult. So in *Tempest*, i. 2. 313, 314:

What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, *thou*! speak.

But why should Achilles wish to insult Ulysses? Tyrwhitt saw the difficulty and proposed *though*, of which Ritson approved. Walker, condemning *thou* as "certainly wrong," suggested *there*, i.e. "in that matter" (*A Critical Examination*, vol. iii. p. 201). I have not ventured to introduce into the text either of these corrections. [One would expect Achilles to address any insult he had to spare to Hector, whom he treats much as a beer-sodden bargee would treat a first-rate amateur boxer with whom he was about to fight. Certainly Shakespeare does not favour the Greeks in this play; and such an ill-mannered brute, as Achilles is here represented, would have been likely enough to insult Ulysses or any one else, as long as he could do so with impunity.—F. A. M.]

277. Line 233: *And QUOTED joint by joint.*—For *quote* = to observe, compare *Hamlet*, ii. 1. 112: "I had not *quoted* him;" and *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?

From the French *côte*, i.e. the margin of a book where notes and observations could be written.

278. Line 243: *Shall I destroy him? WHETHER there, or there, or there?*—An awkward verse, in which one is tempted (with Pope) to omit the last *or there*; but line 254 favours the text as it stands. For *whether* as a monosyllable (*whér*), cf. *Tempest*, v. 1. 111. See Abbott, *Shakespearean Grammar*, p. 348.

279. Line 250: *in NICE conjecture.*—The adjective here suggests the idea of "fastidious minuteness," "precision." Etymologically the word comes from Latin *nescius*, through the O.F. *nice*; hence its original meaning was *foolish, ignorant*, in which sense Chaucer uses both substantive and adjective. Cotgrave gives *nicely* as an equivalent for *mignonement*, which exactly fits the present passage.

280. Line 255: *that STITHIED Mars his helm.*—Theobald would read *smithied*; he made the same change in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 89, where the substantive occurs. The *stithy* was the place where the anvil stood. Malone says that the word was still used in his time in Yorkshire.

281. Line 267: *We have had PELTING wars.*—So "pelting river," *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 91: "Poor *pelting* villages," *Lear*, ii. 3. 18; often in North's *Plutarch*.

282. Line 275: *Beat loud the tabourines.*—For these words Q. has to *taste your bounties*, i.e. "entreat him to taste," the stop at the end of line 274 being removed; the reading of the Folios is far preferable.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

283. Line 4: *CORE of envy.*—Compare ii. 1. 7, with note.

284. Line 5: *Thou crusty BATCH of nature.*—*Minshew* (*Dictionary*, p. 64) defines *batch* "as much bread as an oven will hold at one baking." Why it should be used as a term of contempt one does not quite see. Theobald

changed to *botch*. It must be remembered, however, that *Thersites* had previously been called a *cob-loaf*. The dramatists often used the word, by a natural metaphor, to signify "of the same description, kind."

285. Line 18: *Achilles' male VARLET.*—Q. and F. 1, F. 2, and F. 3 have *varlot*; Theobald conjectured *harlot*. Whether or no *varlet* ever bore the same sense as *harlot* (which is extremely doubtful; cf. however, the passage quoted by the commentators from Middleton and Dekker's *Honest Whore*, i. 10) there can be no possible reason for altering the text. The expression is sufficiently explained by ii. 1. 126.

286. Line 28: *such preposterous DISCOVERIES.*—Various alternative readings have been proposed. Hammer substituted *debaucheries*; Collier's MS. Corrector *discolourers*; Singer—and this I believe to be right—*discoverers*, i.e. in the sense which the word bears in *Isaiah* lvii. 8. *Discoveries*, if retained, must mean that *Thersites* regards *Patroclus* as something abnormal, as, in fact, a *male varlet*. See last note.

287. Line 35: *skein of SLEAVE-silk.*—Q. gives *sleeve*; Ff. *sleyd*. We have the word in *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 37: "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd *sleeve* of care;" where the Clarendon Press note quotes from Florio: "*Bauella*, any kind of *sleeve* or raw silke." *Skeat* connects with *slip*, German *schleifen*, the general idea of the word being looseness, slackness; hence it would naturally serve as a term of contempt.

288. Line 38: *pester'd with such WATERFLIES.*—Compare *Hamlet*'s "Dost know this *water-fly*?" (v. 2. 83). A *water-fly* flitting idly about the surface of a stream is "the proper emblem of a busy trifler." So Johnson.

289. Line 41: *Finch-EGG!*—So in *Macbeth*, iv. 2. 83, 84:

What, you *egg*!

Young fry of treachery.

Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 1. 78: "pigeon-egg of discretion."

290. Line 45: *her daughter, my fair love; i.e. Polixena.* This was one of the details borrowed from Caxton.

291. Line 57: *one that loves QUAILS; i.e. in an offensive sense; quail* signifying, in contemporary argot, a wanton woman. The origin of the expression may be seen in the French proverb, "Chaud comme une *caille* . . ." So in Cotgrave, *caille coiffée*; cf. *Littre*, sub voce *Caille*.

292. Line 59: *transformation of Jupiter.*—Warburton's explanation of this passage is satisfactory. "He calls Menelaus the *transformation of Jupiter*, that is, as himself explains it, the *bull*, on account of his horns, which he had as a cuckold. This cuckold he calls the *primitive statue of cuckolds*; i.e. his story had made him so famous, that he stood as the great archetype of his character." The epithet *oblique*, if retained, must be a continuation of the idea just developed. Hammer printed *antique*; Warburton *obelisque*.

293. Line 67: *a FITCHEW, a toad, &c.*—*Thersites*' repertory of abuse is extensive, and more than explains why earlier in the play he was addressed as "*Mistress Ther-*

sites" (ii. 1. 39). A *fitchew* was a polecat; as an appellation the word was not complimentary; see Lear, iv. 6. 124.

[This word was very variously spelt, *fitch*, *fitchele*, *fitcher*, *fitchet*, *fitchow*, *fitchole*, *fitchuk*, and is from the old Dutch *fisse*, and old French *fissau*, meaning a polecat, which latter word Cotgrave explains as "a *fitch* or fulmart," the latter being the old spelling of *foulmart*; which, in the form *foumart*, is the only name by which the polecat is known in the northern counties, where no form of the word *fitch* or *fitchew* seems to have been preserved. The name *foumart* was given to the polecat to distinguish it from the *sweetmart* or common marten, which is still not uncommon among the mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland. Grose gives (Provincial Glossary) *fitchet* as the form used in Warwickshire, and *fitchole* as that used in Exmoor; while in Devonshire the form is *fitch* or *fitchet*. There is a proverb in Somersetshire, "As cross as a *fitchet*." Of the two words the Promptorium Parvulorum gives apparently no form of *fitch* or *fitchew*; but it gives *fulmare* as a form of *foumart*. Baret gives *fitchew* and *fulmer*. Palsgrave gives *fulmarde*. There has been some doubt as to whether *fitchew* really meant a polecat, or some other form of weasel, perhaps a stoat. Bailey gives *fitcher*, *fitchow*, "a polecat, or strong-scented ferret." Bell in his British Quadrupeds gives the polecat under *fitchet weasel*, and gives as other English names only *Fitchew*, Polecat, Foumart, Fulmart. According to his classification the common marten, or beech marten, or stone-marten, is of a different genus to the polecat or fitchet weasel, which belongs to the genus *Mustelidæ*, while the *sweetmart* belongs, in common with the *pine marten*, to the genus *Martes*. It is difficult to say why Shakespeare uses the word *fitchew* in the sense which it evidently bears in the passage from Lear referred to above; for however much the favourite prey of the polecat, the rabbit, may deserve the character which Lear there assigns to the *fitchew*, it cannot be said that this member of the weasel tribe is particularly libidinous. The female contents herself with one family in the year, varying from four to six. "Cross as a *fitchet*" is a natural proverb enough, for there are few fiercer animals than the polecat, considering its size, and I have known one successfully to fight a dog which had often tackled even the most formidable half-wild cats.—F. A. M.]

A *puttock*=a kite, a worthless species of hawk; so Cymbeline, i. 1. 139, 140:

I chose an eagle,

And did avoid a *puttock*.

A *herring without a roe* was evidently a proverbial expression; we have it in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 39.

294. Line 83: *sweet sink*, *sweet SEWER*.—Q. and Ff. have *sure*; the obvious correction was made by Rowe.

295. Line 99: BRABBLER the *hound*.—This is the name technically applied to hounds (chiefly young hounds) that give tongue, or in sportsman's phrase "open," when they have not properly struck upon the haunt of game; the idea comes out clearly in a passage in Merry Wives of Windsor, iv. 2. 206-209: "Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you, follow; see but the issue of my jealousy: if I cry out thus *upon no trail*, never trust me when I open again." As to etymology, Minshew rightly connects with Dutch

brabbelen=to stammer, and French *babiller*=use too many words (Cotgrave). *Brabbling* he defines as "a brawle, contention, strife." Compare King John, v. 2. 161, 162:

We hold our time too precious to be spent

With such a *brabblers*;

i.e. a noisy fellow. So "This petty *brabble*' (=broil, quarrel), in Titus Andronicus, ii. 1. 62. For the same sense of the word cf. Greene (Works, p. 125), and Peele, Edward I. (Works, p. 390). Perhaps the generic idea underlying and connecting these seemingly different meanings is, "to make foolish, blustering noise, without end or aim."

ACT V. SCENE 2.

296. Line 11: *if he can take her CLIFF*.—A term borrowed from music. So in The Lovers Melancholy, i. 1, in the beautiful passage describing the meeting of Menaphon and Ercleas:

The young man grew at last

Into a pretty anger that a bird,

Whom art had never taught *cliffs*, moods, or notes . . .

—Ford's Works, vol. i. p. 25.

Steevens, too, refers to The Chances:

Will none but my *C Cliff* serve your turn?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed., vii. p. 282.

We may remember the music-lesson in the Taming of the Shrew, iii. 1. 72-80, and Bianca's reading of "the gamut of Hortensio." Cotgrave, *s.v. clef*, gives "a *cliff in musicke*." In the present passage there is doubtless some offensive innuendo.

297. Line 41: *You flow to great DISTRACTION*.—So Ff., while Q. has *destruction*. So again in scene 3, line 85.

298. Lines 55, 56: *How the devil LUXURY, with his . . . potato-finger*.—An elaborate note on this passage by Collins is printed at the end of vol. viii. of Malone, Var. Ed. It will be sufficient to say that *luxury* in Shakespeare always, and in the other contemporary dramatists very frequently, bears, like the French *luxure*, the sense of "lust," "lasciviousness." See Much Ado, note 262; to which I may add that *luxurious* is never used in its modern sense by Shakespeare, but always, like *luxuriosus* in canonical writings, in its worst sense of "lustful," "wanton."

299. Line 66: *Here, Diomed, keep this SLEEVE*.—Shakespeare was thinking of Chaucer's account, in whose Troilus and Chryseyde (bk. v.) we have:

And after this, the story telleth us

That she him yat the faire bay steede,

The whiche she ones wan of Troylus;

And eke a brooch (and that was litel ned)

That Troylus' was, she yat this Diomed;

And ek the bet from sorw hym to releve,

She made hym were a pensel of hire *sleeve*.

—Chaucer's Works, Bohn's ed., iii. 272.

Pensel (*penoncel*)=a small streamer. Commenting on the lines just quoted Bell remarks that for a knight to wear on his armour some badge or token of his mistress' love, was a common if not invariable custom. It would be easy to quote parallels without end, from the Morte D'Arthur down to Scott's novels. The editors all note the burlesque of this scene that occurs in the Histrion-Mastix, 1610:

O knight, with valour in thy face,
Here take my skreen, wear it for grace;

Within thy helmet put the same,
Therewith to make thine enemies lame.

300. Lines 81, 82: *Nay, do not snatch it from me, &c.*—In Q. and FF. this and the next line are given to Diomedes. They clearly are a continuation of Cressida's speech. The alteration was first adopted by Theobald.

301. Line 108: *But with my heart the other eye doth see.*—Johnson and Hammer preferred the more obvious:

But my heart with the other eye doth see.

Practically the meaning will be the same; but I think the text of the copies gives a better antithetical effect. This, it will be noticed, is the last speech that Cressida makes; henceforth she passes out of the play, and, but for a scornful reference, is forgotten. This did not suit Dryden's taste; a guilty heroine unpunished in the fifth act was an anomaly in Restoration tragedy, and accordingly the *dénouement* in his version is contrived on more orthodox lines. Troilus overcomes Diomedes, and is on the point of killing him, when Cressida enters and interposes. She pleads for Diomedes' life, protests innocence, is reproached and repelled by Troilus, and then to clear herself of guilt produces the inevitable dagger:

Enough, my lord; you've said enough.
The faithless, perjured, hated Cressida,
Shall be no more the subject of your curses:
Some few hours hence, and grief had done your work;
But then your eyes had missed the satisfaction,
Which thus I give you—thus— [She stabs herself.]

A slight dialogue follows; the heroine blesses her lover "with her latest breath," and dies; and afterwards "the dragnet of death," to employ a phrase of Mr. Swinburne's, gathers in its meshes most of the remaining characters. Dramatically, such a catastrophe is effective enough; a heroine dying, after the manner of Otway's Monimia, with innocence and love on her lips, can never fail of pathos; but, after all, it is but a stage-artifice, and inappropriate here, because nothing could win our sympathies for Cressida. Scott rightly censures Dryden's perversion of Shakespeare's design (Dryden's Works, vol. vi. p. 238). [On this point see the Stage History, Introduction, p. 169.]

302. Line 122: *That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears.*—So the Quarto. F. 1 gives *that test*; F. 2 *that rest*.

303. Line 181: *To stubborn* CRITIOS.—Probably, as Malone says, *critic* is here almost synonymous with *cynic*; so in the familiar line, Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 170:

And *critic* Timon laugh at idle toys.

304. Lines 132, 133:—

to SQUARE the general sea
By Cressid's rule.

i. e. to measure by, adjust to. For a similar use of this verb, compare Comus, 329, 330:

Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength.

305. Line 141: *rule in unity*; *i. e.* one is not two. "This Cressida is false: my Cressida was true; they cannot be the same."

306. Line 144: *Bi-FOLD authority.*—The Folios have a pointless variant, *by foul*. In line 147 *conduce* is highly doubtful. Rowe read *commence*.

307. Line 158: *The fractions of her faith, ORTS of her love.*—*Orts*=leavings, fragments. Cf. Lucrece, 985:

Let him have time a beggar's *orts* to crave.

As to derivative of *orts*, Mr. Aldis Wright has the following note upon the line just quoted: "*Ort* is probably the A. S. *ord*, which means first, the beginning, and then, the point of anything; so that 'odds and ends' is only another form of 'orts and ends,' the Icelandic *oddr*, a point, being the same as the A. S. *ord*." Professor Skeat has a different explanation. He says: "*orts*, remnants, leavings (E.), M. E. *ortes*. From A. S. *or*, out (what is left); *etan*, to eat. Proved by O. Du. *orete*, a piece left after eating . . . same prefix or occurs in *or-deal*" (Etymological Dictionary, s.v. *eat*). Wedgwood, we may note, says that the verb *to ort* is applied in Scotland to cattle that waste their food.

In line 160 *o'er-eaten* must bear the general sense of *surfeited*.

308. Line 172: *Which shipmen do the HURRICANO call.*—We find the same form of the word in Lear, iii. 2. 2:

You cataracts and *hurricanes*, spout.

309. Line 187: *wear a castle on thy head!*—Steevens quotes an exact parallel to this passage from The Most Ancient and Famous History of the Renowned Prince Arthur, ed. 1634, chap. clviii.: "Do thou thy best, said Sir Gawaine; therefore hie thee fast that thou wert gone and list thou well we shall soone come after, and breake the strongest castle that thou hast upon thy head." Probably, therefore, to wear a castle on one's head was a proverbial expression, meaning "to be on one's guard," and not impossibly may point to the devices upon helmets. I can suggest no other explanation, and the editors do not lend us any aid.

310. Line 193: *the parrot will not do more for an almond.*—A proverbial expression, the *locus classicus* upon which is Skelton's poem, "Speke, Parrot," where we have in stanza i.:

And sen me to greate ladyes of estate;
Then Parrot must have an *almon* or a date.

So later in same poem:

An *Almon* now for Parrot delycately drest.

—Skelton's Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. pp. x, 4.

Compare, too, Webster's Westward Ho, v. 4; Works, p. 242.

ACT V. SCENE 3.

311. Line 1: *When was my lord so much ungently temper'd.*—The introduction of Andromache is a curious deviation from the classical story. It is early in the Iliad, in book vi., that we have the beautiful scene in which his "dear-won wife" bids Hector refrain from the fight: "Nay, Hector, thou art to me father and lady mother, yea and brother, even as thou art my goodly husband. Come now, have pity and abide here upon the tower, lest thou make thy child an orphan and thy wife a widow." In the twenty-first book, where Hector goes out to the battle and is slain, only Priam and his "lady mother," before the city gates, pray him return.

Shakespeare, therefore, is following the account given in Caxton's Troy-Book, where we read: "King Priamus sent to Hector, that he keep him that day from going to battle. Wherefore Hector was angry and reproached his

wife, as he that knew well that this commandment came by her. Notwithstanding he armed him: and when Andromache saw him armed she took her little children, and fell down at the feet of her husband, and humbly prayed him that he would unarm him, but he would not do it. Then she said if not for my sake yet have pity on your little children, that I and they die not a bitter death, or that we be not led into bondage into strange countries." Compared with the wonderful pathos of Homer's story, compared even with the simple unwrought narrative of the Troy-Book, there is to my mind something very tame and ineffective in all this scene. "Andromache, I am offended with you." Contrast Homer's: "And her husband had pity to see her, and caressed her with his hand, and spake and called upon her name—'Dear one, I pray thee be not of over sorrowful heart; no man against my fate shall hurl me to Hades; only destiny, I ween, no man hath escaped, be he coward or be he valiant, when once he hath been born. But go thou to thine house, and see to thine own tasks . . . for war shall men provide, and I in chief of all men that dwell in Ilios.'" The quotations are from the translation of the Iliad by Lang, Leaf, and Myers.

312. Line 6: *OMINOUS to the day*.—As in Hamlet, ii. 2. 476, *ominous*=fatal. Pope, following Rowe, read "*ominous to-day*." Dreams have always been a source of superstition. Compare Shakespeare's use of them in Julius Caesar.

313. Lines 20-22:

*To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
For we would give much, to use violent thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.*

These three lines are not in the Quarto. The compositor's eye, says Malone, passed over them and gave the following speech of Cassandra to Andromache. Of line 21 F. makes nonsense; it reads:

For we would *count* give much to *as* violent thefts.

Tyrwhitt saw that *count* had crept in from line 19; he expunged the word, and proposed *use* for *as* in the second half of the verse. His correction is adopted in the Cambridge Shakespeare, and I agree with Dyce's remark that the other attempts to mend the passage are for the most part "not worth considering." Indeed what exception can be taken to Tyrwhitt's version I am at a loss to see.

314. Line 26: *keeps the weather of my fate*.—The phrase seems to=*take the wind of*, i.e. have superiority over; so Boswell. We may compare the French *être au-dessus du vent*. In the next line Pope needlessly substituted *brave* for *dear*. The repetition of the latter in 28 is conclusive against any alteration.

315. Lines 40, 41:

*When many times the captive Grecians fall,
Even in the FAN AND WIND of your fair sword.*

We are reminded of the passage from the old play, in "Æneas' tale to Dido," recited by the First Player in Hamlet, ii. 2. 494-496:

Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;
But with the *whiff* and *wind* of his fell sword
The unnerved father falls.

In each case Shakespeare was probably thinking of the extravagant lines in Marlowe's Dido, ii. 1. 254, 255:

Which he disdaining, whisk'd his sword about,
And with the *wind* thereof the King fell down.

Dido, Queen of Carthage, was written by Marlowe and Nash, and both names appeared on the title-page; it is pretty certain, however, that Nash was responsible for the greater part of the play. Cf. Introduction to Bullen's Marlowe, pp. xlviii. xlix.

316. Line 55: *Their eyes o'ergalled*.—Shakespeare uses the word elsewhere to express the effect of soreness in the eyes produced by weeping; cf. Hamlet, i. 2. 154, 155:

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her *galled* eyes.

So, too, in Richard III. iv. 4. 53:

That reigns in *galled* eyes of weeping souls.

317. Line 73: *shame respect*; i.e. "I must go in any case; do not therefore force me into disobedience by forbidding me to go."

318. Line 91: *You are AMAZ'D*.—Not merely astonished; the word often signifies complete bewilderment, confusion, as in Cymbeline, iv. 3. 28; Richard II. v. 2. 85.

319. Line 112: *But edifies another with her deeds*.—After this verse the Folio gives these three lines:

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brother lackie; ignomie and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name.

These, it will be seen, are almost identical with lines 32-34 in the last scene of this act, where they are also found in F. 1, and to which place they evidently belong. We cannot insert them in both places; there is clearly some corruption of the text. See note 349.

ACT V. SCENE 4.

320. Line 1: *Now they are CLAPPER-CLAWING one another*.—Doctor Caius, it will be remembered, asks, "*Clapper-de-claw! vat is dat?*" (Merry Wives, ii. 3. 69). The meaning may be guessed from the not too frequent passages where the word occurs. Thus, in the remarkable preface prefixed to the second issue of the Quarto of this drama, the publishers claim that it is "a new play, never stal'd with the stage, never *clapper-claw'd* with the palmes of the vulgur" (see Introduction, p. 165). Ford, too, employs it graphically enough in the Lovers Melancholy, v. 1: "this she-rogue is drunk, and *clapper-clawed* me, without any reverence to my person, or good garments" (Works, vol. i. p. 105). The word is obviously onomatopœic.

321. Line 9: *LUXURIOUS drab*.—For *luxurious* see note 298.

322. Line 9: *SLEEVELESS errand*.—The epithet appears to have got a stereotyped meaning of "unprofitable," "unsuccessful." So in Nashe's Lenten Stuffe we have: "rather than hee woulde go home with a *sleeveless* answer" (Nashe's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. v. p. 287). The editors do not explain how the metaphor arose; perhaps it points to some custom of mediæval knight-errantry.

323. Line 10: *SWEARING rascals*.—Applied to Nestor

and Ulysses, *swearing* is not very appropriate. One is tempted to accept Theobald's *sneering*.

324. Line 13: *not proved worth a BLACKBERRY*.—Blackberries were evidently at a discount in Shakespeare's time. Cf. Falstaff's immortal "Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as *blackberries*, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion" (I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 264-266).

325. Line 19: *here comes sleeve, and T'OTHER*.—Collier's MS. Corrector gave: "here comes sleeve and *sleeveless*;" an improvement, I think.

326. Line 29: *Art thou of BLOOD and HONOUR?*—Every now and then we light on touches the most curiously non-classical in sentiment. Here, for instance, the idea is taken from the old romances, in which it is a point of etiquette that only knights of equal birth and rank should engage in combat. We might be reading the history of such heroes as

Amadis de Gaul,

The Knight of the Sun, or Palmerin of England.

Everyone will remember parallels in Don Quixote.

327. Line 33: *that thou wilt believe me*.—This is an exquisite touch; self-criticism from the "demagogic Caliban" (Coleridge's phrase) is the most effective of criticisms.

ACT V. SCENE 5.

328. Line 2: *Present the fair steed to my lady Cressid*.—Chapter xxvi. of Caxton's *Troy-Book* (iii.) describes how "Dyomedes smote down Troilus off his horse, and sent it to Briseyda his love that received it gladly." Also in Lydgate, the various chiefs, it will be noticed, are represented throughout as fighting, like the mediæval knights, from horseback; in Homer, of course, they are always on foot, or riding in chariots.

329. Line 9: *waving his BEAM*.—So in Samson Agonistes, 1121, 1122:

Add thy spear,

A weaver's *beam*, and seven-times-folded shield;

where Milton probably had in his mind's eye the description of Goliath's armour in 1 Sam. xvii. 5-7.

330. Line 14: *the dreadful SAGITTARY*.—Of this Centaur, which in the Destruction of Troy (bk. iii. chap. xiv.) is killed by Diomedes, Homer, we are glad to think, has nothing to say. Curiously enough, Shakespeare introduces a *Sagittary* in Othello (i. 1. 159); there, however, it is a less formidable monster, being, perhaps, part of the Arsenal of Venice.

331. Line 17: *Go, bear Patroclus' body to Achilles*.—In Iliad, xvi., Patroclus dons Achilles' armour and drives the Trojans back from the ships, but at last meets Hector and is slain. Antilochus brings the news to Achilles (Iliad, xvii. 17-22).

332. Lines 22, 23:

*And there they fly or die, like SCALED SCULLS
Before the belching whale.*

Etymologically *scull* and *shoal* are identical; Spenser uses the form *shole*, in The Shepherd's Calendar, May, 19, 20:

Sicker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a *shole* of shepherds outgo.

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The M.E. *scole*, from meaning "school," came to signify "a troop, crowd" (Skeat). I find the expression "*sculle* of fishes" translated in Minshew (1617) by "examen or agmen piscium." According to Ritson the word was used especially on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, and "a *school* of fish" is still a phrase current among sailors. *Scull*, however, in this sense, is not unknown to English classical writers. Compare Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 309, and Todd's note thereon (Works, vol. iii. p. 43):

Each bay

With fry innumerable swarms, and shoals
Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales
Glide under the green wave, in *sculls* that oft
Bank the mid sea.

Steevens, too, quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion*, the 26th song:

My silver-scaled *sculls* about my streams do sweep.

Hammer, of course, read *shoals* in the present passage. By *scaled* (for which Q. has *scaling*) Malone understands *dispersed*. It is doubtful, however, whether the word can have any such sense. The dictionaries indeed recognize a verb *to scale*, which, they say=to spread, and then, to scatter; but I know no case of it occurring in classical English, and in Malone's passage from Coriolanus, i. 1. 95, Theobald's *stale*—one of his many admirable corrections—has been adopted by the Cambridge editors and the Globe ed. I think, therefore, that the epithet bears its ordinary, and, as applied to fish, perfectly appropriate, meaning; cf. Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 5. 95: "A cistern for *scaled* snakes!"

The simile, of course, is a natural one. So in Iliad, xxi. 22-25, we have: "As before a dolphin of huge maw fly other fish and fill the nooks of some fair-havened bay, in terror, for he devoureth amain whichsoever of them he may catch; so along the channels of that dread stream the Trojans crouched beneath the precipitous sides." Perhaps Shakespeare's lines are a reminiscence of Chapman's translation.

333. Line 24: *the STRAWY Greeks*.—For *strawy* (so Q.) Ef. have *straying*; the metaphor, however, running through the two lines is decisive on the point. The epithet is thoroughly Homeric.

334. Line 44: *So, so, we DRAW TOGETHER*.—Steevens thinks that the idea is of horses *drawing*, or as we might say in current phrase, *pulling* together; the words would then refer to Ajax, in allusion to the fact that lately he had not co-operated well with the Greeks. It seems to me not impossible that the metaphor suggested is that of a pack of hounds *drawing* a covert; Ajax, Diomedes, and Nestor all trying to track down Troilus.

335. Line 45: *thou BOY-QUELLER, show thy face*; i.e. because Hector had killed Patroclus.

ACT V. SCENE 6.

336. Line 10: *I will not LOOK UPON*; i.e. be a looker on. Compare Richard II. iv. 1. 237:

Nay, all of you that stand and *look upon*;

where the Folios changed the reading of Qq. to "look upon *me*."

337. Line 29: *I'U FRUSH it*.—*Frush* is the French *froid*—

ser=to bruise, dash to pieces; a very strong word, only here in Shakespeare.

ACT V. SCENE 7.

338. Line 6: *In fellest manner execute your AIMS*.—*Aims* is Capell's indispensable correction of the copies, which all read *arms*. Singer, retaining *arms*, explains *execute* to mean *employ*, but even so the line is little better than a piece of pointless tautology.

339. Line 19: *One BEAR will not BITE another*.—So Juvenal: *Sævis inter se convenit ursis* (Satire xv. 164).

ACT V. SCENE 8.

340. Line 7: *VAIL and darkening of the sun*.—*Vail*="setting;" only here as a substantive in Shakespeare. The verb (Old French *avaler*, i.e. *aval*=*ad vallem*) occurs very frequently.

341. Line 9: *I am UNARM'D; forego this vantage, Greek*.—This account of Hector's death is in strict accord with the accepted traditions of the mediæval romance writers. Here, for instance, is the story in Caxton's Destruction of Troy:—"Among all these things, Hector had taken a noble baron of Greece that was richly armed, and to lead him out of the host at his ease he cast his shield behind him, and left his breast uncovered, and as he was departing, minding not Achilles he came privily unto him and thrust his spear in his body, and Hector fell dead to the ground. When King Menon saw Hector dead, he assailed Achilles by great force, and beat him to the ground and hurt him grievously, but his men carried him into his tent upon his shield. Then for the death of Hector were all the Trojans discomfited and re-entered into their city, bearing the body of Hector with great sorrow and lamentation."

342. Line 18: *And, STICKLER-like, the armies separates*.—A *stickler* was a non-combatant, or, as we should say, second, who stood by to see fair-play in fencing matches: one of his duties was to stop the duel when he thought fit. Minsheu gives the word in his Dictionary: "a *stickler* betweene two, so called as putting a *sticke* or staffe betweene two fighting or fencing together." This naïve piece of philology was endorsed by Hamner and others until Ritson in his Remarks (1783) hinted that "the nature of the English language does not allow the derivation of *stickler* from *stick*." According to Skeat, the word is a corruption of the Middle English *stighthen*, *stighthen*=to dispose, order, arrange; it is cognate with the German *stiften*, *stift*. For use of word compare Cynthia's Revels, iv. 2: "So he may have fair play shown him and the liberty to choose his *stickler*" (Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. ii. p. 336, where see note).

343. Lines 19, 20:

*My half-suppl'd sword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bait, thus goes to bed.*

Pope placed these lines in the margin, and most of the editors condemn the turgid diction of Achilles' speech. It is too much in the Cambyases' vein to pass unchallenged.

344. Line 22: *Along the field I WILL THE TROJAN TRAIL*

—A strictly classical touch. The episode is given at length in Iliad xxii., which the ringing rhetoric of Pope reproduced as follows:

Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred;
(Unworthy of himself, and of the dead;)
The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound
With thongs inserted through the double wound;
These fix'd up high behind the rolling wain,
His graceful head was trail'd along the plain;
Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,
And bore aloft his arms, distilling blood.
He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;
The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.
Now lost is all that formidable air;
The face divine, and long-descending hair,
Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;
Deform'd, dishonour'd, in his native land,
Given to the rage of an insulting throng,
And, in his parents' sight, now dragg'd along!

It was one of the scenes sculptured (or frescoed) in the temple of Juno, described in the first Æneid, 438, 434:

*Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Exanimisque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.*

Also in Lydgate, chap. xxxi. Caxton, as we have seen, represents the Trojans as bearing Hector's body back into the city, rather a remarkable deviation from classical tradition.

ACT V. SCENE 9.

345. Line 4: *THE BRUIT is, Hector's slain, and by Achilles; i.e. the rumour, report*. The verb generally implies "announcing with noise." So Macbeth, v. 7. 21, 22:

*By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruted.*

Taken from the French; probably of Celtic origin.

ACT V. SCENE 10.

346. Lines 6, 7:

*Frown on, you heavens, effect your rage with speed!
Sit, gods, upon your thrones, and smile at Troy!*

A vexed passage. Q. and Ff. read:

*Sit gods upon your thrones, and smile at Troy.
I say at once*

This reading, with only a slight change in the punctuation, I have retained. I cannot see with Mr. W. N. Lettsom that *smile* "no doubt, is nonsense;" on the contrary, the line appears to me to make excellent sense. The difficulty, I think, comes in the next verse, which certainly is very abrupt. But I doubt whether mere abruptness should justify us in altering the undisputed text of both Quarto and Folios. If, however, any change is to be adopted—and apparently the Cambridge editors recognize no such necessity—it is tempting to combine the proposals of Hamner and Lettsom, and print:

smite all Troy;

Ay, slay at once—

347. Line 18: *There is a word will Priam turn to stone*.—Alluding, no doubt, to the story of the Gorgon's head. Cf. Macbeth, ii. 3. 77.

348. Line 19: *Make wells and Niobes*.—Compare the Widow's Tears, iv. 2:

*My sister may turn Niobe for love.
—Chapman's Works, p. 328.*

Hamner naturally changed to "wells and rivers."

349. Lines 30, 31.—Walker (A Critical Examination, iii. p. 203) contends that these are the concluding lines of the piece; “the mind of the reader is fully satisfied, and any thing additional sounds like an impertinence and obtrusion.” Verses 32–34 he would place at the end of scene 3, where see note; and the rest of Pandarus’ epilogue he regards as an interpolation. I think there is much to be said for this view; at any rate, one would gladly believe that the ribald rubbish with which the play ends was not written by Shakespeare. Troilus here survives. In Caxton’s Destruction of Troy he is killed by Achilles, and the event is narrated with considerable circumstantiality. Curiously enough, this detail is unknown to Homer. He merely mentions (in *Iliad* xxiv. 257) that Troilus (*Πηριόλεος*) had been slain in battle before the time of the *Iliad*. Probably Vergil was the authority for the later accounts. Consider the beautiful lines in *Æneid*, i. 474–478, beginning:

Parto alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
Infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli—

350. Line 47: *painted cloths*.—This refers to the custom of hanging up texts, mottoes, verses, and what not, upon the walls of rooms. They were painted on canvas or cloth. So in *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 287–291, when Jaques says to Orlando, “You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths’ wives, and conn’d them out of rings?” the latter replies, “Not so; but I answer you *right painted cloth*, from whence you have studied your questions.” This, I imagine, is the allusion in the following passage from *Eastward Ho* (by Ben Jonson, Chapman, Marston and Shirley), iv. 1: “I hope to see thee one o’ the monuments of our city, and reckoned among her worthies to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and *thou and thy acts become the posies for hospital*” (Chapman’s Works, p. 474). Malone has an interesting quotation from a tract published in 1601:

Read what is written on the *painted cloth*,
Do no man wrong; be good unto the poor.

Beware the mouse, the maggot and the moth,
And ever have an eye into the door.

Dyce in his *Middleton*, vol. iii. p. 97, has an interesting note on Dekker’s *Honest Whore*, v. 1. Rather more elaborate than these canvas inscriptions, though pointing the same elementary morals, must have been the tapestry scenes from the Bible with which rooms were adorned. Amongst these a favourite and appropriate subject was the story of the Prodigal, and that of Lazarus. Compare *I. Henry IV.* iv. 2. 27–29, and note 266 of that play. See also *Merry Wives*, iv. 5. 9, where the host has got ready for Falstaff a chamber “*painted about with the story of the Prodigal, fresh and new.*”

Sometimes the designs were classical; of these the story of Actæon seems to have been popular. Compare:

he stands
Just like *Actæon* in the *painted cloth*.
—The Fancies, ii. 1 (Ford’s Works, vol. ii. 162).

351. Line 55: *Some galled goose of Winchester would hiss*.—Probably this was a proverbial phrase. So in Randolph’s comedy, *Hey for Honesty; Down with Knavery*, iii. 3, we have “The woman, perceiving me, put forth her hand; then I fell *a-hissing like a Winchester goose*, or St. George’s dragon” (Randolph’s Works, p. 442). Unfortunately, however, many of Pandarus’ remarks contain some offensive *double entente*, and the present line is an instance in point. It will be sufficient to say that one disreputable quarter of London was long under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, a fact to which there are many indirect and indelicate allusions in the dramatists. This explains a passage in Chapman’s *Monsieur D’Olive*, iv. 1; “Paris, or Padua, or the famous school of England called Winchester, *famous I mean for the goose*, where scholars wear petticoats so long; all these, I say, are but belfries to the body or school of the Court” (Works, p. 131). Compare, too, the editors on *I. Henry VI.* i. 3. 53. Also Dyce’s note on Webster’s *Cure for a Cuckold*, iv. 1 (Works, p. 307), and Halliwell’s *Nares*, *sub voce Winchester*. Curiously enough, a *goose* was also an emblem of “meere modestie” (See Brand, *Popular Antiquities*, i. 370).

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

NOTE.—The addition of sub. adj. verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb, only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abashed i. 3 18	Aspiration..... iv. 5 16	Avow ⁴ i. 3 271	Bed-mate..... i. 1 5
Abrupton iii. 2 70	Assinogo ² ii. 1 49	Barbarian (adj.) ii. 1 52	Bed-work..... i. 3 205
Accepted ¹ iii. 3 30	Assubjugate... ii. 3 202	Batch v. 1 5	Beef-witted... ii. 1 14
Affectionately. iii. 1 74	Attachment... iv. 2 5	Bauble ⁵ i. 3 35	Bellied (verb).. ii. 2 74
Almond..... v. 2 194	Attest ³ ii. 2 132	Beam ⁶ v. 5 9	Benumbed ii. 2 170
A-mending i. 3 150	Attest (sub.)... v. 2 122		Beseech (sub.).. i. 2 319
Amidst i. 3 91	Attributive ii. 2 58		Besotted ii. 2 143
Antiquary (adj.) ii. 3 262			Bias (adv.)..... i. 3 15
Appertainments ii. 3 387			Bias ⁷ iv. 5 8

1 = acceptable.

² See note 97.

³ = to call to witness; used three times = to certify, to testify.

⁴ Used intransitively = to assert, in *Henry VIII.* iv. 2. 142.

⁵ Used adjectively.

⁶ = a spear. Used elsewhere in various other senses.

⁷ Used adjectively.

WORDS PECULIAR TO TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line	
Omission	iii.	3	230	Recourse ¹⁰	v.	3	55	Spout ²³	v.	2	171	Tortive	i.	3	9	
Oppugnancy	i.	3	111	Refractory	ii.	2	132	Standers	iii.	3	84	Total (sub.)	i.	2	124	
Orgulous	Prol.			Rejoindre	iv.	4	38	Staples ²⁴	Prol.		17	Transcends	i.	3	244	
Orifex	v.	2	151	Relates ¹¹ (intr.)	i.	3	323	Stickler-like	v.	8	18	Transportance	iii.	2	12	
Outfly	ii.	3	124	Retract	ii.	2	141	Stithied	iv.	5	255	Turbulence	v.	3	11	
Outswell	iv.	5	9	Ribald	iv.	2	9	Strain ²⁵ (tr.)	{	iv.	4	26				
Overbulk	i.	3	320	Rivelled	v.	1	25		iv.	5	169	Unarm (intr.)	{	i.	1	
Overhold	ii.	3	142	Roisting	ii.	2	208	Strain ²⁶ (sub.)	i.	3	326		v.	3	25	
				Rump	v.	2	56	Strait ²⁷	iii.	3	154	Unbodied	i.	3	16	
Pageants (verb)	i.	3	151	Scaffoldage	i.	3	156	Strawy	v.	5	24	Unbolt ³⁵	iv.	2	3	
Parallels ¹	i.	3	163	Scantling	i.	3	341	*Strong-ribbed	i.	3	40	Uncomprehensive	iii.	3	198	
Parted ²	iii.	3	96	Sculls ¹²	v.	5	22	*Stubborn-chaste	i.	1	100	*Under-honest	ii.	3	133	
Pash (verb)	{	ii.	3	Scurril	i.	3	148	Stygian	iii.	2	10	Underwrite ³⁶	ii.	3	137	
	v.	5	10	Seam ¹³	ii.	3	105	Subduements	iv.	5	187	Unfamed	ii.	2	159	
*Past-proportion	ii.	2	29	Seeded ¹⁴	i.	3	316	Subsequent	i.	3	344	Ungained	i.	2	315, 319	
Persistive	i.	3	21	Seld ¹⁵	iv.	5	150	*Subtle-potent	iii.	2	25	Unity ³⁷	v.	2	141	
Perspicuous	i.	3	324	*Self-admission	ii.	3	176	Superficially	{	ii.	2	165	Unplausible	iii.	3	43
Pettish	ii.	3	139	*Self-affected	ii.	3	250		iii.	1	10	Unread	i.	3	24	
Plaguy	ii.	3	137	Self-assumption	ii.	3	133	Superior ²⁸	i.	3	133	Unsecret	iii.	2	133	
Plantage	iii.	2	184	Self-breath	ii.	3	182	Surety ²⁹ (sub.)	ii.	2	14	Unsquarred	i.	3	159	
Pleasantly	iv.	5	249	Sell (intr.)	i.	3	360	Swath ³⁰	v.	5	25	Untasted	ii.	3	130	
Portable ³	ii.	3	144	Serpentine	ii.	3	14	Swing (sub.)	i.	3	207	Untent ³⁸	ii.	3	178	
*Precious-dear	v.	3	28	Sewer	v.	1	83	Taciturnity	iv.	2	75	Untimbered	i.	3	43	
Preventions ⁴	i.	3	181	*Foot	ii.	3	6	Tassel	v.	1	36	Untraded	iv.	5	178	
Pricks ⁵	i.	3	343	Shedding ¹⁶	i.	3	319	Tent ³¹	{	ii.	2	16	Unveil	iii.	3	200
Primitive	v.	1	60	Shoeing-horn	v.	1	62		v.	1	11	Vail (sub.)	v.	8	7	
Primogenity ⁶	i.	3	106	Short-armed	ii.	3	16	Tercel	iii.	2	56	Vantrace	i.	3	297	
Profoundly	iv.	2	83	Shrills (verb)	v.	3	84	Thievery ³²	iv.	4	45	Vassalage ³⁹	iii.	2	40	
Propend	ii.	2	190	Six-gated	Prol.		15	Thrash ³³	ii.	1	51	Vaunt ⁴⁰	Prol.		27	
Propension	ii.	2	133	Slack ¹⁷	iii.	3	24	*Thrice-repured	iii.	2	23	Vindicative	iv.	5	107	
Propugnation	ii.	2	136	*Slave-silk	v.	1	35	Thunder-darter	ii.	3	12	Vinewedst	ii.	1	15	
Protractive	i.	3	20	Sleeveless	v.	4	10	Tick	iii.	3	315	Violenteth (verb)	iv.	4	4	
Publication	i.	3	326	Soilure	iv.	1	56	Ticklish	iv.	5	61	Watery ⁴¹	iii.	2	22	
Pun (verb)	ii.	1	42	Sort ¹⁸	i.	3	376	Tip ³⁴ (sub.)	iii.	1	138	Wedged ⁴²	i.	1	35	
Purely	iv.	5	169	Specialty ¹⁹	i.	3	78	Tisick	v.	3	101	Wedges ⁴³	i.	3	316	
Quails ⁷ (sub.)	v.	1	58	Sperr	Prol.		19	Tithe (adj.)	ii.	2	19	Well-famed	iv.	5	173	
Ransacked ⁸	ii.	2	150	Sphered ²⁰	i.	3	90	Toadstool	ii.	1	22	Well-ordered	ii.	2	180	
Reader	iv.	5	61	Sphered ²¹	iv.	5	8	To-be-pitied	i.	3	157	Wenching	v.	4	35	
Rear ⁹	iii.	3	162	Sportful ²²	i.	3	335	Topless	i.	3	152	Wheezing	v.	1	23	

1 = lines in the same direction; Sonn. ix. 10. Used figuratively = equal, in three other passages.

2 = gifted, endowed.
3 = what may be carried;
= what may be endured, Macbeth, iv. 3. 89; Lear, iii. 6. 115.

4 = precautions; used frequently = hinderance.

5 = small rolls; the word is used elsewhere in various other senses.

6 So Q.; Ff. have *primogenitive*.
7 Used punningly = loose women; = the bird of that name, in Ant. and Cleo. ii. 3. 37.

8 = abducted by force; the verb is used in several passages = to pillage.

9 Of an army. = behind, in Hamlet, i. 3. 34; Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 592.

10 = frequent flowing; = access, in three other passages.

11 = having reference.
12 = shoals of fish.
13 = grease.

14 Lucrece, 603.
15 Pass. Pilgrim, 175.

16 = scattering; the verb is used very frequently in the sense of "to pour out," &c.

17 Verb intrans. = to flag; the transitive verb is used in several passages in a similar sense.

18 = a lot; this sub. is used very frequently by Shakespeare in various senses.

19 = nature; used in plural = articles of agreement, Love's Labour's Lost, ii. 1. 165; Taming of Shrew, ii. 1. 127.

20 = placed in a sphere.

21 = round.

22 = done in jest.

23 = a waterspout; used three times = a pipe.

24 Of a bolt; = thread, occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 19.

25 = to filter; Lucrece, 1131.

This verb is used by Shakespeare with different meanings.

26 = effort of thought.

27 = a narrow passage; Lucrece, 1670. In the plural = difficulty, in As You Like It, v. 2. 71.

28 Lucrece, 42.

29 = confidence of safety.

30 Of the scythe; = a bandage, in Timon, iv. 3. 252.

31 = a surgeon's probe.

32 = that which is stolen; = theft, in Two Gent. iv. 1. 40; Timon, iv. 3. 438.

33 = to beat, to drub; in the sense of to thrash corn, in Titus, ii. 3. 123.

34 Lover's Complaint, 120.

35 = to undo a bolt; figuratively, to reveal, in Timon, i. 1. 51.

36 = to subscribe to; = to write underneath, Macbeth, v. 8. 26.

37 = the state of being one; = agreement, used by Shakespeare in many passages.

38 = to bring out of a tent; untented = incurable, in Lear, i. 4. 322.

39 Sonn. xxvi. 1.

40 = first beginning; = a boast, in II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 50.

41 = desirous of.

42 = cleft as with a wedge.

43 Used figuratively = masses (of gold), Rich. III. i. 4. 26.

